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PART II.—PIANO AND PUPIL.

CHAPTER III.



ONE afternoon as Winfred was playing upon the piano, preluding in a desultory manner, Lillian was intently watching the hammers rise and fall. Winfred, noting her intent look, said: "Well, are you interested in the mechanism of the piano?"

"I was noting how quickly the hammers rise and fall as the keys were pressed, and wondering about the mechanism."

Then Winfred took the action out and showed her its workings, and how the key levers were centred on steel pins. As he pressed the ivory covered ends of the key levers he called her attention to the rising of the opposite ends with their attachments; he explained how these complicated contrivances caused the hammers to rise as the key was pressed. Lillian was charmed with the delicate mechanism and followed the explanations with the greatest interest.

"I have wondered," she said, "how the dampers are made to rise just at the moment that the hammers rise."

"You see how they are centred on these steel pins" (lifting one of the dampers up); "the opposite ends are screwed to wooden strips, with wooden blocks inserted, overhanging the far ends of the key levers; you can see them by looking under, before I put the action back."

"Oh, yes," with enthusiasm. "Oh!" she exclaimed suddenly, withdrawing a finger which chanced to touch a bass string, just as Winfred accidentally struck the key that set the string vibrating under her finger, "how my finger stings!" holding on to it and rubbing.

"Are you hurt?" said Winfred in a tone of greater concern than the occasion warranted, and looking distressed.

"It is of no consequence," she said, "and it will pass right off, but I did not realize before how rapid the motion of a string was when struck."

"Yes, it is very perceptible to the bass. Did you notice how the vibration was checked by your finger coming in contact with it; you see your finger acted as a damper, and caused the tone to cease suddenly."

"Yes, but I do not think that I should care to play the part of a damper again very soon," rubbing her finger anew.

Winfred laughed. Then as he struck a bass note he called her attention to the length of its vibration; just then a ray of sunlight fell upon the bass strings, and Lillian exclaimed as she beheld the motions or form of the vibrations as the strings diverged and converged. Winfred explained the principles of acoustics, and advised her to read Sedley Taylor's Science of Music, as she seemed so much interested. "After you have studied that you can read Tyndall On Sound. I can show you some interesting experiments with paper tubes and tuning fork."

"How delightful that will be. Why do the bass strings cross the treble?"

"It gives greater length to the bass strings and extends the area of bridge pressure upon the soundboard."

"Is there a good book on the construction of the piano?"

"Yes, Rimbault has written exhaustively on the subject; you will find a copy on my bookshelves."

"Is it known when pianos were first in use?"

"Yes, the piano was first made in 1711. The instrument evolved from other instruments of its class, which had strings stretched over a box or soundboard. Christofori, at Padua, was the first to succeed in substituting hammers for the jacks which plucked the strings; the first pianos were very imperfect; it was not until the beginning of 1800, when the celebrated Clementi pianos were made in London, that the piano was universally used."

"Is it known when the organ was first in use?"

"According to some authorities the instrument was invented in Greece. Reference is made to the instrument at very early dates. We hear of the hydraulicon or water organ in the time of Ctesibus about 230 a. c., and of pneumatic or wind organs also in the time of Vitruvius, 100 a. c. Early organs were very imperfect, and some were so small that they were held in the lap of the performer; and the keys were so large and clumsy that it required hard blows from the fists to put them down. About the year 800 organs were brought from Greece into Western Europe and came into general use. The organ did not attain to its present dimensions until the fifteenth century, and it was a century later before it attained to completeness in construction."

Winfred played Beethoven's Sonata, op. 110, while Lillian listened with great attention and enjoyment; on its completion Winfred proposed a walk over the hills for a view of the setting sun.

Three very pleasant months had passed in a quiet way, and leading so even and peaceful a life in an atmosphere purely musical Lillian's soul unconsciously expanded and her character deepened; three months which had seemed uneventful enough, but in reality were the most important in their influence upon her character and the deflection of her whole future life than any she had ever before experienced.

After these months of leisure to do in whatever she liked Lillian began to grow restive, and as summer melted into autumn, she craved an absorbing pursuit. In listening to Winfred's playing she thought, "I should like to play like that, and I would be willing to work for it; for just such command over my fingers, so that I too might express myself in music. I feel just like work now, and I think that I could be interested enough in the pursuit to toil for it from morning till night, just as I realize Mr. Haskell must have done for music, and I, too, choose music. I know I shall never be happy under any other conditions."

So thinking, she approached the piano somewhat timidly, saying to herself, "I scarcely know how to begin, but I mean to try to help myself or I would be unworthy of receiving help."

After a long continued effort to produce a full tone and to play an even scale, Lillian at length, tired and discouraged, threw one arm up on the music rack and buried her head in it. In the meanwhile Winfred, who had been absent, returned. He listened with surprise to Lillian's attempts to play, and as the sounds ceased he entered the room quietly, but Lillian did not hear him. After waiting a moment he said gently: "Lillian, are you fretting? Why did not you tell me that you would like to learn to play? Or shall I blame myself the most that I did not ask you before?"

Lillian started and looked up at him, a confused, dazed look in her face and a tear glistening in her eyes, and did not speak at once, while Winfred went on saying: "I will gladly teach you and I will help you all that I can," leaning one arm on the piano and looking gravely down at her.

"Oh, I do so want to learn!" she said at last, in a low, earnest voice. "I am willing to work hard," looking up with pleading eyes.

"The study of music means hard work, patience, endurance and application. It is necessary to have a love for the work that does not shrink from any sacrifice. Now let us see about these fingers and what they need before you can gain control over them."

He drew up a chair, placing it a little behind her so that his presence should be felt but not seen, which lent an added sense of support without embarrassment. With great patience and painstaking he directed her by an example from his own hands upon the keys just how to hold her hands in the natural position, perfectly level, the fingers free and easy, with nothing to impede their independent rising and falling uniformly from the knuckle joint. He directed her practice of finger exercises for the fingers separately and in groups; a scale preparation, and the scale of C at first with one hand at a time, then both hands in contrary motion, and lastly in similar motion. Lillian did as well as could be expected for a beginning, but found great difficulty with her fourth and fifth fingers; they were weak and were lifted with difficulty. Winfred said she must expect that for some time to come, and that it was only to be overcome by great patience and very hard work. He gave her an andante movement, to read which was musical and expressive.

Lillian feeling sympathy and support from his masterful and inspiring self sufficient musicianship was enabled to sustain herself very well, and as she finished he said, "That is it; you seem to catch the spirit of the piece, but hesitate over the notes. What you want is a great deal of practice in reading and technical drill for execution; you will be able to revel in the mysteries and riches of musical literature and develop musical taste and feeling with the means at command by which to express all that stirs you."

As he spoke Lillian listened closely, with a far away, dreamy look in her eyes; a sense of latent power was awakened, and her face brightened as a glow crept mysteriously over her, for in that moment an artist's soul struggled into being—a tender, sensitive spirit, to be care-

fully nurtured and strengthened; an artist's soul to do and to bear, to suffer and to enjoy.

Winfred told her that he would give her an hour's instruction regularly twice a week, and any further assistance which she might need. He said: "When you practice I want you to make hard work of it, give your whole mind to it, and then you must take complete rest, put your mind on other things, read or go out for a walk."

"Oh, auntie," said Lillian, on meeting Mrs. Haskell a little later, "Mr. Haskell is going to give me lessons in piano playing, and I am so glad."

"So am I, my dear. I think it only right that you should have that advantage while living in a musician's home, and you will be happier for having a regular occupation and a set purpose in life."

"Yes, indeed; it was so kind of him to offer to teach me. How can I ever repay him?"

"By being a willing and a faithful pupil—a better reward than gold, and a lifelong gratification to a teacher."

"You inspire me to still greater effort; but how can I practice all I want to without disturbing him?"

"I have a plan. Winfred was saying that as your house is to change hands, owing to the death of your tenant, it would be a good time to remove your piano, as it is not usually provided in furnished houses and might be abused. Now that you can use it I will have it brought here, and you can have my sewing room, which is so rarely used, converted into a music room for your own use. As it is next to your room and so remote from the music room, drawing room and library, it will be just the thing, and you will feel secure from either disturbing or being disturbed."

"Oh, how kind you are, and so thoughtful," kissing her enthusiastically. "I had a small bookcase, a writing desk and a large ebony music cabinet for my music; can they be brought at the same time?"

"Certainly they can; they do not belong to the necessities of housefurnishings and will not be missed."

Lillian was soon installed in a pretty music room of her own in which she took much delight. Her piano was a fine concert grand and she practiced faithfully upon it; practicing technical exercises for hours with great thoroughness and patience, being determined to "form her hand," as Winfred called it, and to equalize its strength, overcoming difficulties with a will. The exercises that Winfred gave her to practice were so perfectly adapted to every need and so finely systematized and so progressive that all sense of tediousness or drudgery was happily removed; when made to realize each weakness or wrong tendency she could see the perfect adaptability of the exercise given to meet it, so the very exercises were not only interesting to her but fascinating.

In a short time her exercises for daily practice covered the whole field of technical difficulties; these she transposed into a different key each week. She also practiced daily at least two hours upon studies and pieces, so chosen that she had both andante and allegro movements, and in keys with flats and in keys with sharps, for the daily practice. Great care had been taken at the start that every fundamental principle should be clearly understood and perfectly mastered, so she had no confusion in changing the clefs, key signatures or measure signatures; the principles of harmony and the forms of musical composition were practically treated, so that all study and practice should be intelligent; thus the foundations were thoroughly laid and in every direction.

Lillian, becoming more and more interested, worked harder and harder; the harder she worked, however, the more exacting Winfred became, and once, after an exhaustive practice when Winfred could no help acknowledging, though tice on exercises, when he told her quite sternly that he wanted her "to make hard work of her exercises" she felt hurt, but was too proud to defend herself against a seeming injustice, and only doubled her efforts for the next lesson, usually so sparing of praise, that she had improved very much, "even," he said, with great emphasis and evident surprise, "since the last lesson," plainly showing surprise at the marked result of what her almost superhuman efforts had accomplished, and evidently looking for and greatly desiring an explanation of the unprecedented advance she had made so rapidly upon his recent discouragement, which he had given in the desire to make sure that he should obtain from her her very best efforts and the best results of which she was capable, a sort of gauge of her depth, stability, and earnestness; and though severely tried, she had not been "found wanting"; but no explanation from Lillian was forthcoming; she sat very quietly before the keyboard, and showed no enthusiasm, while Winfred went on with his praise. He was aware that he might safely praise now without injury to her future efforts, for both teacher and pupil could realize that success had been honestly earned by severe labor, with all results a natural growth, sure and constant, if imperceptible at times.

Lillian had proved herself, and she listened with look of unusual concentration and a modest, self-contained air, and though Winfred said little about it he was well aware that there had been no lost time or effort from the first; he understood perfectly the proud spirit that could toil on and

on and not deign to complain. He had gained the necessary faith in her now and could trust her; henceforth she would need little more than the guiding hand, which she had learned on her part to have every confidence in.

He gave her Cramer's Studies and Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words; Lillian became completely absorbed in her practice and was never away from the piano more than one hour at a time all day. She saw but little of Winfred, who was now often away either in town or practicing in the church, so their intercourse became almost confined to that of teacher and pupil, and an intensely reciprocally personal relation it was. Lillian's present accomplishment, the desire for her future success and the best material to further it, absorbed Winfred's thoughts, and Lillian was ever filled with the desire to come fully up to her master's high standard, and was in constant effort to satisfy him in every particular; this often seemed an impossible or ungrateful task, as he was constantly doubling her tasks and difficulties, yet just as exacting, with rarely a word of encouragement or praise, till Lillian would sometimes hum the complaint of Leporello, "Night and day all wear and tear, giving satisfaction ne'er." Yet she was succeeding far better than she knew, while she constantly drew inspiration from her teacher as from a living fountain; she was fast acquiring his touch and style, as second nature, and gaining an original conception and style, so that her interpretation was often a surprise to her teacher, who followed her playing with the closest attention and interest, but never with any outward sign, so that she should never be disturbed from her course; therefore she was ever free from self-consciousness, which is so distracting and damaging to progress and perfect success. Haydn and Mozart's sonatas were now added to her fast increasing repertoire.

Winfred took Lillian to town often to hear the Italian operas that were being presented, first reading the librettos aloud and then playing the music on the organ from full score. Lillian was favored in having Winfred's judicious criticisms and analyses of both the music and the performance. During the season they heard several oratorios, and attended piano recitals given by the most celebrated performers; also symphonies and a course of illustrated lectures on the history of music and on acoustics.

Lillian had enjoyed a perfect feast of music under the best possible auspices, and had matured rapidly; she had worked steadily for nine months, which had passed like a dream, so complete and absorbing had been her interest in her work. Days passed as hours and months as days; the intervals between the hours of practice were simply filled in with some book, often with impatience for the practice time to come, when she could resume the work from the interesting point where she had been obliged to leave off because her limit of practice had always been one hour; it never seemed long enough to enable her to accomplish what she desired; between the practice hours then was her time for reading, and she generally selected some book upon music, history, biography and theory. The season's work had been full of good results, and Lillian had gained in her playing far beyond Winfred's most sanguine expectations, and now summer had come again, and Winfred insisted that Lillian should have complete rest and change.

Then followed three months of outdoor pleasures; pleasant yachting excursions, delightful rides through the country and finally the family took a trip to the seaside, where walks on the pebbly beach, bathing and strolls over the hills were a daily delight. They had a delightful trip to the mountains also; on the train Winfred estimated the rate of speed at which they traveled, and the sounds of the whizzing wheels set musical tones singing through his head, and gave him the subject of a fugue which he afterward worked out. They rode on the engine several times and enjoyed some grand views as the train wound around the hills, its path forming the letter U so that they could look across ravines to ledges on the opposite mountain side, where they learned they would soon find themselves, and at the grandest part they rode on a ledge like a shelf on the side of a steep tree-covered mountain, which was only just wide enough for a single track; there was a view of a farm and homestead nestled at the foot of the mountain, 1,000 feet below and across green fields another steep tree-covered mountain; as the train wound around a sharp curve, and Lillian was looking out of the engine window with Winfred behind her looking over her shoulder, he said to her quietly:

"Do you know what I should do with you if we should suddenly see a train approach on this single track?" wickedly enjoying her involuntary start and unconscious drawing nearer to him. "I should put you out of this window and run along to the end of that wooden plank which you see on the side of the boiler, and by clinging to that brass rail which runs beside it, we would stand the best chance of escape from harm."

(To be continued.)

Jean de Reszke.—Letters have been received announcing that M. Jean de Reszke is much better. He will, however, remain at his Polish home until the autumn, and will probably not sing again in public until he sails for New York.

Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies.

THE National Eisteddfod, at Llanelli, South Wales, again brings prominently before the public that eminent English baritone, Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies, who has recently completed arrangements with Henry Wolfson, of New York, to make an American tour next spring and thus become an international singer. His popularity on this side is attested by the fact that he was chosen as principal baritone at this Eisteddfod, where he sings before audiences of from 15,000 to 30,000 people. He will there be associated with Miss Ella Russell and Mr. Ben Davies, thus making a trio of artists that would do credit to any great musical organization. The works selected have been Dvorák's Spectre's Bride and Händel's Acis and Galatea. One day will be given to miscellaneous selections.

The people of South Wales have come to the conclusion that a good orchestra is the foundation whereon to build a choral structure, and for this festival an excellent orchestra has been engaged, and the performance will reach high water mark, as no efforts are being spared to make both the chorus and orchestra as fine as possible. This will be the first season that the musical part has had equal recognition with literature and the other arts.

It must be borne in mind, as mentioned before in these columns, that Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies has been engaged for the Cardiff Festival the third week in September. There he sings the baritone part in Tinel's St. Francis, *Christ in The Redemption*, and Sullivan's *Light of the World*, *Mefisto* in Berlioz's *Faust*—strongly contrasted characters, but Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies has shown many times that he is capable of portraying vastly different rôles—and some miscellaneous selections. Full reports of both these festivals will be duly reported in THE MUSICAL COURIER.

It might also be mentioned that he has been engaged for the forthcoming Promenade Concerts in Queen's Hall, London, and has been asked to read the poem in *Athalie* at one of the Queen's Hall Choral Concerts next autumn. He is already refusing engagements for next spring, in anticipation of his visit to America, where, it is rumored, he will sing the baritone part in Henschel's *Stabat Mater* when it will be produced under the conductorship of the composer, with Mrs. Henschel in the soprano rôle.

The high position that Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies has gained has been the result of his own individual efforts, and the development of his natural resources. He is gifted with one of the most beautiful baritone voices ever heard, with range from high tenor A to the bass necessary for the music of *The Messiah*. His voice is full and rich, and can be heard above any orchestra. His intellectual powers are fully developed, as is seen in the fact that he has mastered the arts and sciences necessary to take the degree of M.A. at Oxford, England, and the result of this superior education has enabled him to think for himself, and his interpretations carry conviction.

Here is the opinion of one of the severest critics of England anent his performance of *The Messiah*:

"We have all heard *The Messiah* from generation to generation, but every person present at the performance in Bradford Town Hall who heard Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies must have felt that they were listening to a man who had his own idea of the music, stamped it with his personality and who gave it a distinct interest, and undoubtedly no singer of the present day is more interesting than Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies."

Equally fine encomiums have been written on his performance of *The Elijah*, and the profound impression he made at Birmingham last autumn in the performance of *King Saul* under the direction of Dr. Hubert Parry has been fully recorded in these columns.

In the operatic field Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies has achieved signal success. His first appearance was as *Valentine*, with the Carl Rosa Opera Company, at Manchester, for which he was only able to secure one hour's rehearsal, but in spite of this he received a double recall for his fine impersonation. Since then he has given this and other characters many times in the larger provincial towns as well as in the metropolis. Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies was one of the leading singers in the season of opera in English at Drury Lane, which preceded the usual season at Covent Garden this year. Among other rôles he has played with great success in the *Herald* in Lohengrin, which drew the attention of Mr. D'Oyly Carte to him, and gained him the engagement to create the part of *Cedric the Saxon* in Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Ivanhoe* on his own terms. This in turn brought him other offers, and he appeared in many of the leading rôles, being specially selected for the *Count* in the jubilee performance of *The Bohemian Girl* at Drury Lane. He is a quick student, as is proved by the fact that he took the part of *Alfo* in answer to a telegram from Sir Augustus Harris received at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the day of performance.

Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies received a thorough grounding in music when a child from his enthusiastic father, who is a gifted amateur. He has kept up his musical study ever since, and is able to prepare himself for any performance without extraneous aid, availing himself only of the services of that most able accompanist, Mr. Waddington Cooke.

One reason of his great success is that he has his voice

under complete command, having thoroughly mastered the technic of singing. He can express with equal ease and success the fierce, sensuous *Brian de Bois-Gilbert*, the simple but passionate *Alfo*, the diablerie of *Mephistopheles*, the dignity of *Elijah*, the majesty of *Jesus* in *The Redemption*, *Don Juan* or *King Saul*. In brief, he can transmit through the voice his conception of the music and portray all the passions, whether pathos, sympathy, hate, anger, revenge, joy or love.

Franz Ondricek.

A FINE engraving of Franz Ondricek, the Bohemian violin virtuoso, adorns the cover of this issue of THE MUSICAL COURIER. Ondricek has scored a phenomenal success at the London Philharmonic Concerts, and last month Mr. Henry Wolfson secured a contract with the secretary of the Philharmonic Society of New York for Ondricek's appearance at the latter society's first concert of the season for 1895-6, which takes place on Saturday evening, November 16, preceded by the usual public rehearsal the day previous.

Ondricek will on that occasion play the concerto in A minor, op. 53, by his compatriot Dvorák, the violinist's performance of which has called forth such hearty praise wherever he has played it.

Franz Ondricek was born in Prague, where his father was a musician, and while quite young he was compelled to assist his father to earn a living for his family. In his seventh year he was advanced sufficiently to play violin concertos, principally those by De Beriot. In his fourteenth year he was admitted to the conservatory, where he made wonderful progress. He not only studied music but was also instructed in literary branches. After three years Ondricek received the first prize for his mature rendition of the Beethoven concerto. At a subsequent concert he gave in Prague, Wieniawski was present and heard him play the concerto by Molique. The great Belgian kissed him on the forehead, and after the playing of his *Legende* bounded upon the platform and said to him: "You can play this any time after me."

This incident induced a rich merchant from Prague to give young Ondricek the means to take a course at the Paris Conservatory of Music, where with difficulty he was accepted, on account of the prejudice against foreign artists. He continued his studies under Massart. While there he made the acquaintance of Viextemps, who heard him play and remarked to him, "Young man, you are to-day already a great artist; it is foolish of you to waste your time." This was, however, not the case. After his connection with the Paris Conservatory of Music for two years he received the first prize. During the commencement exercises Ondricek having finished playing his selection, Massart stepped forward and said: "Here, this is my second Wieniawski!"

Ondricek remained in France for the following two years, while he played in a number of the Padeloup concerts in Paris, as well as in all the representative concerts in Bordeaux, Lyons, Marseilles, Brussels, Nizza and other French cities. Later he played for the London Philharmonic Society, where he achieved an enormous success, so much so that he has played with that society almost every season for the last ten years.

After his London success Ondricek was heard in the leading German cities, such as Vienna, Berlin, Dresden, Stuttgart, Frankfurt, Leipzig, Hamburg, and was everywhere received by enthusiastic audiences. In Italy the artist's success was so pronounced that he has been compelled to make an annual tour in that country the past eight years.

Ondricek's repertoire is enormous, comprising almost the whole of the violin literature, including a number of compositions never played by any other artist. He is equally great in the rendition of the classic as in the modern brilliant compositions. He plays, Bach, Beethoven, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Bruch, Dvorák, as well as Ernst, Paganini, Viextemps, Wieniawski, Lalo, Bazzini, &c., and he is as often compared to Joachim as to Sarasate. Ondricek to-day belongs to the world's greatest violinists. He is a true artist. Grand and noble tone, positive purity of intonation, warm and sympathetic interpretation, individuality of conception and withal verve and temperament are the salient qualities of Ondricek's playing.

Ondricek is honorary member of the Philharmonic Society of London, of the Royal Academy of Arts in Rome and a number of other musical societies, besides being the possessor of the Roumanian Order of the Star, the Swedish Gustav Wasa Order and the Bulgarian Order "Pour la Mérite."

Beethoven Relics.—A bundle of notes by Beethoven has been discovered by Guido Peters. It dates from 1809, and contains sketches for the concerto in E flat major, for his op. 80, for the lieder of Mignon and a long outline for a work never completed, which seems to be a patriotic song on verses by J. Collin, probably before the siege of Vienna by the French. A work on the same words by Wiegł was produced on March 29, 1809, and its success perhaps deterred Beethoven from finishing his sketch.



GERMAN HEADQUARTERS OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,
BERLIN, W., LINKSTRASSE 17, July 5, 1906.

THE conductor question is gradually but surely assuming really ridiculous importance at the duodecimal court of Weimar. Everybody is beginning to see the funny side of the wrangling except His Serene Highness the Grand Duke himself, who, I believe, never in his life knew the sense of humor. Hans von Bronsart has been swept away, as I told you in my last week's budget, so the thing was not exactly humorous for him, either. Besides, he is not a man of fortune; but as he will have a pension equal to his full salary, and as he is still drawing 1,800 marks honorarium (*Ehrensold*) from the funds of the Allgemeiner Deutscher Musikverein, I hope he can afford to laugh in his sleeve. But funniest of all are the efforts of the friends of both parties, who are fighting the thing out in the two principal newspapers of Weimar. The *Weimarer Zeitung* had a column on Stavenhagen and his time founded rights as legitimate successor of Liszt to the conductor's chair at the court opera house. At the same time this side keeps on asserting that Stavenhagen is in the fight no longer, and is going to or has already changed his residence from Weimar to Munich. If that were true why keep up the fight? Moreover, d'Albert's last move would then have been entirely superfluous. He has once more tendered his resignation, which so far, however, has not yet been accepted by the Grand Duke. His side of the fight is taken care of by the other Weimar paper, *Deutschland*, which replies to the *Weimarer Zeitung's* article as follows:

"Were it a certainty even that the musical future of Weimar rested embodied in the person of Stavenhagen, his candidacy for a conductor's post already occupied would be a nonentity. If it is asserted that Stavenhagen has created for himself a leading position in the musical life of Weimar, nearly every child here knows that such cannot be the case. In the course of the last seven years there was only one person who could have assumed a leading position if he had been kept here, and if through this the good intention had been demonstrated of doing away with the old *fratran* of so many heads, so many different opinions. This man was Richard Strauss; but even he was prevented, through cabals and intrigues, from assuming such a position. To speak of a leading position here without taking regard of the theatre is in itself nonsense, for the musical life of Weimar centres in its theatre. A direct influence upon the theatre, however, Stavenhagen has so far not enjoyed here, and he who does not know this must indeed be a stranger in Weimar musical matters."

"The second point to be made is with regard to what is termed in a derogatory manner the 'paper rights' of d'Albert. We are astonished that the *Weimarer Zeitung*, an official Government organ, should have dared to speak thus slightly of the decree of H. R. H. the Grand Duke, which nominates d'Albert as court conductor."

Well, now, all this is more or less of a tempest in a teapot, all the more so as, what I have stated before, neither d'Albert nor Stavenhagen may be classed among the truly great conductors. This is said with all due respect for d'Albert as an extraordinarily fine musician, as a first-class pianist and composer, and also with the less great respect due Stavenhagen in the same three capacities. It is true Stavenhagen did conduct Lohengrin well, but Lohengrin is so well conducted himself, and is, besides, so easy and so well known by orchestra and all concerned, that most anybody who can beat four-fourths time can conduct Lohengrin. Moreover, in Nozze di Figaro Stavenhagen immediately afterward met his Waterloo, and the performance is said most conclusively to have shown that Stavenhagen cannot conduct Mozart. Why, then, these tears? Give us a rest, gentlemen—oh, do give us a rest—and above everything else stop your newspaper wrangling, and don't make so much noise over an omelette!

Lilli Lehmann, like the good old war horse she is, will be back on the boards next fall. She has signed a contract with the indefatigable, farseeing and farreaching Pollini, and he will take her to Russia, and may possibly take her later on—viz., in the spring of 1906—to the United States.

Meanwhile Paul, handsome Paul Kalisch, has bound himself for six months to director Hofmann, of Cologne. The first three months he will sing at the Cologne opera house and the next three he will be taking on a "guesting" tournee.

I don't know whether this separation of the artistic couple is arranged so that distance may lead renewed enchantment to their union, but I hope that such an incentive is not necessary, and that the separation is consequently only a temporary one. Lilli certainly still takes no small interest in her dear hubby, for she practices with him every forenoon from 8 A.M. till noon, and of course that means business.

What is going to become of all of Lilli Lehmann's American pupils during her absence from Berlin?

I spoke of Miss Sophie Offeney-Sedlmair, who at Bremen had filled the dramatic part of the mother of the dead youth in so satisfactory a manner, in no mean terms of praise. In my report of the Christus performances I forgot to mention, however, that the lady's impersonation is all the more remarkable and deserving of admiration, as she had hitherto belonged to the operetta stage. Cosima Wagner, who is anything but slow in taking a hint, immediately caused Miss Sedlmair to come to Bayreuth, and after a vocal trial at the Festspielhaus, she was immediately booked for the Bavarian Mecca, where she is now staying, in order to study with Kniese several Wagnerian parts, among others that of *Isolda*.

Early this fall Miss Sedlmair will make an operatic debut at Berlin.

Another acquisition of Frau Wagner is our young country-woman, the gifted contralto Miss Minnie Behnne, who is back in Berlin after a short sojourn at Bayreuth, and who will prepare for her next summer's Bayreuth performance under Lilli Lehmann's personal supervision.

Fritz Struss, concertmaster of the Berlin royal opera, and chamber virtuoso, has received the title of professor. I wonder whether it will much improve his violin playing! At any rate it is to be hoped so.

Pleasant callers continue to pour in. Blumenschein, of Dayton, Ohio, this time brought his son along, and the young man gave me a performance of Svendsen's violin romanza which conclusively showed me that he is a chip of the old block.

Then there was Mr. A. J. Powell, with F. G. Smith, of the Bradbury Pianos, of New York; furthermore, Mr. Heinrich Nicolai, editor of the *Berlin Tageblatt*, and Reinhold L. Hermann, formerly conductor of the New York Liederkranz, and now composer and vocal teacher at Berlin.

The following interesting program was received by me yesterday, but if from its contents you can tell me when and where the concert is going to take place you are a good deal smarter than I am, which, after all is not saying a great deal:

Grand Concert de la Célèbre Artiste Mlle. Louise Nikita de l'Opéra Comique de Paris Cantatrice de la Cour de S. A. R. le duc de Saxe-Cobourg-Gotha avec le concours du Compositeur-Pianiste M. Mayer-Mahr Professeur du Conservatoire Klindworth-Scharwenka de Berlin et de M. Le Roy

Organiste-Compositeur

PREMIÈRE PARTIE.

1. Piano solo: Polonaise, Es-dur.....Rubinstein
Prof. Mayer-Mahr.
2. Chant: a) Mazourke "Kochal' Mnie!" ("Alme moi").....Chopin
b) "Pleurez mes yeux" (Air de Chimène du Cid). Massenet
Mlle. Louise Nikita.
3. Piano soli: a) Berceuse.....Fr. Chopin
b) Feuerzaubers d. Walküre.....Wagner-Brassin
Prof. Mayer-Mahr.
4. Repentir (Première Audition) (Œuvre Posthume de Ch. Gounod, transcrit de l'Orchestre par.....E. Paladilhe
Piano: Prof. Mayer-Mahr; Orgue: M. Le Roy.
Chant: Mlle. Nikita.

DEUXIÈME PARTIE.

5. Piano soli: a) Sérénade.....Mayer-Mahr
b) Mazourke.....Benj. Godard
Prof. Mayer-Mahr.
6. Chant: Air des Clochettes de Lakmé (Glocken-Arie-Bell-Song).....Delibes
Mlle. Nikita.
7. Piano solo: Rigoletto-Fantaisie.....Verdi-Liszt
Prof. Mayer-Mahr.
8. Chant: a) Gavotte de l'Opéra de Manon.....Massenet
b) "Impatience" (Ungeduld).....Franz Schubert
c) Grand Sacred Song: "The Soul's Awakening".....Percy Haddock
Composed for and sung by Mlle. Louise Nikita.
Piano accompaniment by Prof. Mayer-Mahr; Organ obligato by M. Le Roy.

Tournées artistiques sous la direction de M. Le Roy.
Bureaux: 35, Avenue Mac-Mahon, Paris.

Miss Edyth Walker, the young American contralto who made so pronounced a success at her Berlin debut in *Le Prophète* last winter, has been engaged for the Vienna Imperial Court Opera House.

The news promulgated most assiduously in Berlin to the effect that Paderewski will be the soloist at one of Mr. Wolff's series of ten Philharmonic concerts is flatly contradicted in a letter which I have just received from Mr. Paderewski's private secretary, who writes to me "the arrangements made for the United States preclude the possibility of a Berlin appearance of Paderewski."

It is dreadfully dull and hot here in Berlin, so I am going to leave the capital for a few weeks and live on my capital

at the seaside. Isn't that a capital idea? Tata! Good-bye, and don't you expect to hear anything from me for the next four weeks, or you will be disappointed. O. F.

The Singer's Story.

WHEN I was four years old I sang to my dolls, when I was eight I hummed during lesson hours at school and was "kept in" for my tunelessness. At eleven I sang at a Sunday-school festival, and when I was complimented upon my voice afterward I felt that I had a great future before me. By the time I was fifteen this view had been so strongly impressed upon me that I went about in a sort of dream, always seeing myself swaying vast audiences by the magic power of my voice.

But I was poor. This seemed to me very unjust. There was Florence Laroche, who lived on the hill, who could not sing a note, and whose obliging parents paid out large sums annually for her training. Meantime I went to school, and I was constantly told that I was lucky to be allowed the chance to go. I was told how in future I could be independent and helpful to my family by my income as a teacher. This did not seem a brilliant prospect to a young person whose ambition was to be prima donna in the grandest of grand opera companies.

One day, when I was about seventeen, there came an invitation from a neighboring town for me to sing at a concert. My traveling expenses—75 cents—were to be paid. I was to receive the magnificent sum of \$5 for my labor, and I was to spend the night with one of the patronesses of the concert. I needed some new shoes at the time, and joyfully accepted the chance to earn them and to cover myself with glory at one fell swoop.

In the train that afternoon I sat behind Mr. and Mrs. Blake, one of the magnates of X, and his wife. He was a portly, rather rubicund man of fifty or so, and she a slender, well-preserved, unhappy-looking woman, some years younger. The roar of the train made them raise their voices, and I overheard their remarks.

"Now that Alice is married," said she, "there is no reason why we should continue to harass each other."

"You think," he sneered, "that you would like to escape me before we celebrate our silver wedding?"

For an instant she flushed angrily, and was about to reply in a spirit similar to his own. Then she controlled herself and said:

"We need not quarrel any more, Jonathan. We've done little else for a great many years. I know. But it is paragonical for you as well as for me. I cannot stand it. I will stand it no longer. There is no longer any need, now that Alice is married. You agree with me, surely?"

"Entirely," he retorted.

There was a pause. Then he said:

"There need be no furor?"

"No. I will go away—travel for a few years. Of course—of course, Jonathan, you know—I—I don't want a—divorce."

"I suppose not. We're rather old for that sort of thing. Well, Helen—come in town with me in the morning and I'll arrange a settlement with my lawyer. And—if you ever care to try it again?"

"We've made a failure of it for twenty-four years," she reminded him.

"Not the first four," he answered.

Then the train rolled into the station and I saw my unhappy, middle aged pair driven away behind a servant in gorgeous livery.

I think I sang rather well that evening, although my attempts were somewhat ambitious. Arias from operas and oratorios seemed mere trifles to me at that time. But when they encored me wildly after one song I decided to abandon the pretentious music I had in mind and to sing a ballad. I could not decide what ballad it should be, however, until, giving a gratifying peep at the applauding audience I saw my rich, miserable friends. It flashed across my mind that he had called her "Helen." That suggested to me the infinitely sad music I had once learned to accompany that infinitely sad ballad, Helen of Kirennel.

I played my own accompaniment and the sad melody rippled forth:

I would I were where Helen lies;
Night and day on me she cries,
Oh, would I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirennel lies.

There was not even a delicate silken rustling when I finished. For an instant the silence appalled me. I glanced about with frightened eyes and in a minute the applause burst forth.

Two days later Mrs. Jonathan Blake came to call on me and to offer, in her husband's name, to pay for the training of my voice.

"You will pay us back," she said. "We think it will be a profitable investment, as well as a pleasure. My husband likes to encourage genius in other people's children, for our own were hopelessly commonplace."

She laughed as she spoke. Her face was bright and happy. Her voice was full of fondness and pride when she mentioned her husband. I accepted the offer joyously.

Later I went to their silver wedding anniversary. But it was not for several years that I learned that Mr. Blake's offer was a thanksgiving as well as an investment. For when his wife heard Helen of Kirennel she had decided that she could not leave him.—*World*.



PARIS.

THE MINUET.—SALVATORE DI GIACOMO.

A collection of short stories by the above talented Neapolitan novelist has recently been translated from Italian into French by M. de Casamassini. The following little tear-framed etching is one of them.

THE month of June, sweet and charming, smiled upon the world with its last beautiful day.

The little old gentleman was seated in a large arm chair, yet well padded, in a corner of the room near the window. His dry, fine hands caressed the sculptured knobs of the chair. His head slightly drooping upon his breast, his eyes half closed, he was enveloped in that soft languor, the roseate haze of half sleep.

The quiet chamber was wholly of that red-gold hue, like carnation tints thrown upon the skin, such as are produced by placing the hand before a light. This light penetrated into all parts of the room, and bathed luxuriously the furniture of olden style and the yellow portraits whose frames stood out in relief against the paper strewn with bouquets, which, strangely enough, were also yellow upon a background of azure blue.

Everything in the room was ancient, of that quaintness, not exaggerated, which refined age loves, an age which in our time smiles upon the habits of its time, and yet surrounds itself with relics of the dear past, which bear with them sad-sweet memories.

An age which still held to its skull-cap of brown velvet embroidered in gold, and lined with silk; to the voluminous black cravat wound three times around the neck and knotted under the chin; to the shirt of fine linen with its good odor of spikenard and its stiffly starched bosom, with cuffs attached to the sleeves, having neat round corners fastened by a simple mother-of-pearl button stitched to its place.

An age which loved its snuff-box, but which could, on occasion, become young again and make love to beautiful women, make jokes upon itself before others could make jokes upon it, and only become serious when gallantly bent to kiss a pretty plump hand, or when straightened upright lending the support of its arm to lovely guests promenading in elegant salons.

One day jokingly he said that he believed he should die singing before the spinet, all the candles lighted, in the midst of dance appointments, within hearing of pearly laughter and the frou-frou of silken robes.

Alas! poor illusions! For some time already his withered heart was closed to all these joyous impressions, and his ears perceived no further sound. A complete deafness had suddenly overcome him!

It was at first only a buzzing in the ears, as when one is wakened from a painful dream; then came a silence eternal. He did not even hear the banging of the doors, which the servant, Clementina, shut with a noise.

In the first days when Clementina was obliged to make him comprehend by sounds that which she wished to say to him, he was so deeply grieved that he was taken ill of a fever, which kept him in bed five days. His faithful servant gave free vent to her grief, weeping bitterly in the kitchen or before the coop where the chickens cackled, just as if she had lost one of her nearest relations.

Little by little the poor old gentleman became resigned. But in the long silence in which he was lost, an invincible sleepiness besieged him. He even had the desire to die thus sleeping.

He had played so much and composed so much in his day—the little old gentleman. And now for three years he had not played or written a note. He passed the entire holiday alone in his favorite armchair, following the free flight of the swallows swimming in the azure over the roofs, dreaming or turning over the leaves of the *Paliorama Pittoresque*, of which he had kept the entire collection.

With him who had never changed, neither in his manners nor in the form of his dressing, the small chamber harmonized strangely. The habits of half a century had left their traces upon it. A perfume of age surrounded the furniture of gilded wood, of which the corners shone with the rubbing of usage, just like the elbows of the master's jacket.

A melancholy smile, like regret, fluttered over the walls

and died out in the corners. The room slept with the master. An oval glass with white frame decorated with a golden thread, the glass of which was overspread by a soft film, reflected confusedly the objects resting upon the console—two vases of artificial flowers; a large bronze clock, gilded, which marked noon since three years; a porcelain service, with Neapolitan medallions upon the cups; a small bronze Venus. The little Amour, which the beautiful goddess held in her arms, had his tiny hands over her eyes. On the wall opposite was a portrait in pastel with dedication. It was Rossini, who watched over the chamber, a hand in an opening of his redingote, the small, quick eye full of malice.

Here and there ranged in order were chairs, of which the straw had yellowed, the backs flat and large and white, the story in the middle telling of cavaliers in powdered perukes, pressing against their breasts their three cornered hats, saluting rosy dames, smiling and unfolding their feather fans.

Near the door, hung by a portière upon one of these chairs, rested a high felt hat with stiff wings. A cane with an ivory apple for handle leaned against the chair. It seemed as if the master intended going out. A pair of embroidered slippers were almost quite concealed in a further corner.

In the depth of the room, in a light sweet and equal and transparent, the long straight lines of a spinet held the eye by their immovable tranquillity. Tender lights glanced along the lengths of polished wood, and faded now and again, only to gather in patches of brilliant light upon the rounded corners of the rosewood.

From his arm chair the regard of the master wandered affectionately to the instrument, rested upon the music rack, and upon the cases of music piled up beside it. His eye caressed the quiet row of pale ivory keys, his slender hand trembled desirously upon the arms of his chair.

At last! The spinet triumphed. The old gentleman slowly arose. He made a few steps across the room, then stopped and breathed noisily, as if to relieve his breast of a great weight. He rubbed his hands lightly together, as if to prepare, forgetful of all in his absorbing emotion. Taking a bottle of ratafia from a small tray, he poured out a tiny enameled glassful, took it in sips, clacked his tongue after it, coughed and tapped lightly upon his chest.

Then he challenged the spinet bravely. Seated before it, he first passed his delicate silk handkerchief over the keys, evoking timid discords by the contact. The hands of the old man trembled so that he was obliged to wait to calm himself. Suddenly they ran through a chromatic scale.

The spinet awoke with ripples of flying notes. God! What passion! Adieu to age! The heart beat in the same measure as the music, the blood mounted to the cheeks, the eyes flamed, the lips murmured. He was lost to earth, the arms extended, the eyelids half closed. A perfect fury of allegri, andantini and airtette, and of bewildering fugues, surged and eddied in his soul.

He sought to master himself. Brushing softly the keys with the tips of his fingers, his head vibrating to the measure, he murmured: "N'hésitons plus, ma mie—Cimarosa—Ah, Cimarosa! Always, always that—forever repeating itself—always."

His foot beat the measure on the carpet, his small voice followed, light as a breath:

Au point du jour, sans plus attendre,
Tous deux, sans bruit, à petits pas,
Nous descendrons jusques en bas,
Où nul ne pourra nous surprendre.

With gathering emotion he continued:

Et nous fuirons, couple discret,
Par la porte du jardinier.

The melody filled the room. It brought back the time—the beautiful "other time." It trembled in the air, fluttered along the walls, passed under the furniture like a caresse, mounted to the ceiling like a perfume of Time. A vague sort of sound returned from the walls, the furniture, the portraits and the corners, all laden with shadows and souvenirs. The whole chamber vibrated as if in applause; and in this murmur the last tones expired languorously; the spinet was silent.

Then the old man leaned forward, rummaged impatiently with his nervous hands in the cases of music in search of a certain minuet, written in the days of his glad youth. At last he found it; at last it was spread out upon the stand from which it had so long been separated. He fumbled his glasses upon his nose, approached his eyes to the paper and read; the soul for the moment suspended, the heart beating fast. His hands glided mechanically upon the keys—

Suddenly his visage changed mortally—the eyes smiled no more behind the brilliant glasses, the soul smiled no more. Implacable and violent, the memory of his awful calamity reassessed itself. He was deaf, he heard no sound, the music died, the harmony was buried, shrouded in profound silence.

What sad fate with this minuet, which already tenderly enclosed such great heartaches!

The title of it was suggested by the sentimental coquetry

of the little sweetheart, who smiled always and was smiling still, indeed, in the gilded frame upon the mantel. A tiny blonde, with blue eyes, skin of satin and rose, and expressive mouth, clad in the red corsage of the village girl, with folds of ancient lace, a line of beauty under the eyes, the hair powdered.

"Ah!" she laughed, "the minuet is charming. Call it The Declaration."

"Of what?" he responded, timidly.

She laughed again, disclosing two rows of pearls—a whole treasure.

"It's for you to find the rest."

"Of love," he whispered, and became the color of the corsage of the lady.

She laughed less as he took her small white hand.

The musician smiled himself, and forgetting again in the souvenir replaced his hands for the notes of the delicious adagio in F minor, which she listened to with shut eyes, her beautiful head tossed luxuriously on the cushions of the sofa there.

But no sound reached his ears. He made the first movement of intense anger. He leaned forward, farther forward, placed the head quite to the piano, struck twice, thrice—stronger—stronger.

Nothing, nothing: something muffled and indescribable, a whisper of an echo. Truly all was finished, all. An immense bitterness contracted the heart, the small hands were covered with a cold sweat.

The arms crossed upon the polished corner of the spinet, and the head abandoned upon them, the little old gentleman was perfectly still.

Night fell. Darkness thickened in the room; large patches of shadow drowned all things in a sweet confusion of lines.

There were no more passers-by, and no more rumble in the little street. An indistinct and distant murmur mounted, penetrated weakly into the room like a breath, and then died in a grand peace.

One would have said that there, behind the spinet, a little old gentleman slept.

Madame Miolan-Carvalho, Godard, Richault, Darcours—I expected to have had these friends about me through all my Parisian life; and look where we are! The reflection is depressing and discouraging.

Although Mme. Carvalho had been a semi-invalid for some time, so identified was she with Parisian musical life that it seemed impossible she should ever be separated from it. A few days after the closing of the Opéra Comique and the removal to the country place at Puy the sad news reached Paris that all things were possible to Death. Perhaps no other news of a personal nature could have so sincerely and so deeply grieved the city.

It was not only as the first singer of France, but as an exemplary and noble wife, mother, benefactor and artist that she was bound to the hearts of the French. Also, because that in these latter days of money-search, travel and fame-career this singer, who was great as any, greater than most, absolutely refused to listen to all temptations which should identify her talents with any other country than France, or separate her interest from him to whom she had all her artistic life been the stay and star.

Perhaps never in the history of French art was so pompous and magnificent a funeral. Among the persons who testified to the above feeling by their presence were:

The Ministre des Beaux Arts, M. Poincaré; Victorien Sardou, Alexandre Dumas, Ambroise Thomas, Edouard Hervé, Mesdames Edmond About, Rosa Bonheur, Madeleine Lemaire, Joncières Marie Laurent, Le Prince de Sagan, Alphonse Humbert, André Boucart, Marmontel, Bertrand, of the Opéra, and Gaillard, who returned from London for the sad duty; Henri Roujon, director des Beaux Arts, Massenet, Dubois, Le Comte d'Arjuzon, Gallet and a host of artists representing all the arts, and distinguished people of all departments of life.

The ceremony took place at the church of St. Augustin, at noon. Saint-Saëns at the grand organ played a thrilling prelude, in which he upited the church scene from Faust and the sleep of Juliette; M. Gigout played after him the Gounod Mors et Vita, after which Saint-Saëns' Requiem, L'Agnus Dei, the Kyrie, by Niedermeyer, and Pie Jesu were given by the first artists of Paris. M. Vivet, the maître de Chapelle of St. Augustin, played the chancel organ, and the chorus of the Opéra Comique sang. Owing to the season, when the artists of the city, vocal and instrumental, were scattered to the four quarters, the arranging of the program was an exceedingly difficult matter, and many important desirable musical features were obliged to be dispensed with.

At Père Lachaise the crowd was immense and many foreigners were present. The chorus of the Opéra Comique, under the direction of M. Carré, sang the De profundis. After the sprinkling of the holy water upon the coffin by those present, the Ministre des Beaux Arts offered to M. Carvalho in the name of the President of the Republic expressions of sympathy for the loss which he, art and the country were called to suffer in the death of the celebrated artist. Everyone was deeply moved at this exquisite act

of courtesy on the part of the President, who by such marks of exceptional thoughtfulness is every day endearing himself the more to the French people.

The profusion of flowers was truly marvelous. Among crowns sent were those from Patti and Mme. Gounod.

Alexandre Dumas calls to mind the fact that it was the second time in the history of the cemetery when the voices of singers were heard within the walls. The first was in 1870, when at the funeral of Anber the chorus of the Opéra sang. Speaking of his indebtedness to the great singer, Louis Gallet (whose Marie Madeleine he had sung after Mme. Viardot and Mme. Gueymard) remarked: "Mme. Viardot was drama personified, Gueymard was one long cry of passion, Mme. Carvalho was a soul!"

The last time that Mme. Carvalho sang in public was in 1885 in the old Salle Favart, and M. Frédéric Febvre it was who held her hand as she bowed her salutations to the applauding public for the last time. She made her début in the rôle of *Nabab* by Halévy. Her biography will be in fact a record of the French lyric school of music.

It must be remembered that she was a pupil solely of the Paris Conservatoire, when Duprez was her teacher.

In fourteen representations at the Opéra during the past month about \$60,000 were made. Of the works represented Tannhäuser was played nine times, Faust twice, Samson and Delilah once. Rigoletto and Sigurd were the other two, I believe. They speak of giving Lohengrin again, and Aida is being given this month. M. Gailhard wants Melba for Hamlet. But nothing is certain about these things till the affiches appear on the big grey stone wall of the Théâtre lyrique.

Hansel and Gretel is looked for with great interest at the Opéra Comique the coming season. Mlle. Douste comes to launch it, which is good. It is to be hoped she will not be a disappointment. So many singers are such disappointments of their press notices! It is like looking in the back of a looking glass.

Ibsen's Peer Gynt, with music by Grieg, is spoken of for the Théâtre Libre.

An interesting innovation is taking place here in the shape of a revival of The Wandering Minstrel.

There is here a Mme. Eugénie Buffet, a singer of magnetism, voice and personality, who has organized a small troupe and goes about the city singing popular songs, the proceeds of the musical itinerancy to go to various charities most in need and least looked after of the time. She has the good business judgment to affect the courts of the club houses, from the windows of which descend a fine hail of handy pieces which make a bank of the clubman's pocket. The course is to be continued ad encouragement. Then there is a Mlle. Mily Meyer and a M. Guyon, who are making fame and louis by their Chansons du pavé, and who likewise return all proceeds to the poor and needy. At the recent fête nationale, troupes made a specialty of old French songs of the time of 1789, which they sang in the costume of the day. The profits were given to the sufferers of a recent big fire here.

That is right—all of it. Outside of the charity, anything on earth that will make music more and more a part of daily life is a blessing.

It is said that a young and eccentric offspring of the aristocracy, Léon Gatayes by name, inaugurated this gentle art of out-door concert. Extremely musical, he was a gifted harpist, and won applause in the famous harp solo in Der Freischütz, at the Odéon, in the time of Louis XVIII., who named him "king of the harp." Like all eccentric musicians, he had some dreadfully poor days, all the worse that he had a family depending upon him. One day, in extremity, he took his harp and went out under the beautiful trees of the Champs Elysées. Within an hour he was a "rich man," and could have made any amount he wished by following his novel adventure.

FOURTH OF JULY.—FOURTEENTH JUILLET.

The patriotic fête of a foreign country has a far more poignant lonesomeness attached to it than that of one's own. In fact, it is infinitely sad. No amount of gaiety, no amount of petting and pleasure, no features of excitement, are sufficient to kill this. Nothing suffices. It is like a dove covering her eggs with leaves and imagining them protected.

The sentiment of country is kin; all else is different, the details all different and separate. It is the feeling of country, but not our country. The flags, cannons, parades, decorations, bands, music have no part in our history, our feeling, our homes, our language, rulers, laws. In spite of appreciation, sympathy, association, affection even, for the "other country," there is no getting rid of that load on the heart, an undercurrent of pain through the whole demonstration. It is like lying dead within hearing of earth's sounds.

If one could be happy anywhere when sad it is in Paris, for the sweetest spirit that ever actuated life is in the hearts of its people.

The city was never so beautiful as this 14th, nor weather so perfect. For forty-eight hours we have not slept. Waves of music have swept the air through two entire nights; all through the first military music, the music of

country and soldiers and war; through the second the luscious strains of the dance, of passion and love.

In the day were the parades, the cannons, the shut shops, the rivers of color, the exciting call of the tally-ho, the response of the caserne, the street players, all night—all night long—the penetrating pulsations of soft rich toned instruments.

Such fairy scenes all over the beautiful city; picturesque music-stands the centre of each, the half dozen simple-hearted musicians bathed in flags and color, the beautiful murmuring trees laden with colored lights, big flags waving everywhere in the soft night wind; the clean, clean squares where one can dance in slippers through the whole twenty arrondissements without wearing the soles or getting a flake of dust on a dainty skirt; the gay dresses, the absence of wraps, the delicious out door ball room of the whole place, the peculiar effect of the soft warm night—ah! there is but one Paris!

After one o'clock a queer irregular slice of moon appears and sinks off sideways, just to represent the heavens and not interfere too much with the children.

After forty-eight hours of all sorts of fête-making you have a sensation that no one has pushed against you or passed in front of you, and that no one has a care or ever had one. In forty-eight hours you have not seen a rudeness or a drunken man. At dawn the lapping strains of the different quarters are taken up by choruses of quiet, gentle, orderly men and women going indoors, and the birds take up the echoes when the doors are shut.

The only thing to do is to keep in the midst of it; to dance, to ride, to chat, to keep close to the hearts of the people, to keep sipping at the absinthe of excitement in some way. Go in with the music outside, you are lost!

Imagine the distant Marsellaise surging through troubled dreams, or your being awakened by it close by in the street, or by a waltz strain cooing across the moonlight of your floor! You wake with that blow upon the heart as on first waking after the death of a baby, the loss of a lover. The music makes your heart writhe. It is exactly the same as if you were buried alive and woke to hear the sounds of your dear world overhead.

God! I can imagine people in exile going mad at the sound of music.

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

Song-gush from "Song-land."

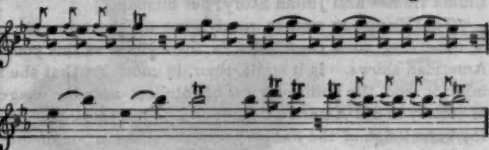
WHILE singers of high cast are daily growing more and more rare, just as though the race renowned of Italian artists were lapsing into oblivion, while opera houses are, one by one, closing their portals, we have turned an imploring glance toward certain other artists in song who, albeit of material frame, are wont to poise, e'en like the gods themselves, in the overarching blue? In artists of such calibre the woods and dales abound; their vocal strains challenge the complicated trills of any amount of prime donne, yet they sign no "engagements" with "impresari" ("undertakers"—bar the word!), infest not "theatrical agencies," seeking to turn their "notes" into gold, are wholly unambitious to win applause, and for all reward are quite satisfied with a—little millet.

No need have they, by way of "accompaniment," of any well filled orchestra, nor do they obey the baton of any conductor; but they form a superb choir, massed on the broad spreading treetops.

In springtime they make their début "piano," in summer following up with a "crescendo," and a "morendo" in autumn, at the turn of the leaf to yellow sere, when the "gallery" is resounding with the songs of the swan.

No one is unaware that many foremost musicians have sought in certain of their compositions to embody by notation the warbling of feathered songsters; confessed, however, it must be that such transcripts, albeit backed up by all the force and severity of "copyright law," convey but a shadowy notion of the song-gush indulged in by certain vocalists on wings upborne toward the high empyrean.

For these "motives" and others besides I have felt induced to set forth on hard and fast lines the "trills" of the nightingale, the "fifths" of the sparrow and the "seconds" of the cuckoo, not without giving fair notice, however, that my feathered troop disdains keeping anything like strict time, nor do they recognize any instrument as being able to approach their melodious strains, and they leap at a bound over the most elementary rules of harmony, transposing, amplifying and modifying without stint or measure their songbursts. Let not the reader attempt to fix in the slightest degree upon the keys of the piano the several parts which I am venturing to submit to his better judgment, but let him rather seek a more vivid interpretation by whistling the notes I have assigned to each vocalist in particular! Forward then, and let the concert begin!



THE SPARROW.

This humble singer of our roofs and eaves and gutters rests satisfied with a bare quantum of two or three notes;

he runs through a fifth from fa to do with a—well, melody which, by way of "solo," might be accounted rather monotonous, but which when rounded off with a swell forte by a giddy crowd of sparrows and sparrowlets combined produces a wondrous effect.



THE CUCKOO.

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!—two notes only for his artistic outfit, with all his pondering! Notes, too, of strange consonance—a perfect fourth. His song, lacking though it be in variety, possesses one striking characteristic: At its début in spring this wandering voice is clear, soft, full, ringing; yet little by little it drops off from its limpid tone, till toward the end of August it becomes vacillating, hoarse, dissonant!



THE CANARY.

This golden coated artist sings in like pitch with the lark and the nightingale, which it essays to imitate. Scarcely has it to appear, however, on the boards of a cage when its modulations grow saddened and repining, degenerating into an inharmonious twittering without any sort of regular sequence and devoid of interest, but whenever freed from its prison, where it had sung in its own despatch, it gives full throated utterance to its rapturous joy and love.



THE LINNET.

The linnet sings blithely in autumn tide on hedgerows of the road tracks to the laborer plodding homeward from the toll of the harvest field, while it trolls forth its love lilt replete with liveliness and variety, imitating so neatly the song of other warblers. At times, however, its little heart is all a-throb, and straightway it starts suddenly on the wing pouring forth improvisations of an exquisite fancy and exceptionally high pitch.



THE TURTLE DOVE.

This domestic artist, oftentimes the idol of some tender maiden, love-lorn, because of a yearned-for union not achieved, coos on and on with utmost sweetness and rapid roulades in strange combination. Its strain is repeated in a diminished fifth, which imparts a tone of melancholy and plaint. In concertos of this cast it takes the part of the viola.



THE SKY LARK.

This might be styled the shake warbler par excellence. A few notes suffice it for the gurgling trills, three or four at most, repeated and varied. Of the birds that pour out their strain while on the wing, it is the only one able to fling into the air while it mounts through space its heartfelt melodies with a crescendo truly Rossinian, and this, too, the higher it wings its flight, as though it would fain make its songburst heard even at heaven's gate.



THE THRUSH.

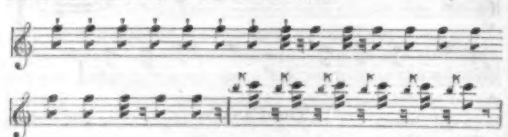
This bird takes rank as by native right among the great singers of the skies; he alone seems to have and to hold

musical consistency, inasmuch as his first three notes form a full, perfect chord, which as a rule, is found wanting in his rivals. Furthermore, it finds an echo as it were in the trilled repeat of the dominant motive. But when imprisoned in a cage, the captive loses much of his vivacity, originality and poetic fancy, as if he would fain unburden in a minor key the rending pangs of a heart all saddened and woebegone.



THE CHAFFINCH.

Among flighty musicians the most sluggish is the chaffinch, and it must needs in all candor be avowed that he is furthermore a very wild creature, although possessing a quick ear and being capable of repeating, when he will, far better than others the song-gush of his associates. In the category of artists he might very well represent the street organ grinder, since he is forced to repeat whatever he hears and whatever is drilled into him.



THE NIGHTINGALE.

Although mentioned last, the nightingale takes front rank among all the feathered throng. The greatest artists that appear on the boards are radiant with delight whenever anyone ventures to compare them with our "personage." Vainly do I try to set down in a narrow range of notes his wondrous songburst, all a-trill with the ecstasy of melody. The vein of wealth is truly inexhaustible. Ornithologists contend that it has twenty-four stops, even like the organ in the parish church. But beyond a doubt it is that he is of all the great singer, the most sensitive, marvelous, melodious in creation, the king of artists, the Wagner of music, and with Wagner's self not fearing to compare!

Now that I have marshalled in full feather my flighty musicians-in-chief I cannot refrain from observing that many a composer has thought well to "descant" them in their operas. Marchetti has combined them with a chorus in Ruy Blas, Petrella in an act of the Promessi Sposi, Leoncavallo (I quote from memory) in the Ballatella of Pagliacci, without reckoning the birds no end that many masters have "shoo'd" into their compositions!

Poets have made use and ab-use of them in their multitudinous verse "long drawn out," authors in novels without number, naturalists in treatises more or less weighty; they are even to be met with in manuals treating of the culinary art and served up with every kind of garnish, à la foison.—From *La Scena Illustrata*, by R. Fenery-Shee.

The Women of America.

VICTOR MAUREL.

VICTOR MAUREL, the singer, who may not return to this country next season, has been writing his impressions of the United States, and has given to some of the French newspapers the advance proofs of his work. The first chapter of the work is devoted to a study of the men of the United States, and it is said to possess no particular novelty, but the second chapter, on the American woman, is said to be deserving of the interest of Frenchmen. The following are some of the quoted extracts:

"What has not already been written of the American woman? It is not rare for a traveler to come to New York for two weeks without collecting a mass of documents more or less fantastic on the subject of the fair sex in the United States. There are subjects, though, which always permit a new interpretation, however often they are treated, and I think the present case is one of these. At the outset the task appeared to me an easy one, but in proportion as the months advanced the number of facts that I had observed began to become more numerous, and contradictions presented themselves. But I have tried by incessant observation to discover the true under the false appearances, and I have succeeded in noting a certain number of traits that, I believe, are real and general. The American women that I observed were those that are more especially known in Europe; that is to say, the women who are born in the Eastern States and in New England. My plan will be to follow their lives from infancy up to marriage, insisting especially on youth, the happiest period of life.

"At the age of seven she goes to boarding school for a period of about ten years. This excellent idea of life in common is not interfered with by her family, for separation is more easily accepted there than in Europe. The life of the boarding school, moreover, produces admirable effects

on the child and prepares her for the struggle of her outside life. During this ten years she acquires a substantial education, which permits a young girl to fill a great many serious occupations. She may become a bookkeeper, a cashier or a journalist. If she desires to, it is within her power to extend these studies until she is prepared to follow a liberal career. She may then become a lawyer, a professor, a doctor, or exercise her artistic tastes. There are women sculptors and painters in great numbers in the United States. Politics is not without its attractions for her. Certain administrative positions are open to her, and in one Western town a woman was mayor.

"The young girl who leaves boarding school does not always enter on the same labors. The position of her parents usually determines the conditions in which she will move. One belonging to a rich family comes again to live under the paternal roof or goes to pass two years more in a fashionable boarding school, where she learns the usages of society. From that moment she enjoys the most complete independence. In the family she is not only listened to, she is consulted. She has views which she can defend when necessary, and she follows without check her preferences and tastes. The "phantom of society" does not frighten her. She understands herself. Nothing is concealed from her and she ignores nothing. In the American woman one does not find that innocence, that timidity and candor which make so much of the charm of the women of our own country. But, on the other hand, she exhibits a sureness of determination and action, a carelessness of danger and an assurance which are the beneficial results of her education.

"For the richer classes of America travel is a regular part of their program of existence. The American woman travels over Europe, leaving everywhere the remembrance of her strange grace. She occupies herself, too, with sport, practises with taste tennis, base ball, walking and swimming. She rides horseback and fences, and all these exercises give her suppleness and agility. The care of the skin and hygiene, too, are not neglected. They are followed with regularity and finish by becoming a necessity to all young girls, to whatever class they belong. The constant preoccupation in the United States is to strengthen the nervous system.

"Finally, if, as is said, the age of gold is the age of youth, the saying is true in America more than anywhere else, and it is there that the young girl enjoys to the greatest extent this beautiful period. Everything is done for her and by her. Everywhere her influence is felt—at balls, dinners and theatres. It is the force, graceful and acknowledged, of her power before which everyone inclines, happy to yield. See how this confidence explains itself. Already noticed in the American and repeated in the American woman. But this is a trait of character which always astonishes Europeans when encountered in a woman. But I have had the opportunity of admiring it under circumstances which deserve to be reported. A prince of finance in London gave a reception to the heir of the throne. A concert had taken place; among the artists who participated, almost all of them already celebrated, a young American singer just commencing her career had appeared brilliantly. She was remarkably beautiful and shortly before had become engaged to a young American, scion of one of the old Boston families, the son of an esteemed artist, and himself a painter who had exhibited with success at Paris and London. At the end of the concert the royal guest, with his charming candor of manner and that bonhomie so well known among those who have met him, came up to the brilliant singer and offered her his arm to escort her to the buffet. There was a murmur of astonishment among the noble ladies who were present, but it was only of short duration. The artist's betrothed noticed the glances. Pale and agitated he followed this scene, of which he could not fail to discover the meaning, until, turning to him without embarrassment, the young singer said smilingly: 'Will you wait for me dear? The Prince wishes the honor of escorting me to supper.'

"To translate the tone of her words is impossible, but I remember that one man distinguished in the court of England, and well known in the clubs of Paris, said to me with an accent of mingled admiration and astonishment: 'I do not know in the world a duchess, a princess or a queen capable of bearing herself with so much ease in such a delicate situation.'

"In fact, I said to him, 'I appreciate just as you do what happened then; but it revealed to me more of ingenuousness than of ease, for under the circumstances ease would have presupposed a knowledge of our customs which this young American could never have acquired.'

[It will be seen that Maurel is here talking about Mme. Emma Eames and Julian Story, her husband.]

"The European women rarely give us the opportunity of observing such confidence in themselves as this young American shows. Is it right, then, to conclude that she is inferior from the point of view of intellect and the usages of society to her American sister? I do not think so. It is the knowledge of the dangers that the observation of these usages present which gives to European women so much circumspection and reserve. As a whole, if one balances as nearly as possible her good qualities and her imperfections,

one must acknowledge that the American woman is really admirable. The promptitude of her resolutions, the physical and moral energy of which she has given proof, her taste for flirting, as well as her other traits of character, which, found together, astonish Europe, have won for her an important place in the Old World, and her admirers are now countless. She attains easily enough the end which she so often proposes for herself; that is, the union of her dollars with a title of nobility. In the seventeenth century, when an heir of one of the illustrious families in France married the daughter of a rich farmer, they said that he smelled of his lands; but in the nineteenth century all is changed. save the expression, and how often does one see our coats of arms regilded in America. But the coats of arms have to wait sometimes, as marriages among the richer classes are generally late. That is not altogether true of the middle class, where one sees very early marriages. But whether they marry early or late, the American girls bring to the conjugal relation these precious qualities: Good sense, experience and maturity of intellect, acquired in their lives as young girls, and which the European woman only acquires at marriage or after it.

"When she is married what happens to this young girl, whose whole life has been nothing but a fête, or who has reigned as a queen and lived according to her own whims, the object of every attention? What does she expect from marriage? When a young girl in France gets married she gains at the same moment complete liberty. But what liberty is there for the American woman to gain by marriage? If she expects anything from marriage she soon discovers her mistake and realizes that she not only has gained no greater liberty, but must sacrifice that which she has enjoyed up to this time. The lovely freedom is over. Formerly she went out alone, and always without an escort, but now the chaperon is always necessary. At the theatre, at a ball, or at a restaurant, she can never be seen unaccompanied. But, one will say, she is married, perhaps a mother, and ought to find a large compensation in the joys of her family. These joys are not always accorded her. She is wife and mother, but neither her husband nor her children can give her the devoted care which they should. She enjoys her children only when they cannot understand her tenderness, and consequently cannot return it. As soon as they reach the age of reason the colleges seize them; they return them transformed. As some one has remarked, in America there is no youth; that is to say, the transition from the first age to the reflective age does not exist.

"The husband cannot give his wife the happiness she expects. If he is in business—and every American is more or less in business or occupies himself actively in sport—he leaves home early in the morning, passes the day away from her, and when he returns at night he is fatigued, his mind is occupied, so that he does not give to his companion that attention and that tenderness which she deserves. The American is not a home man; his life is divided between his business, his clubs and his bar; he does not seem to lay much store by the society of his wife.

"So the American woman, when she becomes a wife and mother, finds herself condemned to solitude. One can understand that she does not accept this situation with any great cheerfulness; she stays at home little, and derives her diversion with outside life. From this it happens that one sees married women in such great numbers at the theatres, at balls and at concerts; that they occupy themselves so much with dressing, that they receive and go out so much, and, in a word, that they appear so much more occupied with the frivolous practices of society than with the serious occupations of the home. In reality she is not, however, to blame.

"If society cannot satisfy her needs, in spite of its brilliant promises, the world appears nothing but vanity, she accepts her lot with charming resignation. Perhaps it is still one of the effects of this moral force which we have already remarked among the American women, and one is astonished to find himself rather inclined to admire this energy than to sympathize with her condition. From this point of view, one can say that she is superior to the women of Europe, and to French women in particular; but the young girl of Europe, undeniably less brilliant than the American, has often more real attractiveness. This is the result of two entirely different kinds of education. Each kind has its faults. In America this liberty, this power of the young girl, takes away her charm, and can only prepare for her later disillusion. Dissolutions of another kind are also the share of the young European. Reared far from all scandal, ignorant of all wickedness, she is suddenly thrown into the life of the world, and sees then her ideal shattered. Does not the true mean lie between these extremes? Should not the principle of a young girl's education be liberty tempered with reason; a gradual initiation to the real things? Such, indeed, is the program followed in the somewhat rare families of our French bourgeoisie, and its fruits are excellent. It makes the young girl charming and the woman strong."—*New York Sun*.

Berthelier.—M. Berthelier has, on account of his health, resigned his situation as solo violin at the Paris Opéra. He is succeeded by M. Alfred Brun.

The Cord Stretching Office of The Palatal Muscles.

A NEW DISCOVERY.

THAT suspicions of some influence of the palatal muscles had previously been entertained cannot be denied. Gruetzner wrote that "the palato-pharyngei" (palateto larynx muscles) were not so much speech muscles as swallowing muscles. Weiss, who rivaled Delle Sedie in his multiplicity of registers—one for every four notes—foolishly imagined that the influence of the throat narrowing muscles was bad for the larynx. Yet a little later he declared that the muscles of the soft palate and tongue were newly found by him to influence the larynx correctly—a seeming contradiction, unless indeed he meant the muscles which expand the rear of the mouth by raising and broadening the palate and lowering the tongue—huge faults, both of them!

Dr. Härtinger mentions as a fault "steif gestellte Gaumensegel Muskeln" (stiffly held palatal muscles). Ferrien wrote of a new organ, not the vocal cords, and promised another memoir thereupon, but it never appeared. Haller thought he must refer to the soft palate.

In 1781 M. Helvay said that in falsetto the "lurette" contracted itself; in chest, did not. This somewhat agrees with Bennati. Indeed, this exceptionally qualified throat physician had much to say about the soft palate. He had one of the most extensive compasses ever known. He assures himself that "la langue elle-même" (this same tongue, meaning the soft palate) in lifting or lowering itself, or even "creusant en canal," exercises a powerful influence on the modulations, and adds that for any intonation whatever the hyoid bone (the tongue bone, easily felt by any reader just above the Adam's apple, or larynx) must be fixed in some determinate position. He continues by saying that the notes improperly called "falsetto" or "head" are due almost wholly to strong contractions above the vocal "tuyau" (tube). Evidently Bennati made strong and probably proper use of the palatal muscles, but he wrongly explained their influence over the voice.

J. Hilton in Guy's Hospital Reports found that "while repeating the alphabet the soft palate rises at the beginning and again descends at the termination of each letter or expiration; the sides of the pharynx [palatal muscles] also approximate slightly; the louder the voice the more apparent these actions." Now, as he says, "the louder the voice," Dr. Hilton must have meant the vowels and not the consonants, and his words imply a belief that the palatal forces do affect the tone decidedly, but he does not explain the manner of their influence.

Bennati, as we now see, wrote very decidedly upon the soft palate. His words have weight, because he was the personal friend of Sonntag, Catalani, Tosi, Rubini, David, Lablache and many others. His most important passage reads as follows: "That the upper part of the voice channel has great influence upon the nature of the tone, and principally upon the formation of the mouth tone [upper register], is proved by the circumstance that those singers who possess both registers notice after singing an entirely different kind of fatigue from bassi, alti and deep tenors. Such, for instance, is the case with Mombelli, Sonntag, Fodor and Tosi, David, Gentili, Rubini and others. All these singers are never more fatigued than when they have sung parts in which the tones of the second [higher] register occur frequently. This exhaustion extends itself, however, only to the summit of the voice channel [palatal region], and never goes deeper."

This distinguished author speaks with supreme confidence. "This is no mere hypothesis," he writes, "but is firmly founded on experiments upon various animals, and on the evidence of my own practice." These singers sat in his operating chair; were personally treated by him in his capacity of physician of the Royal Italian Opera, of Paris. His scientific distinction is evidenced by his introduction to the Royal Academy of Sciences by Cuvier—think of that!

His principal work, the one read before the academy at that time, his *Recherches sur le mécanisme de la voix humaine*, may be found in the Boston Athenæum Library. My private copy, a German translation, was destroyed for the sake of introducing in my *Physiology of Artistic Singing* the valuable diagrams of the throats of some of these celebrities, notably of Rubini, of Sonntag, and of the baritone Santini.

It is impossible to resist the temptation to obtrude upon the notice of my readers the comparative antiquity of Bennati's writings. His work appeared, if I mistake not, in 1832, no less than sixty-three years ago! Yet he does not hint at an old Italian tradition as do our latter day maestri! Is not that an astounding fact? His teacher—for Bennati was a singer himself—was the famous Pacchierotti, one of the last of the famous castrati, at that time, at least, fifty years old. This covers nearly a century of the 120 years since Mancini wrote. Every reader must be impressed by the honesty of Bennati's words. Had he known a single one of these miracle working traditions would he not have hinted at it, at least? Would he not rather have enlarged upon it and have struggled to decide its physiological basis? Still again, must we impute to this keenest of contemporary observers such density, such unprofessional carelessness as not to have suspected that he was receiving traditional instruction when, in fact, Pacchierotti was pumping it into him on the sly!

Another point, and a most valuable one. Does anyone pretend that the artists examined by Bennati were degenerate? Who preceded them of superior mold? Sonntag, poisoned in New Orleans by a jealous member of the troupe, had been singing twenty years when (in 1833) the German soprano, Mara, died at the grand old age of eighty-six. Mara had sung for forty years with extraordinary success; though she did not possess passion, so writes Scudo, who speaks not a word of her superiority to Grisi, Persiani, Gizziello (who fainted on hearing Faranelli) and Jenny Lind, all of whom were in their prime in 1842-3. It must be that Mara was singing at the age of twenty years, sixty-six years before her demise. Sixty-six from 1833 leaves the date of 1767, fully as early as Mancini wrote; but no one calls her a greater singer than Sonntag or Grisi or Persiani. Surely any decided superiority would have been mentioned by Fetis or Scudo or by Bennati himself. There certainly existed no such group of female singers as that of Bennati's friends and patients at any date earlier than his own. Pisaroni, I read, redeemed the insufficiency of her voice by a grand style and by a portamento which recalled the large manner of Pacchierotti and Guardagni, for the latter of whom Glück wrote his *Orpheus*. But these singers were both castrati; nor can I find sopranos or contraltos mentioned who could have antedated Mara, at least none of parallel renown. Every argument conceivable proves that the old Italian tradition is a myth, an ignis fatuus, a will o' the wisp, hovering over a boggy tract unsafe for modern treading.

Coming down, with a sense of relief, to more modern times, we read that the lamented Helmholtz indorsed with enthusiasm the method of a Madame Richter, probably the mother of the famous orchestra conductor. This method consisted largely of efforts or movements of the soft palate; but no description of their nature is given. Helmholtz also wrote a very flattering preface to Emma Seiler's little book, but that must have been done in a moment of careless good nature, for any half thorough examination of the anatomical basis of her theories would have reformed his views. Her notion that the higher register is decided by the cuneiform cartilages (cartilages of Wrisberg) is senseless; for both Henle and Luschka have demonstrated that their bases are in the ary-epiglottic folds, quite at the summit of the larynx; while their downward pointing cones extend downward only to the false vocal shelves, not to the true. It may be pleasantly added that even were Madame Seiler correct her field of artistic labor should be rather in Liberia or San Domingo than in Philadelphia, for Gibb

found this tiny nodule only four times in 900 white subjects, though in negro subjects it was common.

It will not be irrelevant here to notice, as proof of the unreliability of the general physiologist, that Flint, in his unabridged *Physiology*, has inserted Seiler's full and false description of the laryngeal parts and her views of their workings!

Indefatigable Merkel, though he made a woeful mistake, did give a general physiological fact of great assistance. He calculated and proved beyond cavil that the intrinsic muscles of the larynx (those extending from one of its parts to another of its parts) were not powerful enough adequately to stretch the vocal cords even for speech, much less for the severer requirements of full voiced song. This led to the conviction that some of the extrinsic muscles (those extending from some part of the larynx to some other bodily part not belonging to the larynx) must aid in the cordal extension.

To Fournié has been given due credit in the pages of *THE MUSICAL COURIER* for his suspicion of the need for extrinsic action; but I can find no reference to the office of the palatal muscles to effect decisive changes in the state of the vocal cords. In a word, these distinguished writers recognized the powerful nature of vocal action, tacitly opposed the notion of a relaxed throat and so far were of service; but the true influence of the palatal muscles does not appear to have been even surmised.

An extraordinary and most interesting proof of this powerful action may be of interest. Theodore Legris, from the effects, I believe, of a gunshot wound, which was afterward thoroughly healed, had an opening in his throat such that the action of the vocal cords could be seen with ease. Cagniard-Latour asked him whether his voice sounded differently in health. He replied confidently, "Très affirmativement," that he did not perceive the slightest difference. "One sees," writes Cagniard-Latour, "that the efforts from which spring the breath pressure giving rise to the laryngeal vibrations are not so light as they would seem to be from the remarkable facility with which the voice ordinarily seems to produce itself."

And this is, indeed, the truth. In artistic tone giving there is so little displacement of vocal parts—the tongue, the jaw, the palate, the larynx, and even the respiratory parts are moved so little from their natural positions that the sensation of muscular effort is almost lost; but the fact of powerful exertion remains. These parts of the vocal machinery are pulled upon both ways, and the balance destroys or minimizes sensation. From the cranium to the clavicles and the sternum, from the under side of the skull to the breastbone and the collarbones and even to the two upper ribs extend comparatively powerful muscles, in the midst of which the larynx and hyoid bone (unitedly to be called the "voice-box") are loosely slung, some of these contractile fleshy bands being above, some below and some in front and behind.

They powerfully affect the movements, the adjustments of the laryngeal parts, and among them perhaps the most important—if essentials can be compared—are the muscles of the soft palate. The exact mode of their action for the production of the artistic tone will for the first time be declared in the next issue of *THE MUSICAL COURIER*.

JOHN HOWARD.

321 West Fifty-ninth street, New York.

Stuttgart.—The Court theatres of Stuttgart gave during the season 1894-5 318 performances and ten subscription concerts. Of these 113 were operatic, nineteen mixed performances of drama or opera and ballet. Operas given were forty-nine, with seven for the first time, six revived. Classical works consisted of works by Beethoven, one; Mozart, three; Glück, one; Weber, two. The greatest number of performances was of *Hänsel und Gretel*, fourteen, in opera, and in operetta *Mamselle Nitouche*, eight. The artists comprised Nicolaus Rothmühl, Francesco d'Andrade, Marie Schröder-Hanfstaing, Anna Rollan, Ben Davies, Franceschina Prevosti, Karl Somer, Karl Scheidemantel, Sophie Wiesner, &c.

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BOSTON, Mass., July 28, 1895.

AN examination of Wagneriana, a skimming of pamphlets written by Wagnerian pundits—German sages, French hystericals, or German American maniacs—is a recreation in hot weather. I like to read of the mystic significance of the morning cry in Parsifal; of the true character of doddering King Marke. That music can mean so much! I even find amusement in the works of Mr. Finck, especially when it pleases him to be didactic.

Last week I was looking over a collection of pamphlets for and against Wagner, and I came across Richard Wagner by Champfleury. It's a book of only fifteen pages, published in 1860, and it was sold for 50 centimes. As you know it commands to-day what is considered to be a fancy price, although the essay was afterward included with essays on Balzac, Gérard de Nerval, and Courbet in a volume entitled *Grandes figures d'hier et d'aujourd'hui*, published in 1861.

Now Jules Fleury, known as Champfleury, is one of my favorite authors, "literary passions" as Mr. Howells would say, and yet passion seems too strong a word in speaking of affection for this charming French romanticist yet realist. I am aware that Mr. Arthur Pougin, for whom I have great respect, speaks almost disdainfully of Champfleury the writer on music, sniffs at the notes to his translation of Hoffmann's posthumous tales, and rages and paws the air at the mention of the pamphlet on Wagner. Nevertheless there are passages in this same pamphlet that appeal to me by their suggestiveness, rhapsodical as it may be, more than do all the solid arguments of members in good and regular standing of any Wagner Society.

Let us look at the circumstances attending the birth of the essay. It was in 1860, January 24, as Champfleury says, but the 25th according to Georges Servières, that Wagner gave a concert at the Théâtre Italien at 8 o'clock in the evening.

The program was as follows:

PART I.

Overture, Flying Dutchman.
March and Chorus..... } Tannhäuser
Introduction third act and Pilgrim Chorus.. }
Overture.

PART II.

Prelude, Tristan and Isolde.
Introduction and Nuptial Chorus... }
Nuptial Fête and Wedding Song... } Lohengrin

Champfleury, who once played the cello in an amateur string quartet, dedicated his essay to the novelist Barbara, one of his associates. I do not know whether the essay has ever been Englished throughout; it does not seem possible that such an interesting document has escaped translation; and yet I have never seen it except in the original French. When Champfleury included it in the volume above alluded to he added the response of Wagner to the critical articles of Berlioz; and this retrospective allusion was followed by a direct attack on the pedantic opposition of Bischoff, Fétis and Scudo. Wagner's article, *Une Visite à Beethoven*, published in the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* (1840), was also added. I state these facts

on the authority of Servières, for the book itself is not at hand.

And yet how feeble, how colorless, must any Englishing seem after the grace of the original!

* * *

"The long evenings spent together ten years ago, my dear friend, in the study of the works of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven were not then lost.

"When I abandoned those happy quartet evenings of our youth"—Champfleury was born in 1821, and died in 1889—"it was because I knew full well the dangers of such infidelity to literature. Nervous efforts in the service of music meant ruin to the writing of romances; yet have I never lost my lively, curious interest in music ancient or modern, and Wednesday, January 24, 1860, when I heard the first fragment of a work by Richard Wagner I realized that the charming flowers of Initiation in music were springing from the rich dung-heap amassed by us slowly during some years.

"I understood the thought of the master, and this is the motive of my letter, for which I interrupt pressing tasks, caring only moderately for the interests of to-day and to-morrow, impatient to cry aloud the truth, unable to escape the tyranny of thought, which sends to my brain sentences all in order concerning the work of Wagner, and commands from me the lines which, all quivering, follow, giving scanty time to the pen that traces them.

* * *

"Richard Wagner!" I find that name lodged in a chink of my memory by an academic critic, M. Fétis père, of Brussels in Brabant, Van Fétis, a library rat, a commentator without force; a biographer, expert with shears, who has written somewhere that Wagner is the Courbet of music.

"You may well suppose that in this phrase of the Flemish Fétis lurks an insult over which I pondered long. What could a Courbet in music be? I searched with tears. The great painter, assailed and insulted so long by the swells of the penny journals, is an artist remarkable above all for the power of his brush.

"Cut any one of his paintings into shreds, each shred is still a painting; but as the French are only moderately versed in painting, and are interested first of all in the 'subject,' the 'meaning,' the 'beauty,' Courbet could not be understood.

"At the same time the horrid charge of 'réalisme' was joined to the efforts of the jealous to prevent the growth of the master; and as 'réalisme' was so used, so is 'Musique de l'avenir' brought ironically against Wagner.

* * *

"I shall speak later of this phrase 'Musique de l'avenir,' with which the adversaries of Wagner have long served themselves as with a club, thinking to crush him; but the clubs of journalists are only the clubs of the Funambules—painted cloths stuffed with hay.

* * *

"Should we not first of all render thanks to professional critics whose blows are misdirected? They stop at the beginning the march of the strong man, they prejudice his fortune, they throw sticks under the wheels, they scoop ruts to upset the chariot, they raise worm eaten barricades, behind which they stand, a-trembling, armed with ancient syringes loaded with ink. Suddenly, after gathering of strength, after months of failure, the artist rises proud, resolute, mighty, and with one look puts to flight the mediocrities, the jealous, the impotent, the cumberers, the pallid syringers of ink, and he makes his triumphant way while the crowd watches with enthusiasm.

* * *

"Such is Wagner, after the concert of Wednesday, January 24, 1860, a date memorable in the Almanac of Art.

* * *

"On the entrance of the master I knew at once from the physiognomy of the orchestra that the battle was won.

The musicians made room with respect and joy, impatient to begin, hailing his arrival by applause of bows on violins.

* * *

"Wagner is pale, with a fine forehead, of which the part near the root of the nose presents very marked bumps. He wears spectacles; his hair is abundant, but without exaggeration. A bilious nature, eager for work, full of conviction, with thin lips, with mouth lightly shoved in; and his most characteristic feature is his chin, which belongs to the nut cracker family.

"He showed timidity, naïveté, contentment, with the murmurs of an audience apparently ready to listen devoutly. This German and modest personality shed a kind of charm to which we are not accustomed.

* * *

"I am aware that this man has nothing in common with eccentric composers who dress in a bizarre fashion, try to influence an audience by a Satanic expression, and shake a long mane, whose hairs are straight as drumsticks or frizzled like unto those of a poodle.

"Wagner scarcely looked at the audience, except to bow. Now he is giving his final instructions to the musicians grouped about him.

* * *

"What takes place in the mind of the artist who turns his back on the audience, and is in five minutes to be judged by Parisians, beings chiefly eager for amusement, whose immediate representatives, managers of theatres, have protested always against innovations?

"In five minutes a judgment will be pronounced by this frivolous jury who in one hour gives the result of the study, the suffering, the abnegation of thirty years.

* * *

"And the musicians who have only had three rehearsals!

"And the male chorus singers, honest German amateurs, brought together hurriedly for this concert.

"They talk of the emotions of the condemned told by the judge that the fatal moment is at hand. Art knows emotions not less cruel, repeated daily.

* * *

"I hold no program. With what do they begin? Excerpts from Lohengrin or Tannhäuser.

"Never mind. I do not pretend to give a strict analysis of these fragments; I only give the sum of the impressions made by the whole concert.

* * *

"I admit that the 'absence of tunes,' of which alleged connoisseurs have spoken for some time in the magazines and the newspapers, preoccupied me; the attempts which I had heard in France in this new direction were not calculated to arouse my enthusiasm.

"Strange instrumentation, weird couplings of instruments warring as to timbre, singular tunes suddenly broken as by a malicious gnome, formidable hosts of players and singers, telegraph wires bearing the commands of the conductor to subordinates in other halls, in the cellar and in the garret—these made me afraid of this 'musique de l'avenir' of over-the-Rhine, spoken of by 'serious' critics only with disdain.

"After the first measures of the overture, the peevish critics who deceive the public from a spirit of hostility, denigration and jealous impotence, understood that their only course was to flee; for Richard Wagner was applauded by the deeply stirred crowd; which had a feeling for the True and the Beautiful, and felt itself moved to its very entrails by the musical billows discovered by a navigator.

* * *

"Absence of tunes,' say the critics.

"Each fragment of each of the operas of Wagner is one vast melody, like the sight of the sea.

* * *

"Who, throwing his eyes over the vexed ocean or the

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blue Mediterranean would bethink himself of wishing to build there a little white house with green blinds?

"Once afloat on these waves of sovereign harmony known alone to Wagner, who but an idiot would ask for a little tune from Fanchonnette?"

"The music of Wagner takes me back to those old days when, alone in a little Norman village, stretched in the broom on the sea cliff, I gazed at the ocean—always beautiful, never the same, defier of boredom, inspirer of huge thoughts."

"There is a religious side to the music of Wagner, the religious feeling of the thick forest when you, silent, traverse it. Then do the passions of civilization, one by one, fall from you; the soul leaves its little pasteboard box, where each one shuts it up in going to a soirée, the theatre, anywhere—among people, it purifies itself, it grows in stature, it breathes contentment and seems to climb to the tops of the tallest trees."

"These are but words."

"But how to interpret, if not by the analogy of sensations, the mystic speech of intoxicating tones!"

"And yet it is necessary to teach the ignorant that the music of Wagner is not imitative music."

"In the introduction to The Seasons Haydn has attempted to express 'the passage from Winter to Spring.' And these words of the text follow:

"Les épais brouillards par lesquels l'hiver commence." These attempts of a great master have led behind them singular disciples.

"Sunset, the half-veiled moon, the lark's song in the wheat field, and even the swift flight of a long-beaked bird—see what these apes of 'imitative music' have pretended to show in their orchestral pieces."

"This you can call justly and in its evil sense 'réalisme' in music, the monstrous running of one art into another, an adulterated mixture as equivocal as a bunch of grapes grafted on a pear tree."

"Wagner has nothing to do with this school in any way whatsoever. 'Tis foolish to insist on this point; but I am writing especially for those who did not hear these concerts."

"The composer is rather in sympathy with the lines written by Beethoven concerning a movement of the Pastoral Symphony: 'Rather expression of feeling than painting.' A fine sentence, truer than that of Haydn."

"Now I know not the subject of his operas; I know not the splendid stuff which covers them. I have seen only pieces of this stuff. And it seems to me as if a fragment of mediaeval tapestry fell suddenly before my eyes. Heads of cavaliers, embroidered largely with a needle, look out; a page, cut away at the waist, holds a falcon on his fist. In a corner of the tapestry is written in Gothic characters: **AMADIS DE GAULE.**"

"An epoch rolls by; the exploits of Charlemagne, the Knights of the Round Table, the twelve heroes, courageous begins, of large, unnatural size, with fear-inspiring durandal and giant helmets."

"In these excerpts there is no imitation of furious combats, yet a whole chivalric epoch is unrolled."

"The characters of the dramas of Wagner walk in heroic days of which the traditions have been reverently preserved in Germany by the brothers Grimm. Although the story of Wagner's drama is not found in the old German poem of Parsifal, is not the Lohengrin of the composer the same as that of the legend?"

"Lohengrin was just about to put foot in stirrup, when a swan, drawing behind him a boat, appeared on the water. As soon as he perceived it, he cried, 'Good night, my steed, go to the stable! I follow this swan whither he leads.' Confiding in God, he took no victuals with him. After a sail of five days over the sea the swan poked his beak into the water and caught a fish. Half of it he ate; half of it he gave to the prince."

"At the Italiens, I did not wish to read the libretto; the music absorbed me. A concert is not a representation."

True, musicians know no other language than the language of sonorities, and there is no room for print before an orchestra."

"Later, when the operas will be given as a whole, there will be another question. It will be a good thing to see how the composer, who is his own poet, has molded together two different arts."

"After the first part of the concert there was a tumult in the foyer, breathless, hurried talk, spontaneous exclamations, fault finding, abuse. The battle was won; but there were (a thing never seen in war) some far in the rear, mired in a ditch, far from danger, who attempted to revile the gallant general."

"They were few in number; you could count them; they spoke with the grimaces and the wrath of monkeys before whom a beautiful stuff was admired, but they would gladly have torn it into a thousand pieces."

"The artist needs to be excited by such malevolent animals, because as soon as ever an ass comes into the world ten clubs spring up to bash him; scarcely does a great spirit show himself in the arena, but fifty barkers are at his trousers."

"The overture of Tannhäuser was already known in Paris to some who had heard it at a franc concert, between a polka and a quadrille, as far as the amiable conversation between loungers and girls would permit; but if the men had sung the opening chorus in tune what an effect it would have produced!"

"I leave to the critics remarks about sharps and flats, tonality, ascending progressions, chromatic, &c.; I have more interesting matter to deal with."

"The excerpt the Holy Grail is one of those that struck me the most deeply by its religious mysticism, the shivering of the chanterelles, sweet, clear, transparent as crystal. Little by little the orchestra grew animated, and came to a sort of radiant apotheosis, golden as the sun, which transported the hearers into unknown worlds." (And then Champfleury translates Wagner's account of the Vorspiel to Lohengrin.)

"Two hours of this music left me without fatigue, happy, enthusiastic."

"If Wagner is attached to the great German school of Mozart and Wagner, it is by the simplicity of his instrumentation."

"Noise, which has led astray so many composers seeking new effects, is fortunately exiled from his domain."

"With moderate means, the music is grand, eloquent, passionate, imposing; the instrumentation is broad, penetrating, charging the hall. The attention is not distracted by any one instrument. The instruments are welded harmoniously into one."

"They say the great composer is broken, and shows clearly in his face the signs of change."

"Not on account of the labors or these late concerts; the reception by the public was too enthusiastic, too decisive three nights ago. 'Tis the result of the anguishes and bitternesses of fifteen years. Time will not easily efface them."

"What a lot has been that of Richard Wagner!"

"Who does not know the last years of Beethoven's life, when sour, hypochondriacal, sickly, he astounded his townsmen by his solitary life?"

"Beethoven deaf, conducting an orchestra in spite of his deafness, trying to comprehend his interpreters by a look!"

"There is nothing more terrible in Dante's Inferno. The painter Goya, blind at Bordeaux, is alone the true companion of Beethoven in his deafness."

"Richard Wagner is afflicted in both ways: he is deaf and blind."

"Exiled from Germany for political reasons, he can neither see nor hear his operas played in Germany for ten years."

"Neither Lohengrin nor Tannhäuser can open for him the gates of his native land."

"The Germans have applauded his name, his works have filled Russian and Austrian opera houses; he lives withdrawn in a modest home in Zurich, at night listening, if the wind does not bear to his ears a snatch of the melodies, at the very hour when they who prevent his return revel in his musical expansions."

"Is the artist who neither hears nor sees his players and singers worthy of interest? The murmurs of an attentive audience, the electric shiverings which run through the hall, even to glacial silence when the composer has gone astray—all these marks of information which serve as beacons to a new work, were lost for Wagner."

"Exile is not a powerful exciter in art. Many are nearly extinguished in bitter recrimination or morbid sloth. Wagner has escaped either fate; in retirement at Zurich he has composed two new operas, and he has chosen Paris as the melting pot for the precious metals discovered in an alien land."

"The three concerts just given are only detached pages from the great poems already known; in the spring Paris can enjoy the operas, unpublished, in completeness, under the direction of the great master, who comes not to take anyone's place. In the spring, conductors, singers of high and low degree, an army of Germans will come from Germany, eager to receive the instructions of the artist."

"The performance in Paris of two operas by Wagner will be a species of rehearsal for Germany. But how interesting this rehearsal! Should we not thank Destiny, who at her will drives men hither and thither, transplants them far from their native land to blossom with new ideas on foreign soil."

"The man is sacrificed. Thus Art gains."

"I look everywhere and I find no such martyrdom as that of Wagner."

"Yet in his work no rage."

"I expected to hear some fragment tempestuous and dissonant, stabbing the ears, bringing blood from the public. So would the artist be revenged. The beautiful spectacle of men preventing an artist from kissing his native earth punished by the punishment of irritating melodies, which set teeth on edge, clinging to the memory as a thief to a coat, bringing at night avenging nightmares!"

"Wagner has shown himself more noble."

"The pedestals of his legends are beauty, grandeur, serenity."

"Each of his operas is an aspiration to that 'musique de l'avenir' of which the fools and the frivolous have spoken without knowledge."

"Radiant happiness springs from the ensemble of mighty harmony."

"I said in 'Mascarade de la vie Parisienne:'

"The artist is a goose. They nail his feet to a plank, let him die near a hot fire, that his liver may swell."

"And thus they obtain pâté de foie gras. When it is well prepared it is good eating."

Excuse, ye uneasy lovers of accuracy and ye spectacled divers into analysis, the faults of Jules Fleury, otherwise Champfleury: quia multum amavit. PHILIP HALE.

Boston Music Notes.

Boston, July 27, 1893.

Mr. S. Kronberg, of Kansas City, who with his wife is spending the summer at Point of Pines, has been specially engaged to sing at the Sunday afternoon and evening concerts July 28. Mr. Kronberg has a brilliant baritone voice of great compass and power, almost a phenomenal voice, extending from E flat below to tenor high A, which has

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been carefully trained. On Sunday he will sing *The Hills of God*, a new song by G. B. Nevin, the first time it has ever been sung in public. Mr. Kronberg is a great favorite and has many engagements booked for the next six weeks that he will remain in the East.

Mrs. Kronberg, who has studied entirely with her husband, has a powerful soprano voice that hardly seems to belong to her slight physique. It is a great surprise to hear her sing for the first time; one wonders where she gets her tremendous power.

On Saturday morning they gave an informal musical to two or three friends that was most delightful and enjoyable. It was a great pleasure to hear such singing, there being an entire absence of affectation or tricks of vocalism.

The latter part of August Mr. Kronberg is engaged to sing with Sousa's Band at Manhattan Beach.

Miss Marie B. Benchley, of Minneapolis, Minn., formerly of New York, is spending some weeks in Boston and vicinity. At present Miss Benchley is engaged upon a treatise on voice training that will explain the discoveries she has made and the application of certain physiological laws with reference to the voice producing factors.

Mr. J. Frank Donahoe, organist of the Boston Cathedral, will dedicate two organs in New Hampshire during the first part of August, one at Manchester and the other at Claremont.

The scant praise that Yale University receives in this quarter for advanced educational work has caused its recent action in establishing a department of music to be quite overlooked. In this matter of music the university is the first in the field of the highest musical education. Professor Parker, who has this department under his direction, is a Boston man, well known in our highest musical circles, and Yale in establishing the school has departed from her traditional conservatism, and shown a readiness to add to her departments that is not more welcome to her graduates than to the large number who believe that Yale is ready to do whatever advances in the largest sense the interests of a wider education.

The sixth annual meeting of the New Hampshire Music Teachers' Association, which opened at Weirs, N. H., July 28, brought hundreds of music lovers to the place. The opening meeting of the musical convention took place in the morning, and was in the form of a public chorus rehearsal, and was participated in by about 400 voices, directed by Prof. Henri G. Blaisdell, of Concord. In the afternoon there was a pupils' recital in Music Hall, which was attended by most of the summer residents and many people who came from Lakeport, Laconia, Concord and Plymouth. The program was an unusually good one. At night there was a public recital, and it was the social feature of the evening.

The report of the committee on the revision of by-laws was adopted, and officers were elected as follows: President, Hon. C. S. Whitehouse, of Gonic; vice-president, Clarence M. Leet, of Claremont; secretary, J. Edgar McDuffie, of Rochester; treasurer, E. T. Baldwin, of Manchester; board of management, Lorin Webster, of Plymouth; H. G. Blaisdell, of Concord, and J. Edgar McDuffie, of Rochester. A resolution of thanks to Rev. Mr. Waterman, president of the association for the past three years, was unanimously adopted.

The Herbert Johnson Quintet Club for the season of 1895-6 will consist of Bertha Estelle Mason, first soprano; Lillian B. Cooke, second soprano; Kathleen M. Russell, first alto; Grace Campbell Cooke, second alto, and Herbert T. Johnson, tenor and director. The club has been engaged by the Grand Commandery of Illinois to furnish the singing at the grand banquet to be given in this city at the Hotel Victoria August 27.

Mr. Homer A. Norris is passing the summer at Dublin, N. H., where he is writing the closing chapters of part 2 of his *Practical Harmony*.

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Among our last year's graduates, Miss Maud Bliss has been engaged by Mr. Francis Wilson and Miss Rena Atkinson by Mr. Wm. T. Carleton.

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SEND FOR NEW CATALOGUE 1895-96.

The Albion Sextet, composed of Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker, Mrs. Emma Margaret Becker, T. H. Norris, W. T. Meek, G. H. Remele and Dr. George R. Clarke, gave the music at the funeral of ex-Gov. Alexander H. Rice on Thursday.

Mr. Rose, of the Castle Square Theatre, has engaged a new prima donna. Her name is Tillie Salinger, and she comes all the way from the Pacific Coast. She is represented as being young, accomplished, beautiful, with a clear soprano voice of unusual volume and purity, and in every way fitted to stand at the head of a great opera company. Mr. Rose's attention was called to Miss Salinger by her extraordinary engagement of four and a half years' duration at the Tivoli Theatre in San Francisco. She started for Boston Monday, July 15, and arrived here last Saturday evening. She begins singing next Monday night, taking the part of the countess in *Olivette*.

Miss Salinger was born in Melbourne. All her people are musical. Her sister is now singing in a Western opera company and her brother is a violin concert player in Chicago. When she was seventeen years old her father formed the Salinger Opera Company, Mrs. Salinger, her daughters and the son beginning rehearsal as the principal members. The company did not sing in Australia, but sailed for India, where they opened at Calcutta at the Corinthian Theatre with a repertory of English opera. They made a tour in India for two years, playing in Bombay, Madras and the principal cities. Miss Salinger came to America in November, 1890, and was immediately engaged by the manager of the Hess Opera Company, then singing in San Francisco, to go on between the acts and sing ballads. In the audience one night was William Krelling, manager of the Tivoli Theatre. Next day he sent his manager, and within a week Miss Salinger had signed a contract with Mr. Krelling as leading lady for his opera company. She made her first appearance at the Tivoli in San Francisco, December 8, 1890, her engagement continuing for four years and a half.

Miss Charlotte W. Hawes is giving morning musicales in the homes of Marblehead Neck summer residents. The house of Mrs. Frank R. Kimbells was lately the scene of attraction for listeners to Miss Emma Becker's rich contralto voice, the playing of Prof. John Ritchie and of Mr. Storer. Another musicale will be given soon at the house of Mrs. William G. Barker, when *The Music of Nature* will be the chosen theme, and Miss Louise Bruce, of Copley Square Church, the soloist.

Summer vesper services are being held at Bulfinch Place Church under the auspices of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches. The music has been furnished by the Ariel Ladies' Quartet and the Apollo Male Quartet, assisted by D. Marks Babcock and Miss Emma Becker, under the direction of George Mendall Taylor, organist. Next Sunday the Gounod Quartet will sing.

The complete cast for *Olivette* at the Castle Square next week is as follows: *Captain de Merrimac*, commander of the Cormorant, Mr. Arthur Wooley; *Valentine*, officer of the Roussillon Guards, Mr. Thomas Perase; *Duc des Iles*, cousin and heir to the countess, Mr. Robert Marston; *Conquérant*, his foster brother, Mr. William Wolff; *Marvejol*, mayor of Perpignan, Mr. Richard Jones; *Olivette*, Miss Louise Elissing; *Countess of Roussillon*, Miss Tillie Salinger; *Valentine*, Miss Gertrude Quinlne; *Moustique*, captain's boy, Miss Hattie Ladd.

Milan.—The heat is so great here that the silly season has set in sooner than usual, and a Milanese paper announces that Saint-Saëns has composed a "humorous, zoological fantasia" under the title of the *Carnival of Beasts*. The first tempo describes the approach of the lion, then comes a passage for the elephant, next comes a crab's march, a scherzo for the kangaroo, ending with a dance of all the animals.

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Next Season's Opera.

HENRY E. ABBEY arrived Saturday on the steamer *Paris* and announced the program for the coming season of opera at the Metropolitan under the direction of Abbey & Grau. He said that this season would open on November 18 and continue as usual for thirteen weeks, followed by the customary supplementary season of two weeks in the spring. The season of Wagner opera, which is to be given next winter, will play a more prominent part in the plans for the season than was at first supposed.

"It was never intended," said Mr. Abbey, "that our German season should be limited to the ten performances—that is, the eight evening performances and two matinées—which were announced last spring. It would never have paid us to engage a German company for these few performances. As it is, the first opera given next winter may be *Tristan and Isolde*, or it may be *Carmen*, which will serve to introduce Mlle. Calvé. Mme. Nordica was engaged the day before I left London to be the prima donna of the German season. She will sing *Isolde* to the *Tristan* of Jean de Reszké, and will be the first dramatic soprano of the Wagner season. The operas we expect to give besides *Tristan* are *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried*, *Lohengrin* and *Die Meistersinger*. These will be sung in German, and possibly the *Flying Dutchman* and *Die Götterdämmerung* will also be given.

"The only novelties to be sung in French are Massenet's *Le Cid* and *La Navarraise*. In both of these Calvé will sing, and Jean de Reszké, who has already sung in *Le Cid*, will probably appear with her in that opera. Sig. Mancinelli is not to return this year. His wife is seriously ill in Italy, and he does not care to go far away from her. It is ridiculous to say that he does not return because of any disagreement with Mr. Seidl. As a matter of fact, they are intimate friends, and their duties next winter would not have clashed. As it is, the principal directors will be Mr. Seidl and Sig. Bevnigani, and also Sig. Seppilli, who has been at Covent Garden this spring. Louis Saar will also return, and William Barry will again be stage manager. It is uncertain whether or not Mme. Sembrich will come to this country. She was engaged to sing Mme. Melba's rôles until Mme. Melba rejoins us at the middle of the season. We have her under contract, but there is a clause in the agreement which allows her to withdraw before the 1st of September if she wishes to. She may take advantage of this, and in that case will, of course, not appear with us.

"The company, so far as it is selected, will have among the sopranos Melba, Calvé, Nordica, Sembrich and Von Januschowsky. Mme. Eames will not return this season. There is some probability that Mlle. Calvé may be heard in Boito's *Meisostefe* and as *Valentine* in *Les Huguenots*, but this has not yet been decided. Of course, Bauermeister will come. The contraltos will include Brema, Mantelli, Clara Hunt, an American débutante, who has been studying in Paris, and Mme. Scacchi. The tenors will be Jean de Reszké, Russitano, Creminini, an Italian tenor from Milan; Lubré, who has been singing at the Opéra Comique in Paris; Lionel Daubigné and Maugière. Among the baritones may be Victor Maurel, although his engagement is not yet certain; Ancono, Campanari, Bensade, and Kaschmann, who sings in German and Italian, and was a member of the company during my first season of opera at the Metropolitan. The basses will include Edouard de Reszké, Plançon, Castelmarty and a French singer, who made a most favorable impression this year at Covent Garden. Marie Engle may be engaged as soprano, but that is not yet settled. The company will be better than it ever was, and the performances will be superior to those given at Covent Garden, of which so much is said."—Sun.

Paris Streets.—Three new streets in Paris are to be called Alboni, Lalo and Padeloup respectively.

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The Piano.

I AM going to talk of the piano as it has revealed itself to my own observation and feeling under physical, mental and spiritual aspects, these three terms conforming more or less strictly with technic, form and conception. Such a division is of course arbitrary, as there is the same transfusion of each factor among the group or trinity of factors as there is in the human organism, which yet, for convenience in discussion, is often divided in the same way. This presentation of my subject will show a corresponding transfusion of sub-topics.

Of the three most important instruments, the organ, piano and violin, the piano stands midway between the other two. The organ, particularly the modern, highly registered organ, to the unthinking person seems greater, fuller of results, of broader scope, represents more achievement. The reason of this is that, owing to the variety and quantity of sound, the senses are readily affected—the appeal is largely to the senses, and even when the higher part of our nature is reached it is through a greater excitation of sense than that which the piano produces. This sensuous appeal is less justifiable because produced by many and varied mechanical means, and by what, for the sake of contrast, I call gross manipulation. That is, while the piano also is material and mechanical, and under bondage to manipulation, its mechanism is simpler, its function as transmitter of musical idea more directly and less sensationally performed, and by it the human hand is trained, not to mere agility and to a uniform touch, as in the organ, but to infinite subtleties by which alone it must produce the finest shading—the broad, the delicate, the frank, the insinuating, the complete, the suggestive, and all tone effects demanded by the most exacting composition. Thus the human hand by its immediate connection with resulting sounds, is an integral part of the artist, but the use of the hand or foot to control flute or reed stops, tremolo vox humana, diapason, combination pedal or swell, is comparatively unrefined, gross and unhuman. To epitomize the idea, please make a careful distinction between complicatedness, or external elaborateness, and complexity, or internal intricacy—the organ representing the one, the piano the other.

As compared with the violin the piano and organ are both at a disadvantage. The unity—that is, the singleness or undividedness of tone—the absolute continuity of sound, make the violin the best of all instruments for the transmission of feeling—the materialization or birth of that which is conceived in the soul. It does not, however, have as great a scope as the piano, which is par excellence the best culture instrument. The piano has not only a much richer solo literature than any other instrument, but is well fitted for adaptations of many kinds, can produce very full harmony, and is, by virtue of these things a much more intellectual study than any other instrument or than the voice. To sum up, the piano is less physical and more psychical than the organ, and less psychical and more intellectual than the violin.

Its reputation has been hurt by three things: 1. By the use of the upright. After having reached a pinnacle in the manufacture of the grand piano the popularity of the upright is accounted for only by cheapness, that fatal second best expediency, and by the low average of sensitiveness in human ears. The upright is a bar sinister, a blot on the escutcheon of the piano family—it has no more to do with the evolution of the piano than opera bouffe has to do with the development of opera—they are both altogether off the line, excrescences—détours retrogressions. 2. The piano has suffered from its use for mere social or fad purposes, by ignoramus who rush in where artists fear to tread—people who do not understand even the physical principles of the work, who in tone producing know no distinction between demanding and soliciting, between forcing and eliciting. 3. The piano suffers through ill judged adaptations from orchestral and operatic works, especially those of Wagner. I have heard just two piano adaptations from Wagner which are successful. They are both lyrical in character, definite and external in meaning, and so arranged that the theme stands out against a rich background of harmonies like a bold device wrought upon the finest arabesque. Where such an effect can be gotten there is no objection to adapting Wagner or any one else. But where the music is less dense, less definite, more abstract, more ideal, it is injurious to everything concerned to wrench it from its native intent. Liszt's transcription of the Spinning Song, from the Flying Dutchman, is a successful adaptation because the theme is external, its meaning limited, plain, obvious—there is nothing of the symbolic—in fact, there is nothing characteristic about it. Therefore it can be given on the piano. But as soon as Wagner's symbolism, his typical metaphysical effects, are attempted, the piano has too much to do.

Piano music, like all solo music, is of an inspirational character, and in this regard the artist performer is at a disadvantage. He can seize any moment of inspiration to form his conception, but that conception is too apt to be blighted unless inspiration remains faithful at the moment of rendition. It seems as though musical conception can scarcely live through birth, the phenomenal atmosphere so chills the ideal. If the painter feels this keenly, as he

must, let him imagine what it would be to do all his representative work in a room full of people focusing their attention upon him.

The player who has lovingly and carefully intuited the meaning of a work in retirement and under the single influence of a master, must render it amid a confusion of discordant personalities blended only in the act of listening to him. Add to this the morbid sensitiveness of finger tips tortured by the differing responses of different keyboards, a morbidness which, taken by itself, is a virtue. Now comes a spiritual opportunity, offered to all artists but grasped by few the opportunity to eliminate self, to conquer self consciousness. For I do not agree with those who hold that the artist must put himself into the music, that is, his personal quality. He must put in something infinitely greater than himself, he is merely the vehicle or channel of that great something from the spiritual to the material, from the real to the phenomenal world, and while in the transmission some token of the transmitter may tincture the transmitted, it is a sin against art if such tincture is not of the finest attenuation, or if it partakes wilfully of the character of personal magnetism. Is that a great actor who is himself in all the rôles? No, a man is never his own best; the great and good idea which, by perception and appreciation, becomes part of him—his by appropriation, so to speak—is the only part of self which he should give out to his fellow beings under the best art form he can command. He must transmit purely that which has filled him. In perfect accord with this is the fact that there comes sometimes a wonderful moment in art life when the poet, the seer, is born; when the sources are not reached through channels, but when one drinks directly from the fountains. After this poetic liberty reigns.

Creative reading of music is unavoidable—a noble idea conceived by the composer intensifies under the deeper insight and added experience of his interpreter. The instinct of a poetic interpreter will never tempt him to add anything out of line. He brings growth, development, not change, deepening and broadening, not rupture. Some amateurs are richly endowed with this poet quality, so that often we enjoy their playing more than the perfect technical, formal playing of some professionals. What share the renderer has in the composer's work must always remain an unknown quantity. Until rendered a musical composition is almost subjective; it has no manifest relatedness to human uses. The interdependence of the two workers is most beautiful when perfect sympathy welds them into one. Unfortunately such a union is rare. If it were not for one blessed fact the composer would be entirely at the mercy of the player, who too often bears him false witness. That fact is that there are a saving few who know how to listen, not to the player, but to the work, whose inner sense passes like a gas through the dense envelopes of technic and form, penetrating to the centre, to the essence. Such a listener enjoys a passive and an active good; he is saved pain, he gets pleasure. To become such a listener is one of the heights of culture.

I suppose there is less personal exploitation in playing Bach than any other writer. He is to music what the Essentia is to the Mystics. His altitude is so great that nothing of ours can live in it, as neither angels, principalities nor powers could live in the Essentia. He can neither be added unto nor taken away from. There are, however, pages of Bach in which the magnificent poise and self-content of the classic school reach an almost obvious point of contact with the romantic school. The temptation to treat these pages in the romantic manner is almost irresistible. I believe that it is best to resist this impulse, to let the intense feeling of the old masters retain its conventional form, its simple, reserved expression, its faithful adherence to time, which it rarely interrupts for anything but a single retard at the final bar. When we wish not only to be emotional, but to show it, to wear heart on sleeve, to be almost perverid, we must turn to the moderns with their extreme nervous abandonment type of this nervous age, their tempo rubatos and accelerandos, which means time robbed and reimbursed—the modern tribute to rhythm, which is Justice.

Of all the modern composers Schumann is the most intimate, the most sweetly human—his is that medium of humanness which is neither heights of spirit nor depths of flesh. He is the most differentiated of piano composers; that is, besides the massed power and unity of his larger works, he is able to divide himself into brief, simple, unitary fragments. By division I do not mean disintegration. His slightest fragments are as structural as his greatest works. They are like drops of water which have not as many qualities, but as much quality as the ocean. His is a tremendous range from the obvious, as the *Kinder-scenen*, through the symbolic, as the *Aufschwung* to the metaphysical and psychic, as the *Kreisleriana*. Notwithstanding, I lean toward the belief that Schumann is, after all, a voice crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way, for behold a greater than I cometh after me," and that greater one is—Brahms.

Much might be said about pedaling, accent and other technical matters; also about danger of over practice and consequent loss of inspiration, an experience which any painter who has painted too much upon a single picture can understand. Also a great deal more could be written about rhythm as a democratic and universal principle, a theme

which has a marked point of contact with piano work. I should like to call attention to an interesting distinction between the accomplishment and the art of playing the piano, and to put in a plea for purity of motive in selecting it as an instrument for musical rendition. There are two conceptions and two intentions possible to the student of the piano; one ends in the acquirement of a graceful, amiable, convenient social adjunct; the other does not end at all, but leads on into art and the real life.

FLORENCE WYMAN RICHARDSON.

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Prix de Rome.—There were six competitors for the Prix de Rome at the Paris Conservatoire. Latorey, pupil of Th. Dubois, won the first; D'Ollone, pupil of Massenet, the second prize.

Vienna.—The opera season began July 28. During August Mmes. Mora and Sedelmayer will appear in a temporary engagement, and Edith Walker will join the company. The first novelties will be Leoncavallo's *I Medici* and Kauder's *Walther von der Vogelweide*, and probably *Die verkaufte Braut* by Smetana. At present it is too early to say whether Goldmark's *Heimchen am Herd* or Humperdinck's latest work, *Der Wolf und die sieben Geiseln*, will be produced here for the first time on any stage.

Harris.—A German paper writes: "As to the five millions of Sir Augustus Harris they are mere wind. He has credit, which in London is as good as gold. For years past he has had no luck with his enterprises in the season, and what he makes by his wretched spectacular performances in the winter he loses in summer. This year he had done no good; his Italian opera costs too much. Duse played to half houses, and the Coburg company must have given him a headache." The same paper describes Lily Langtry as "Wwe. (Witwe) Langtry."

The Paris Theatre Libre.—The new director of the Paris Free Theatre, M. Laroche, has resolved to include three operatic performances in his season. "It is not enough," he writes, "to give the dramatic authors an opportunity to make trial of their powers; there is a crowd of gifted musicians whose works, because their creators have as yet no name, are often left lying in the desks of managers." To help these aspirants he has organized an orchestra of seventy pieces and a mixed chorus of fifty persons. The artistic reputation of the chorus is well known, and he seeks to give new and befitting importance. In selecting works he will be determined by no influences, not even national, but will simply produce whatever has aesthetic value.

Musical Manuscripts.—At a sale of valuable old manuscripts lately in London the following were notable items from the collection of the late Mr. A. G. Kurtz, of Liverpool: W. A. von Mozart, original autograph manuscript music, air with variations for piano and violin, \$140; Mozart, original autograph manuscript music, variations for piano and violin on the air *La Bergère* Celimène, seven pages, extremely fine, \$170; Mozart, original autograph manuscript music, signed and dated March, 1787; rondo in A minor for piano, a fine specimen, \$140; Mozart, original autograph manuscript music, *fuga für clavier in C*, very fine, \$80; Ludwig von Beethoven, original autograph manuscript music, signed, "Drei Gesänge von Goethe," dated 1810, \$185; Beethoven, original autograph manuscript music, purchased for Mr. Kurtz by Sir Julius Benedict, October, 1872, from Mme. Fügelsbeck, the widow of the celebrated violin player, with a letter in reference to it from Sir Julius Benedict, \$41; L. Spohr, original autograph manuscript music, quartet, very fine specimen, \$40; F. Schubert, original autograph manuscript music, signed fragment of *Terzetto*, and others by the same composer, \$32; and F. Chopin, autograph manuscript music, two polonaises for the piano, \$52.



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IN THE MUSICAL COURIER of July 10 there appeared an editorial article, Music for Boys. This was reproduced in the *Commercial Advertiser* of July 23, but credited to the Albany State. Is it possible that the State published the editorial in question without acknowledging its source?

ELLIS ANSWERS SCHREIBER.

WHEN I wrote you a fortnight ago in correction of a report that the London Wagner Society was responsible for the publication of the late Ferdinand Präger's book I little dreamed that I should have to trouble you again so soon; but my letter and your issue of the 26th ult. must have crossed each other in mid-Atlantic. To that issue a certain Frau Schreiber has contributed a letter which turns out to be almost nothing but a literal translation of an article appearing under her name about two months ago in the *Neue Musik Zeitung* (Stuttgart-Leipzig); to the latter I would not deign to reply, as I did not like the complexion of the journal, and as the article itself was well-nigh nothing but a réchauffé of Mme. Präger's so-called "Reply" to my articles in the *Musical Standard* (London) of a year ago, entirely ignoring my long, explicit and annihilating "Rejoinder" in the last named. Mr. Chamberlain did reply to the *Neue Musik Zeitung*, however, but the editor—as you may see in the *Neue Musikalische Presse* (Vienna) of the 23d ult.—after keeping Mr. Chamberlain's answer for four weeks, returned it to him with a couple of lines to the effect that it "disproved nothing" and he therefore declined to print it. This is the policy of concealment habitual with the late F. Präger's defenders; let me therefore explode it. Here is the first third of Wagner's earliest letter to Präger in its various forms:

A.—FAITHFUL COPY.

Verehrtester Herr:

Sie wissen vermutlich, dass ich mit Ihnen—durch die Röckel's—bereits bekannt bin, auch wohl, dass ich weiss, dass ich Ihnen verpflichtet bin. In einer Angelegenheit, die Ihnen der beiliegende Brief des Papa Röckel sofort zum Verständnis bringen wird, muss ich mich nun direct an Sie wenden. Sie sehen, dass ich vom Secrétaire der philharmonischen Gesellschaft in London befragt worden bin, ob ich geneigt sei die Concerte derselben in der bevorstehenden Saison zu dirigieren. Ich stellte zwei Bedingungen. 1. Ein zweiter Dirigent. 2. Engagement des Orchesters zu mehreren Proben von jedem Concert. Sie sehen, was mir der alte Röckel, dem ich diess berichtete, dagegen vorstellt und anrät. Geben auch Sie ihm recht, so bin ich bereit, von meiner zweiten Forderung zurückzustehen, &c., &c.

B.—PRÄGER'S GERMAN

VERSION.

Ich schreibe Ihnen, mein lieber Präger, als wie einem alten Freunde, Ihnen herzlich dankend, mir ein so wackerer Kämpfe zu sein in einem fremden Lande und einem solch konservativen Volke. Ihre Begeisterung für meine Richtung, welche mir August in einem kräftigen tüchtigen Artikel über die Dresdner Aufführung des "Tannhäuser" mittheilte, und die mir bewiesene Anhänglichkeit seitdem, giebt mir den Muth, ohne Weiteres Ihnen eine Last aufzubürden, in welchem Vorhaben mich auch noch ein Brief des alten Papa Röckel's bestärkt. Ich muss anführen, dass, ehe ich mich entschloss den Antrag der Londoner philharmonischen Gesellschaft anzunehmen, ich zwei Bedingungen machte, nämlich, einen zweiten Dirigenten, und eine grössere Anzahl von Orchesterproben. Sie können sich wohl leicht vorstellen, wie freudig ich mich der Idee hingabe, eine wenn auch nur momentane Unterbrechung diess traurigen Exils zu finden, und einer Beschäftigung entgegenzusetzen, in der ich mich glänzend aussprechen kann. Jedoch möchte ich doch deshalb nicht eine Reise nach London unternehmen und dann dort meine Künstlerfreiheit eingeschränkt finden, und meine Energie von einem Comité zurückgedrängt sehen. Wenn jedoch der alte Röckel aus Ihrer Meinung ist, so würde ich mich entschliessen, die Bedingung des zweiten Dirigenten aufzugeben, &c., &c.

* English Gentleman.

A.—LITERAL TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE.

Most Honored Sir:

Presumably you know that I am already acquainted with you—through the Röckels—also, no doubt, that I know I am beholden to you. Now, in an affair which the inclosed letter of Papa Röckel will at once bring to your comprehension I must address myself directly to you. You perceive I have been asked by the secretary of the Philharmonic Society in London whether I am disposed to conduct their concerts in the coming season. I have made two conditions: 1. A deputy conductor. 2. Engagement of the orchestra for several rehearsals of every concert. You see what the old Röckel, to whom I reported this, represents and advises to the contrary. Should you also think him in the right, then I am ready to stand back from my second demand, &c., &c.

B.—PRÄGER'S TRANSLATION, OF WHICH THE ABOVE IS A RE-TRANSLATION.

I enter into correspondence with you, my dear Präger, as with an old friend. My heartiest thanks are due to you, my ardent champion in a strange land and among a conservative people. Your first espousal of my cause, ten years ago, when August* read to me a vigorous article from some English journal, by you, on the "Tannhäuser" performance at Dresden, and the several evidences you have given subsequently of a devotion to my efforts, induce me to unhesitatingly throw the burden of somewhat wearisome arrangements upon your shoulders, as Papa Röckel† urges me in a letter which I inclose.

I must tell you that before concluding arrangements with the directors of the Philharmonic I imposed two conditions: First, an under conductor; secondly, the engagement of the orchestra for several rehearsals for each concert. You may imagine how enchanted I am at the promised break of this irritating exile, and with what joy I look forward to an engagement wherein my views might find adequate expression; but frankly, I should not care to undertake a journey all the way to London only to find my freedom of action restricted, my energies cramped by a directorate that might refuse what I deem the imperatively necessary number of rehearsals; therefore I am willing to agree with what Papa Röckel advises, if it meets, too, with your support, viz., to forego the engagement of a second conductor, &c., &c.

* Röckel. † English Gentleman. ‡ August's father.

That letter I have seen for myself and gone through carefully with an independent witness, namely Lord Dysart's attorney, in May of last year. In that letter—the only one, besides the "Bumpus" letter, that I was allowed to inspect—I found that Mr. Chamberlain's copy was unimpeachably accurate, down to each comma and dash; that letter is, out of hundreds, the most damning evidence of Präger's utter untrustworthiness; and yet this beautiful editor refused to treat it as a "proof," though he had publicly invited Mr. Chamberlain to reply. Verily the friends of Präger have sometimes fallen among strange company.

Your correspondent says that "Präger is called after his death a forger of documents and a liar;" the books were not published until after his death, and the particular epithet to be applied to deliberate falsifications such as the above I will leave your readers themselves to select from the dictionary. But it will doubtless astonish them to hear that this and other instances of proved falsification were staring Frau Schreiber in the face (from those articles of mine in the *Musical Standard*) when she wrote about the late F. Präger's "nobility of character," his "honor," his "enthusiasm" and his "truth."

In passing, I may state that the British Museum possesses no copy of the *English Gentleman* later than 1835 (not 1845); that no one has replied to my challenge to produce a copy of later date; that Präger was known to be an opponent of the "music of the future" prior to 1835 (vide a well-known critic's review of the book in the *Musical Times*, London, of April, 1892); that in a letter of Präger's to the *Musical World* (London) of July, 1888, he speaks of this alleged article as an article on *Rienzi*—not *Tannhäuser*, and finally, that he can scarcely have been discussed between Wagner and A. Röckel in Dresden, judging from the bald way in which Wagner writes of him to the latter on February 5, 1855 (*Briefe an August Röckel*, Breitkopf und Härtel, 1894): "Address your letter to London, care of Ferdinand Präger, 31 Milton street, Dorset square. Your father, who has behaved most kindly to me, has recommended Präger to me." Not a word about "your old friend," or anything of that sort! Eduard Röckel, August's brother, had occupied the same London house with Ferd. and Mme. Präger, as the lady herself tells us, at the time of the Dresden Insurrection. One further point, in this connection: When Wagner says, "you know, no doubt, that I know I am beholden to you," it has obviously nothing to do with the Philharmonic concerts; the next sentence shows that quite plainly. In all

probability it refers to Präger's services in behalf of young Haimberger, for whom Wagner in 1851 had asked E. Röckel to obtain the assistance of "someone like Präger."

Frau Schreiber writes: "Furthermore, they (*i. e.*, my articles) contain many assertions acknowledged later on by the author himself as wrong." This sweeping charge, as far as the "assertions" go, but compliment—as concerns the "acknowledgment"—she supports by one solitary instance. That "Bumpus" affair is very simple. The word occurs in a little postscript, the *second*, written in a very peculiar position, namely quite close to the *inside* fold of the letter. It is most regrettable that Mr. Chamberlain should have overlooked it in making the copy; yet it was not he, but I alone, who drew conclusions from it. In the innocence of my heart I made use of "Bumpism" as a jocular description for the less important pseudo-epistles, which I at like time proved from incontrovertible *internal* evidence to be pure concoctions; the serious, the deplorable concoctions—such as the celebrated "Minna letter"—I treated in a far sterner manner. But let me ask one simple question: If this book of Präger's is about to be republished by Lord Dysart's permission, with a preface by Frau Schreiber, this lady *must* have had the opportunity of verifying the accuracy of Mr. Chamberlain's copies from the original letters (without such verification of disputed documents no honest person could engage in the task of republishing the book); in that case, and a whole year having elapsed since Mdme. Präger's innuendo that Mr. C's copies cannot be relied on, has she found any other omissions, &c., of any kind? Obviously none! Yet she preserves total silence on the point, just as Mdme. Präger relied on her mere innuendo, after her own son had reported to her upon the originals. I may also tell you that young Mr. Präger was, and still is, in the employ of Lord Dysart; why does he not come forward and state the *full* result of his inspection? This hiding behind petticoats is beneath the contempt of any masculine man. But we, Mr. Chamberlain and myself, are refused by Lord Dysart the opportunity of placing the accuracy of Mr. C's copies beyond all dispute, though they were published with that peer's consent, and though (through Mr. C.) I have offered Lord Dysart to get photographic facsimiles taken! It's enough to make any Englishman's blood boil to think of the way in which this party of concealers is allowed to dance on the reputation of aboveboard, plainspoken men. However the conclusion is so manifest that I wish them joy of their "Bumpus," and can only wonder at their dairing to assume the air of injured innocence, upon Präger's behalf, after those twenty-one genuine letters have divulged the most extraordinary case of literary garbling and doctoring that can ever have occurred in musical history!

I will supply you, however, with instances of Präger's interpolation, where the originals are accessible to all the world. In a passage from Wagner's Mittheilung he introduces (p. 133, German, 130, English): "This companion of my gloom was Röckel;" into Wagner's letter to Fischer of June 15, '55 (*Letters to Uhlig*, &c.), he introduces the names of "Ferdinand Praeger" (p. 254, English); in a quotation from the *Musical World* (London) of June 30, '55, after the word "Liszt" he deliberately interpolates "the apostle of Weimar as Professor Praeger" (p. 266, English, 283, German). Everyone of these interpolations has a definite end in view, you will see, as also has the omission from Wagner's letter of 1851 to E. Röckel, where Präger leaves out the "nor do I" from the sentence, "neither does he nor do I know anyone in London" ("he" being Haimberger), and alters "perhaps one might recommend him to someone like Praeger," into "could we not direct him at once to Praeger?" In this Wagner-Röckel letter he has moreover changed "I worked for convoys" into "actively superintending the bringing in of convoys;" for "what on my part was mostly mere looking on (*doch mehr nur Beschaulichkeit*), was action (*Thätigkeit*), on that of August" he gives "what in me was a mixture of contemplation, was with August all action;" and for "I accompanied the revolt up to its final suppression," or "dying out" (*ich begleitete den Anstand bis zu seinem letzten Erlöschen*) he puts "I was actively employed in the revolutionary movement up to its final struggle." Now, upon this letter and upon a perversion of August Röckel's "*Sachsen's Erhebung*," Präger founded the bulk of his account of the Dresden Insurrection; in my articles I adduced these important misreadings, to say the least of it, the last two being instanced by me before Mdme. Präger's Reply.

I challenged the friends of Präger to inspect Mr. E. Röckel's own certified copy of the letter, which had been placed at my disposal by Mr. Chamberlain; none of them condescended to accept my challenge, and yet these ladies, both Mdme. Präger and Frau Schreiber, persist in talking of Wagner's "active part in the rebellion" as being "quite plainly stated" in that very letter! It is the old, old story of the ostrich and the sand.

That Wagner-Röckel letter and the "first Philharmonic" are quite sufficient evidence of Präger's maltreatment of documents in the process of translation, interpolation, alteration, &c., for the printing press; but they form not so much as one tithe of his tamperings. What, then, will you say to documents (the fourteen "missing" letters) of which the originals are alleged to have been destroyed "out of love for his friend," especially when the *internal* evidence is dead against every one of them?

As to the apology for Präger's having retranslated the Wagner letters from English into German without a syllable to state the fact, I demolished it a year ago in the *Musical Standard*, by showing that the same course had been adopted with this Wagner-Röckel letter, with the letter to Fischer (the original of which was doubly accessible), with a long passage from Heinrich Heine's *Lutetia*, with the letters of August Röckel to Präger (supposing them to have even existed, which I strongly doubt, from their style, &c.), and finally with all the quotations from Wagner's *Ges. Schr.*, excepting those from the Judaism article, which latter, appropriately enough, have been made a *mosaic* of. I further showed that footnotes to the English version had been incorporated in the German text of the Wagner letters.

Now, kindly remember that these are merely the letters. Those letters might all have been genuine and literally produced, and still the book would be worthless; for it contains such a mass of statements at variance with historical fact, and contradicting one another (especially when the English and German versions are compared), that at no time have either I or Mr. Chamberlain been able to unload more than a twentieth, perhaps a hundredth, part of our discoveries in confutation of Präger's work. But those letters having now been proved to be partly garbled, partly invented, no serious person need bother himself with any further unmaskings.

Here, again, Frau Schreiber accuses Mr. Chamberlain of "contradictions"—I notice that she spares me from inclusion in this charge. To substantiate it she falls into the error apparently inseparable from the Präger party. She tells you that Mr. C. says "Präger has not written this book at all, there is some other person behind him," whereas Mr. C's printed words in the *Bayreuther Blätter* of January-March, 1894—*i. e.*, half a year after the publication of the long composite article, and after his interview with Ld. Dysart—are as follows: "Behind Präger there is hid another. * * * The owner of the original letters, here communicated, is of opinion that the apocryphal letters do not emanate from Präger himself. * * * Meanwhile it is interesting to know" (or to "hear" or "discover"—"*wissen*") "that Präger's book was not even written throughout by Präger himself" ("*nicht einmal durchwegs von Praeger selber geschrieben ist*"). A German lady should have known better than to make this fatal blunder in translation; but it relieves me from any further necessity of defending my friend Chamberlain, whose conduct from first to last has been most straightforward and honorable, and only too forbearing.

"Misprints" form another excuse. How extraordinary that the English manuscript, as copied by Mdme. Präger, and the German manuscript, by Präger himself, should both be treated to the same "misprints" by printers at opposite sides of the globe! But when Mdme. Präger adduced this plea in a particular instance, namely, that of a problematic letter of 1859, which she alleged to be a misprint for 1857, I proved to demonstration by the whole context of the reference (page 302, English) the impossibility of any such explanation. I had much higher game to fly at, I assure you, than mere misprints.

Frau Schreiber also writes: "Quite wrong, too, is the statement that the German edition of Präger's book is one-third more voluminous than the English. The latter contains 344 pages and the German 366. This small difference in the number of pages finds a very simple explanation in the fact that in the German edition every chapter is preceded by a synopsis of its contents." Now, I should say roughly that the difference was more like a quarter than a third, but

Mr. Chamberlain had merely written "*Etwa um ein Drittel*;" your correspondent always neglects these qualifying "abouts," &c. Take the facts, however: The English edition contains 334 pages—not 344—omitting the preface in both cases, paginated in Roman numerals; as Frau Schreiber has also omitted them, I will make an exchange with her of that ten pages of miscalculation in return for the "synopses"—an ample allowance—but, unfortunately, this method of reckoning by pages is one of the most foolish fallacies imaginable, for the German has thirty-seven lines to the page, with at least as many words to the line as the English, whereas the latter has only thirty-two, save for the letters and other quotations, where the number sometimes reaches thirty-eight. Figures are not entertaining matters to deal with, at the best of times, but the amateur critic should have a wholesome dread of incurring their condemnation. I could show Frau Schreiber my own copy of Wagner *Wie Ich Ihn Kannte* annotated on almost every page for reason of its variation from the English Wagner As I Knew Him; from the Judaism chapter (cap. xvii., which is *entirely* re-cast) to the end these variations, additions, contradictions, &c., assume quite alarming proportions. I spare you instances, as any Anglo-German student can verify my statement; but, remember, the German title page says, "*translated by the author from the English.*"

Another statistical fact must be mentioned. Your correspondent says: "In 1885 he handed the finished manuscript to Lord Dysart. This refers to Präger's English version, and, I must say, throws a vivid light upon the whole article; for in my Rejoinder to Mdme. Präger in the *Mus. Stand.* (May 28, 1894), I proved that "if chapter xxi. of Wagner as I Knew Him was *not* being written in the spring of 1887, it was being either written or retouched at a later date: the reference to Beust's book simply could not have been made earlier." Beust's "Memoirs" were published in the spring of 1887, and are mentioned twice (pp. 289 and 298) in the body of the English text. Moreover there is a footnote to page 218 (Eng.) which says "written before his (Sainton's) death in 1890." Yet your correspondent entirely ignores this crying proof (for "1885" is no misprint in her case, as she has also given it in the *Neue Musik Zeitung*), though it bears so strongly on my convinced assertion that the "Minna letter," and at least one other, were concocted by Präger upon a groundwork borrowed from Wagner's letters to Frau Wille, as published in the *Deutsche Rundschau* of February and March, 1887!

Your correspondent indulges in some high-flown language about Präger's "loving forbearance in regard to Wagner's faults"; she also adduces some of Präger's rhodomontade in proof of his veneration for his "idol." But what are a hundred hyperboles of that character against such base and untruthful accusations as the following: "The truth is he was ready to pose as the saviour of a people, but was not equally ready to suffer exile for patriotic actions, and so he sought to minimise the part he had played in 1849" (Eng., 298); "whether he was justified in writing as he did, permitting almost an untruth to be inferred and history falsified, I should not care to decide" (Eng., 192)? And the latter sentence is infinitely worse in the German (p. 204): "Trüge man, auf wen die Schuld der gänzlich unvollkommenen, ja wohl selbst verfälschten Beschreibung derselben in so weit, als Wagner damit zu thun hatte, komme, so kann diese Schuld nur auf Wagner selbst zurückgeführt werden." The effrontery of a puny falsifier of private documents writing in such a strain about the greatest genius of the century, to whom he later, and this time justly, applies the words, "the key of Wagner's success is his truth!"

I need not enter into the question of Präger's "indirect exertions" (himself he calls them his "sole exertions") to obtain for Wagner the post of conductor of the Philharmonic Concerts in 1855. The claim is silenced by Wagner's genuine first letter to him, by the recollection of all living witnesses, by every allusion of Wagner's to those concerts, and finally by a letter to Sainton (Zurich, December 19, 1855), now in the possession of the latter's son, from which I quoted in the *Musical Standard* of May 26, 1894: "Je sais trop bien maintenant ce que t'a coûté ma vocation à Londres, avec laquelle tu avais offensé à mort M. Costa, qui a su se venger en bon Napolitain. Sa vengeance devait alors frapper sur Toi en même "tems" (sic, in original) que sur Anderson, qui—sur ta recommandation trop chaleureuse—

avait eu l'insolence d'aller à Zurich même, pour m'engager."

Nor can I here enter into the question of Präger's infirmities, and as to whether his book was or was not partly written by another hand. His champions do his memory little service by seeking to rob him of these only possible rays of defense.

As to Frau Schreiber's accusations against myself of "malice" and her insinuations about Wahnfried, I took no notice of them when brought by Mme. Präger. They are so preposterous that they affect me no deeper now.

In conclusion I must apologize for trespassing so far upon your valuable space, and at like time offer my opponents one sound piece of advice: Let their policy of concealment be thorough; half measures are quite useless; let them conceal the book *in toto*, lest a still worse fate befall it, for my ammunition of facts is scarcely perceptibly diminished by the few rounds of grapeshot that I have fired already, while even that spent grapeshot has the valuable property of being usable over and over again should need arise.

Yours obediently,

WM. ASHTON ELLIS.

LONDON, England, July 12, 1895.

GOUNOD IN ROME.

ALATE instalment of Gounod's Memoirs, now appearing in the *Revue de Paris*, gives some interesting particulars of the residence of the young winner of the Prix de Rome in the Villa Medici. The painter Ingres then presided over the French School at Rome, and he took great interest in the young musician, as he had known his father, the painter. Ingres was very fond of music, but, according to Gounod, never acquired sufficient skill on the violin, his favorite instrument, to take part in any ensemble playing. Ingres discovered in Gounod a talent for drawing, and had some sketches made by him. He told Gounod that if he would only devote himself to painting he would guarantee him a second Prix de Rome in this branch of art.

Rome did not at first make a favorable impression on Gounod; after Paris, it seemed to him an obsolete, provincial town. It gradually grew upon him, till at last he did not want to leave it. The third year of his studies ought to have been entirely passed in Vienna, but he allowed five months to elapse before he tore himself away from the Eternal City, where not only the Palestrina music in the Sistine Chapel but the paintings of Michael Angelo and Raphael fascinated him.

In Rome he made the acquaintance of Fanny Hensel, the talented sister of Mendelssohn, and she was the first to teach him to appreciate Bach. The visit paid by Gounod two years later to Berlin was the result of this friendship. In the first year of his residence in Rome Gounod composed two of his most celebrated songs, *Le Soir* and *Le Vallon*. The former reappeared with a different text to that of Lamartine's poem, as the ballad of Hero and Leander at the beginning of his first opera, *Sappho*. A French translation of *Faust* was, with Lamartine's poems, Gounod's favorite reading, but it was not till twenty years later that this reading bore fruit.

In the first chapter of his Memoirs Gounod tells how he came to devote himself to music. He had been a pupil at the Lycée de Charlemagne, and had a two days' vacation given to him in February, 1837. His mother allowed him to go with his brother to the Italiens to hear *Otello*, by Rossini. "In expectation of the spectacle I was beside myself with joy. Malibran was to sing the part of *Desdemona*, and Rubini that of *Otello*. I remember very well that I lost my appetite, and that my mother, at breakfast, said: 'If you do not eat you shall not go to the opera.' The threat had its effect, and I pretended to have a good appetite. We had not bought tickets beforehand, as they were too dear, so we had a long wait before getting two places in the pit. It was horribly cold, and we had to wait two hours before getting to the ticket office. At last we entered. I shall never forget the impression; it produced on me the effect of a temple. The solemn moment approached, the three knocks were given, the overture began. My heart throbbed and seemed to burst my chest. The performance could not have been better. Singers, orchestra, the whole ensemble, rendered me drunk with emotion. When I left the theatre my resolution was taken. I had an idea in my head which I would carry out at any cost. During the whole night I never closed an eye. I felt bewitched. A thought had taken hold of me, namely, to write an *Otello*. I began to scamp my lessons in

order to dedicate myself to composition, which caused me lots of trouble. One day, while intent on composing, a teacher surprised me; he wanted to see my tasks, which I had not finished, and to punish me tore into a thousand pieces the musical composition I had written, and I was severely admonished by the director. This, however, instead of extinguishing my enthusiasm for music only added more fuel, and, although I recognized the necessity of not neglecting my literary studies, I did not cease to dedicate myself to composition. Later, having solemnly declared to my mother that I wished to become an artist, I devoted myself exclusively to painting and music; music gained the upper hand, and became the ideal and occupation of my life."

WOMEN IN THE ORCHESTRA.

WHERE the development of the new woman may tend in matters of music it would at this stage be hard to determine. A year may find male orchestral players looking out against a new corps of competitors. We may have swollen female cheeks puffing forth the brass wind, a muscular limbed lady of bicycle development presiding at the bass fiddle, and a young woman with boxing biceps tattooing the drums. We may have a growth of woman conductor who will general a corps of male musicians into enthusiastic action. There's no telling. Women are just beginning to whisper among themselves that they feel there is something left for them to accomplish in the matter of professional music which they have hitherto neglected.

London has set the example in "The English Ladies' Orchestral Society" of a full band whose personnel is exclusively feminine. We have here the "Boston Woman's Orchestra." Well, there is no law to prevent women banding together if they feel so disposed, and we are pretty apt to have the effort duplicated in New York.

Seriously speaking, there seems no reason why women might not have a local string orchestra all to themselves if they desire to. With a light repertoire, no traveling to do and no arduous rehearsals they might make a success as a unique feature in social engagements. Beyond this there would not seem much outlook for them.

Why confine them to strings will be argued, and especially to a light repertoire, when women have been known to play successfully the cornet, French horn, trombone, flute and even clarinet, and where as solo violinists they perform works of equal magnitude with those performed by male artists.

It is quite true that an occasional and very exceptional woman has been known to make a fair soloist on brass and wood-wind instruments, and by dint of searching as many women might be discovered in a generation as might be trained to handle the brass and wood-wind sections in an orchestra, but the same argument will apply to them as to their sisters of the fiddle. It is one thing to be able to perform a solo well and quite another to sustain a position in an orchestra. To appear before the public for twenty to thirty minutes incidentally and play a sonata or concerto is no test whatever of the capacity to work steadily in an orchestra from two to three hours at a stretch, attention concentrated on a conductor's desk, and this point of performance having been reached through months of arduous rehearsal.

The most capable and intelligent of women can never become factors in an orchestra of any serious aims for this reason. It boots little to argue the question of feminine capacity to handle one instrument better or worse than the other. Taking it for granted that woman could accomplish as good results with every other instrument of the orchestra as she can with the violin, her physical incapacity to endure the strain of four or five hours a day rehearsal, followed by the prolonged tax of public performances, will bar her against possible competition with male performers. She may learn to play the trombone if she please just as well as the fiddle, but she will never arrive at playing it in an orchestra throughout works of any special moment, which have demanded consistent and protracted labor for their study.

The female violinist who laudably divides honors with her male brethren is well equipped technically for a good position in an orchestra. There are dozens of young women who play well enough for an orchestral place. But even were a mixed orchestra of men and women together, a condition probable enough to consider, about how many works of novelty and magnitude in a year would the ordinary woman find herself physically equipped to carry through rehearsal?

Not more than a third, probably, of what men are able to do. Women for solo work can increase their repertoire by degrees of their own arbitration, rehearsing how and when they please, but the grinding tax of rehearsals with an orchestra which undertakes the production of several weighty novelties each season, together with keeping in the best order a long list of standard works, would send her physical forces completely to the wall.

It is not an affair of what instrument she might play, or how well she might play it. It's a question of how long she might play it, and how long she could bear to sit day after day in patient concentration, while the other members of the orchestra studied their partition on theirs. The soloist accustomed to go her own gait with intermittent practice according to convenience would find her endurance soon swamped by the consecutive drudgery of orchestral drill.

If, then, women covet the use of the brass and reed instruments ordinarily monopolized by men, it must be as soloists they will handle them, and there seems no special merit or market awaiting them in this line beyond the matter of curiosity. There is the unbeauteous aspect of the case, too, against which any woman of refined sensitiveness ought to rebel. The temporary disfigurement while blowing a trumpet was never intended for feminine cheeks, but if the progressive woman once goes in for it she'll of course forget her cheeks. It won't be her contour that will stop her.

The English papers are encouraging women to go on, but we would say to the American woman, look out for your bodies rather than your brains. They won't hold out, and look out for your appearance. Have your little string bands if you want, and somebody may want to hear your light, pretty programs; but let the big things alone and let the wind alone. We won't stop to insert a doubt here as to how the most heroic woman would come out in the heavy wind or contrabass departments.

Women would be poor incumbrances in the matter of going on the road should the day they hint at ever arrive for them. Orchestra players do not travel as prima donnas. They take comparatively rough, rapid journeys; usually jump off a train to plunge into rehearsal. A hurried meal, then the performance. Not always enough sleep, and next day the same thing over again. How would women come out here?

The nice little string band will be the ladies' goal if they ever do come together in bodies and become an institution, not an exception, as are the stray female organizations now among us. With this and a modest repertoire they might meet success.

Sontag in Berlin.—Grillparzer, the late Viennese poet, states in his memoirs that he was present at the Royal Theatre, Berlin, when Henriette Sontag made her first appearance after her visit to Paris. The "German" public received her with yells and hisses, shouting, "Down with the Frenchwoman!" But the prima donna never lost her composure, but sang as if the disturbance had no reference to her. Next evening she was the favorite of Berlin.

Rome.—One of Alfred de Musset's novels, *Tizianello* (or *Titian's Son*), has been adapted for the stage by Erik Lombroso. Without being an opera, music has been introduced into it by L. Mancinelli. There is a prelude, a gondolier's song, a chorus, a barcarole, a cradle song and *Tizianello's* dream. The characters are: *Tizianello*, three painters, two female models, and a female slave. The action takes place in 1580 and in *Tizianello's* studio. *Tizianello* loves *Beatrice*, a young pupil (one of three painters), and she loves him. But "art before love" she says, and she takes up the great *Titian's* brush, the one which an Emperor once picked up, and bids *Tizianello* work. At last, he obeys, and *Beatrice* promises her love in return for his industry.

Pitch in England.—At the last Wagner concert in London, a circular was handed out to the audience, which ran as follows: "Owing to the high English concert pitch it has been necessary to depart from the original plan of performing the entire closing scene from *Die Meistersinger*." At the dinner of the Royal College of Music on July 8, Dr. Hubert Parry, in forcible terms, expressed the difficulties music labored under in England from the use of the high Philharmonic pitch and the partial isolation caused thereby, and he appealed to the Philharmonic Society to help in this national matter of establishing a common pitch, a tough but not an impossible task.

This appeal brought Sir Alexander Mackenzie to his feet, who caused a considerable sensation by stating that the directors had already considered this matter, and he believed would be ready to accept the normal diapason. The statement was received with cheering.



"VOICI LE BOIS QUE MA SAINTE ANGELETTE."

Here is the wood that freshened to her song:
See here, the flowers that keep her footprints yet,
Where, all alone, my saintly Angelette
Went wandering with her maiden thoughts along.
Here is the little rivulet where she stopped:
And here the greenness of the grass shows where
She lingered through it, searching here and there
Those daisies dear, which in her breast she dropped.
Here did she sing, and here she wept, and here
Her smile came back; and here I seem to hear
Those faint half words with which my thoughts are rife.
Here did she sit; here, child-like, did she dance
To some vague impulse of her own romance—
Ah, Love, on all these thoughts winds out my life!
—From the French of Pierre Ronsard.

THE VALLEY OF SILENCE.

Out far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach,
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech,
And I have had dreams in the Valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the Valley—
Ah, me! how my spirit was stirred—
They wear holy veils on their faces,
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass down the Valley like virgins
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of this Valley,
To hearts that are harrowed with care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His angels are there;
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of Prayer.

—Father Ryan.

ARTHUR FARWELL is a young composer of Boston. His opus 7, *Tone Pictures*, after Pastels in Prose, for piano, is a collection with a title that would drive old Daddy Nordau wild.

Pictures in Tone, Pastels in Prose! Surely this is decadentism gone mad. You remember, of course, Stuart Merrill's charming little volume made up of translations from the French.

And how admirably they are done!

Much of the color and music of the originals lurk in the pages of this book, for which Mr. Howells wrote an introduction.

Mr. Farwell has selected some of these *Roses and Lilies* by Banville, several of Judith Gautier's paraphrases of the Japanese, Baudelaire and Bertrand's delicate cameos, ironic, bitter-sweet tears in ivory, and set them to music. He prints the prose poem, and then gives you the music evoked by it.

He has taste, much feeling and a genuinely graceful talent. Graceful rather than profound. Echoes of Schumann and Chopin there are, but fancy reigns. I like especially *The Red Flower*. Do you know it? Listen, then.

"While working sadly by my window I pricked my finger, and the white flower that I was embroidering became a red flower.

"Then I thought suddenly of him who has gone from me to fight the rebels; I imagined that his blood was flowing also, and tears fell from my eyes.

"But methought I heard the sound of his horse's steps, and I arose joyously. It was my heart, which, beating too fast, imitated the sound of his horse's steps.

"And I resumed my work by the window, and my tears embroidered with pearls the stuff stretched on the frame."

To this Heine-like poem Mr. Farwell has made a very pretty tone picture. The simple story is told simply in a few phrases throbbing with emotion. The episode of the horse's hoofs is suggested, and the return of the theme in the minor very neatly put.

The Stranger, after Baudelaire, is redolent of Chopin's second study in C sharp minor—the one in op. 25. The most elaborate piece is *The Round Under the Bell*, by Louis Bertrand. It has an eerie atmosphere.

Altogether this seventh opus of Mr. Farwell is promising.

The volume privately printed is got up in an attractive and bizarre style. Louise Cox, the wife of Kenyon Cox, the well-known painter and demolisher of Nordau's silly talk about art, has furnished a striking figure in black and red for frontispiece. The volume is really something quite unique.

Says the *Saturday Review*: "Mr. Francis Thompson has enriched the English language with words like acerb, crocean, ostends, lampads, preparate (for ready), reformat (for reformed), and many equally desirable Latinate vocabules. Might we not, by following Mr. Thompson's method, add some degree of 'literary gorgeousness' even to the least Thompsonian of our poems? For instance, certain well-known verses would be redeemed from much of their sordid quietude if presented thus:

By founts of Dove, ways incalculable,
Did habitate
A virgin largely inamable
And illaudate.
A violet by a muscose stone
Semi-occult,
Formose as astra when but one,
Ostends its vult.
She lived incognite, few could know
When she ceased.
But O the difference when, lo,
She's tumulated.

Mr. Martinez, of the *World*, who has just returned from England, told me of the peculiar entertainment he witnessed on his homeward trip. The usual concert for the Seaman's Fund was given and volunteers were found. The saloon was crowded, and then the affair began. First a clerical gentleman played a cabinet organ solo. This was followed by a tenor solo, sung by another minister. It was *Nearer, My God, To Thee*. Yet another cleric told some telling Biblical anecdotes, and for the fourth number of this very ecclesiastical program a new minister played a Chopin nocturne in a perfectly pure manner. There were no suggestions of sighing love declarations, or the souging of the luscious breeze about tall sycamores that sobbed in the breeze and upon whose branches naughty nightingales cooed voluptuous lays. No, it was Chopin without the sensuous taint—as one divine triumphantly whispered to a large lady with a damp forehead and the mild eye glasses of a Christian Endeavorer.

Then two parsons arose and sang Handel's duo, *The Lord is a Man of War*, and two men went up to the pulpit and spoke threateningly to him.

But a change was at hand. After three more selections, all by different ministers, a boy was carried out with strong convulsions and screaming: "It's a Salvation Army Roof Garden," and of course everyone looked scandalized.

Finally at the tail end of the entertainment there appeared the Harrigans, a well-known vaudeville team. At first the clerical group looked askance, but Mrs. Harrigan sang a James Thornton ditty and every face wore a relieved expression.

Then Mr. Harrigan appeared and lamented the fact that he could not dance on account of the pitching of the vessel, but he would first tell a good story, and then sing a song. But that song was never sung on that occasion.

He told his story—not a new one, not an especially brilliant one. It was about the Irish sailor who saw a gentleman of the Hebraic race drowning and from the dock admonished him to "Schwim out, O'Grady; for," he added, "ye killed the only man who ever walked the wathers."

One by one the crowd melted, and when Mr. Harrigan finished no one laughed except the purser and the two thin men who had expostulated with the purser. Even the lady with forehead imperaled with perspiration had vanished, and on deck overhead a heated discussion was in progress, the question being whether the captain should not put the Harrigans in an open boat with a compass, a water can, a Bible and some crackers and cut them loose. There were some, however, who believed in moderation and suggested that the teller of the impious story be compelled to attend divine service on Sunday and listen to the nineteen sermons and—but the first officer interfered and the conference broke up noisily.

I was very much amused at a story of a ratcatcher in a newspaper recently. The point made was that

Mr. Isaacsen, the ratcatcher, was used by Ibsen for his *Little Eyolf*.

How absurd!

Northern Europe, especially Norway, the home of the fierce Norwegian rats, has lots of people engaged in the rather malodorous trade of snaring the rodents.

Rat wives, as they are called, are no novelty, and Ibsen easily found plenty of models.

Mr. Isaacsen, on being interviewed, very meekly said:

"I do not know whether Ibsen put me in this play or not. I don't look much like a woman, do I?"

Then the article in question is luminously ended in this fashion:

"It is hard to say just why Ibsen incorporated this character (the rat wife) in his work. After the above scene (in Act I.) she drops entirely out of it."

Why, bless your innocent heart, of course she does. Without the rat wife the *little Eyolf* would not have been lured to his death by drowning, and on the child's death the motif of the play is pivoted. The rat wife could no more be dropped out of *Little Eyolf* than *Hamlet* from the play of that name.

I never saw Milloeker's *The Seven Swabians* at the Irving Place Theatre, but I remember it well at the Harlem Opera House some years ago.

Bob Cotton and Chauncey Olcott were in the cast. It was Olcott's debut in the field of light opera.

The piece was sung at Terrace Garden by the Ferenczy Company. It is a pretty work, full of melody, although not its composer's masterpiece.

The song, *Wait a Little Bit*, was once quite the rage, and the topical song sung by Scheutz is equally familiar.

The performance at the Garden was satisfying, although by no means brilliant. Max Monti was excellent as *Ottmar*, but the honors were carried off by Carla Englaender, the *Hannele* (she looked quite different from Hauptman's *Hannele*), and Ferdinand Schuetz.

The favorite tenor was Spaetzle, the ticklish, silly famulus of *Dr. Parsellus*, the conjurer. There is too much Swabian dialect for an American audience, but it is nevertheless very funny.

The Swabians are the Boetians of Germany, and you can always raise a laugh in a German theatre with a sentence spoken in low Dutch.

As a specimen joke the offering of a bottle of *Hannele* by her sweetheart is a fair one. She is told that anybody who tastes the contents of the bottle must speak the truth.

Her curiosity is straightway excited. She tastes and screams:

"Why, it's vinegar!" And she is told that it is vinegar, and that she has told the truth in spite of herself.

This joke was invented by one of Oscar Hammerstein's forbears in Syria in the year 368 B. C., when Antichorus was king and the aforesaid Oscanial ancestor was court physician.

But it has withstood the assault of time and bids fair to thunder down the ages when the globe trotting New Zealander of Macaulay will stand and sorrowfully view the ruins of Olympia.

And that is a long time off, I hope.

But to return to *Die Sieben Schwaben*. The opera is worth seeing, although it is without the glamour of a rich production.

Bertha Prinz, Ida Wilhelma, Emil Sondemann and Mathilde Otto all work earnestly, and the result is adequate.

This week *The Bat* and *The Gypsy Baron* are being sung at the garden.

Town Topics printed the following amusing conundrum in its last issue:

WHO IS SHE?

I will tell you all that happened to a prima donna's plan.

To place a mortgage on her house, she got a legal man

Who told her that with \$15,000 he'd appear,

If she could put into his hands the title deeds all clear.

This obese prima donna had been married many times,

And as the lawyer through her many marriage titles climbs

He says unto himself; "I know not how to deed this mansion;

I never had a client capable of such expansion.

Is she Lillian-Solomon-Braham? I used to be a bright man,

This stumps me, for she may be Lillian-Solomon-Braham-Streitman.

Or is she Lillian-Solomon-Braham-Carlyle-Walter Jones?"

The lawyer mutters to himself, as mentally he groans. He shrieks: "Why did I take this job? To it there's no comparison;

She may be Lillian-Solomon-Braham-Streitmann-Louis Harrison."

He gives it up—throws down the deeds, and shrieks: "As I'm a sheeny,

She is Lillian,

Solomon,

Braham,

Carlyle,

Streitmann,

Harrison,

Jones,

Perugini."

...

Le Patriot is responsible for this:

Lillian Nordica was singing a few nights ago at the Opera House in the character of *La Traviata*. On retiring behind the scenes at the conclusion of the third act she found herself clasped in the arms of an old gentleman with tears of emotion streaming down his cheeks, who exclaimed:

"Let me kiss you! You are unique! unattainable! inimitable!"

Mme. Nordica was quite overpowered with the enthusiasm of the old gentleman. But she was still more overpowered when it was pointed out to her that the tiara of brilliants that had sparkled in her hair had disappeared since that touching episode. I don't believe it. Do you?

...

This, too, is from *T. T.* (otherwise *Town Topics*): "The Parisians are curious to know what has become of Miss Sibyl Sanderson. First, the *Gaulois* announced that she had sailed from New York 'with Mr. Alfred Terry.' Then her turn came to sing at the opera, but she did not appear. Next it was published that she had sent a certificate from her doctor in London saying that she could not sing for several months. Now it is announced that the Opéra directors have held her to her contract, and she is to get a certificate from French physicians that she is suffering from acute bronchitis. An elderly lady of her acquaintance has remarked, with the usual kind spirit of the American colony, 'I think we must cover her with a mantle of charity.'"

...

Alan Dale tells a good story in the *Evening World* about Philadelphia.

This city has dry drinking on Sunday, but Philadelphia pushes the imposed aridity a notch further on, and insists that its public shall have none but dry music on the Lord's day. The Park Commissioners of the permanently hypnotized burg on the banks of the Schuylkill have resolved that there shall be no mixing of popular and sacred music at the Sunday concerts, which are patronized by thousands of the Quakers. Mr. James McManes, an ex-political member of the once famous Gas Trust, and one of the park commissioners, grew exceedingly wroth the other day when he saw that Sousa's Belle of Chicago March was one of the chief attractions of these concerts.

He stated in positive terms that there had been many bitter complaints about the popular character of the Sunday music, and that the obnoxious numbers must be omitted, or the park guard would stop the concerts at Lemon Hill, and, in fact, wherever the naughty numbers were played. There were thousands of disappointed Philadelphians at the Sunday concerts at Lemon Hill, to whom Sousa's marches are among the most enjoyable features of the programs, but the puritanical notions of the Park Board have to be observed, despite the loud voiced objections of the people, and the Philadelphians are now listening to Plunged in a Gulf of Deep Despair and other cheerful tunes at the Sunday concerts in Fairmount Park. Sousa "souses" his marches into the crowds at Man-

hattan Beach, though, where nothing wearing a suspicion of a Sunday law ever penetrates.

...

Among the stories told recently by a group of actors in the St. James Café was one good one about the late W. J. Florence, says *Footlights*:

"Billy" was then at Brougham's Lyceum, afterward Wallack's Theatre, at Broome street and Broadway," remarked Wilton Lackaye. "The orchestra leader got it into his head that it would be a good idea to have an orchestra which would sing at intervals. So he went back on the stage and got a number of young actors, put them in dress suits and placed them in the orchestra with instructions how to go through the motions of playing the different instruments and when to stop and sing. It was a great success, but the youngsters objected. They held that they had not been engaged for that purpose and that they were there to learn how to act. So they determined to put a stop to it.

"Billy's instrument was a clarinet. You know what a frightful noise can be made with it if necessary. Well, one night when they were in the orchestra, at a quiet portion of the music, 'Billy' blew on the clarinet a squeak that could have been heard a mile off. The leader shook his fist at him and said: 'Wait till you get off,' but the audience roared with laughter for a long time, and would even occasionally burst out in guffaws during the afterpiece. Of course 'Billy' pleaded with the leader of the orchestra that the instrument went off of its own accord, but the latter knew better. However, that was the last of the singing orchestra in that theatre."

...

Are there two Oscar Hammersteins?

Answer: There are about thirteen.

Psychologists have written volumes about our multiple personality. Mr. Hammerstein would be a famous example for scientific workers to experiment upon.

I will tell you why.

The manager came into the theatrical world a stranger. Music, acting, painting had ever a fascination for him.

He had accumulated a large fortune as an editor of a trade newspaper (fancy a journalist making \$1,000,000 by his editorials on the condition of the tobacco crop!), but because he had the brains to utilize an idea of his own, patent it and revolutionize tobacco cutting machines.

Then Mr. Hammerstein launched his theatrical craft in Harlem.

Well do I remember the merry laugh that went up and down the Rialto—now called Gondola Row.

"He is crazy! He's a fool!" were the pleasing titles conferred upon Oscar.

Not one but two establishments were built, and within a few blocks of each other. Then success followed, and Mr. Hammerstein cast his eyes longingly downtown.

Thirty-fourth street was selected and up went another big edifice. Then the English opera scheme struck a snag and was abandoned.

Nothing daunted, Mr. Hammerstein joined hands with Koster & Bial—and the rest, of course, you know.

...

But no one laughs now at this doughty fellow whose pluck is phenomenal.

To the world he is a shrewd, ambitious, bustling man of affairs, a "hustler," to use a lovely word, and a man who believes in getting out of every dollar spent exactly 100 cents.

Thus far he has succeeded.

I often walk up to Olympia to watch the amazing progress of the construction.

I am convinced that if you go there at any given hour of the day or night you will discover Mr. Hammerstein, the true Jupiter of this latter day Olympiad.

He is deeply interested in this new enterprise of his, and only the other afternoon I found him down in the cellar, sitting in a tool house.

It was cool down there, after the dust and glare of Longacre Square. But what do you suppose the manager was doing?

Not computing the various loads of brick and stone which are dumped in front of his theatre, nor yet criticising his contractor's accounts—but composing.

Honestly, he was composing music, real music, and for his next opera, which is to be called *The Pretty* *Jury*.

An uptown Hebrew club asked something from Mr. Hammerstein's fertile pen, and he acceded.

After he had written half the work—book and music—and had been worried by the embryonic De Reszkés and Calvés of Harlem, the idea suggested itself that it would be more politic to keep the opera for the public.

And so he did.

...

After the fatigues and trials of the day—a Hammerstein day, twenty-six hours long—he finds his relaxation in musical composition.

When his house is quiet, the neighbors asleep, then steals Oscar to his study and jots on paper his ideas.

He told me that one night last week he was sitting before some blank music paper, wondering what he would write, when suddenly a strange black cat, a huge, sinister cat, leaped through the window.

Sitting at Oscar's feet, this feline famulus sang a strange, lulling, lilted lullaby.

Like Scarlatti of old, who made a fugue on the notes pressed down by the feet of a cat, Mr. Hammerstein quickly took down the weird croonings of the catnip-haunted beast.

He will incorporate the melody in this opera, and we shall then hear what we shall hear.

...

Altogether a rare personality or personalities has this composer, inventor, conductor, manager, librettist and fabulist.

...

That he never misses a trick may be evidenced by the fact that he has, since his building was begun, patented an important invention in firebrick, which is very much cheaper than the process now used.

And yet Mr. Hammerstein's idea is simplicity itself. He will explain it to you any time. I can't.

A Legacy.

A MR. MONTARIOL died three years ago. He had amassed a goodly fortune and had but one passion. He adored *La Chanson*. Every song from the eleventh century to the nineteenth was dear to him. The chansons of Roland and those of old Thibaut de Champagne, who addressed love songs to Queen Blanche of Castile, thirty years his senior; the songs of Colin Muset, who lampooned everything and everybody in his radius, and Rutebeuf, who bemoaned his woful condition in the married state in several thousand stanzas, and the old Breton lays of Marie of France—down to Béranger and Mürger—all, everything fell upon good soil in the breast of Montariol.

Even the song of to-day interested him, although, being of a rather respectable turn, he drew the line sometimes.

Montariol will be remembered as the one man who dared leave a legacy to the French Academy destined to recompense a writer of songs, to crown couplets and quatrains that Yvette Guilbert would delight to sing.

His friends were doubtless astonished when his will was read. But imagine the surprise of the Academy, for the first time called upon to deal with unclassic matters—things of the boulevard—a prize of 500 frs. to be awarded each year to the author of the best song sent to the Institute.

For the Academy there were scruples to be overcome and precedents to be disposed of. Finally the legacy was accepted.

Whereupon the song writers, writers of airy nothings, began sending in their manuscripts—in all 900!

One may imagine the séances held over the 900—none of which treated of morals or political economy or social science or even historic matters. On the contrary, it is said that many of the specimens touched on topics that ought to suffuse the bald spots of the chaste Forty with rosiness. The Song of the Demi-Vierges was found to be especially trying, and one song by Xavier Privas satirized the Academy most unsparingly.

A certain song writer—Gabriel Montoya—who abandoned medicine to make his début at the Chat Noir, says he sent nothing to the Academy because "the song is eternally young and the Academy is eternally old. To send a song to the Academy would be like placing a bunch of violets in the antechamber of a dowager."

Jules Clarétie, a member of the Academy, says that in order to judge of a song it should be sung, and as Yvette Guilbert and Mlle. Anguez cannot properly be admitted to prove the merit of the doubtful lines, the case seems hopeless. He adds that among the songs sent in he has not found one worthy of being crowned—a stroke of pessimism quite discouraging to the song writers.

Mlle. Anguez, being questioned on the subject, declares that there is no reason why she and Yvette Guilbert should not go to the Academy and interpret the songs. She says: "We are constantly singing at receptions where these very men applaud us. Of course on a Thursday, when all

good Academicians are supposed to work on the dictionary, the séance might be somewhat interrupted by our appearance, but I believe that many of the members would be enchanted."

And Yvette Guilbert says:

"It must be remembered that among the Forty more than one owes his greatest success to refrains of songs or couplets of the vaudeville. As it is an everyday occurrence to hear opera singers in the churches, it ought not to shock the circumspect Academy to be put on a level with Notre Dame."

The end of the matter may be that the Academy will restore the legacy to the Montariol family, declaring itself incompetent to judge of *La Chanson*.—*World*.

Januschowsky's Success.

GEORGINE VON JANUSCHOWSKY, the dramatic soprano, who is engaged for Abbey & Grau's operatic season, sang with great success last week in the Wagner Festival under Mr. Anton Seidl's direction at Brighton Beach.

Here are a few of the press notices evoked by this singer's artistic work:

Mme. Januschowsky made a European reputation since she sang here last and placed herself in the front rank of the dramatic singers in Vienna. She sang the Brunnhilde music with splendid verve and enthusiasm, and challenged unqualified amazement by the volume of tone which she emitted. Intelligent, earnest and devoted to her work, as always, she has grown with the task that she has undertaken. She will make her mark at the Metropolitan Opera House next season.—*New York Tribune*.

Much interest was manifested in the reappearance of Mme. Georgine von Januschowsky since her successful career as dramatic prima donna of the Royal Opera in Vienna, where she has received high encomiums as a singer of the leading Wagnerian rôles. She was heard in the Brunnhilde Self Immolation scene from *Götterdämmerung*. Her entrance upon the platform was greeted with friendly applause, denoting the pleasure of the audience in once more listening to her. Mme. Januschowsky is as painstaking as ever, and her thorough musicianly methods are always in evidence. Her enthusiasm is as ardent as of old, and she commands the attention of her auditors by dint of her earnestness and sincerity. The tendency toward explosiveness of high notes is still retained, but her voice has many good qualities long since lost by a number of the celebrated Bayreuth prima donnas still before the public.—*New York Times*.

The personal interest in this festival centres on Mme. von Januschowsky, whose rise as a Wagnerian singer has been rapid. She is known in private life as the wife of Adolf Neundorff, the musical director. A few years ago she closed a successful career as a singer in light opera in this country and went to Europe. She was the original *Santuzza*, appearing in the Hammerstein production at the Lenox Lyceum. She was ever noted for dramatic force and earnest, fervent work. Within the last three years she has risen to an important place at the Imperial Opera at Vienna. She has just been accepted by the critics in the rôles of *Brunnhilde*, *Elisabeth* and *Isolde*. She has been engaged by Abbey & Grau and is to be the *Isolde* to Jean de Reszke's *Tristan*.

She produced a most favorable impression last evening. She sang Brunnhilde's Self Immolation, from the *Götterdämmerung*, in a broad, dramatic manner. Her declamatory emphasis was remarkable, and the unusual distinctness of her enunciation was also noteworthy. She sang with fervor, conviction and authority.—*New York World*.

Of the vocalists Mme. Januschowsky excited the most interest. She was greeted heartily upon her first entrance and applauded vehemently after her scene from the *Götterdämmerung*. Her voice seems to have improved since she was last heard here. The audience was delighted with her performance and rewarded her efforts with a vigorous recall.—*New York Evening Post*.

Mme. von Januschowsky had chosen the Brunnhilde's Self Immolation scene for her rétro, and during the first few bars it seemed not only as if her style and voice had become purer and broader, and as if she had gained in artistic authority generally, but also as if Vienna were quite right and New York quite wrong.

She was enthusiastically applauded by the audience, which filled Brighton Beach Music Hall to overflowing.—*New York Herald*.

The Walküre music was followed by Brunnhilde's Immolation scene from *Die Götterdämmerung*, with Georgine von Januschowsky as Brunnhilde. Few in the audience had ever heard the singer and none since her successes at Vienna, so that expectation was keenly alive. The artist satisfied her audience before she had sung a dozen bars that they were in the presence of a fine dramatic singer, whose voice was large enough for Wagner's music and still unsworn and in good condition. Januschowsky is plainly an actress, and the limitations of a concert performance of this tragedy tried her, but she put into the

music a wealth of tone, coloring and expression which made up as far as possible for the lack of the sweeping gestures and the action which the scene requires. Such a rendering of the scene has hardly been heard here since Lilli Lehmann left us.—*Brooklyn Daily Eagle*.

Then came the prelude to *Tristan and Isolde*, followed by *Isolde's* death scene, in which Januschowsky sang the vocal score. This is one of the favorite numbers on any Seidl program when it is interpreted by the orchestra alone, and last evening Januschowsky sang the *Isolde* music with quick dramatic sympathy and with pathos. Tone production is not her strong point, as is true of most German singers, but the woman has a soul. She is capable of feeling and of arousing feeling in her audience, and that is a quality which many a singer with a beautiful voice and a great reputation lacks. The reception of the singer was wildly enthusiastic and indicated that the house will be crowded at her appearance to-night and on Saturday and Sunday nights.—*Brooklyn Daily Eagle*.

How French Composers Are Protected.

If a man writes or composes a song in Paris and is able to get it sung at one of the café concerts or café chantants of that city, he is sure to get financially rewarded in proportion to the taking quality his work has with the public and the number of times it is given. For a society is now in active operation, covering the provinces as well as Paris, known as the Musical Authors', Composers' and Publishers' Society, which deals directly with the places of amusement themselves and collects the royalties from first hands.

Practically all the song writers and the composers in Paris and the provinces belong to the society, and they have handed over, as if by power of attorney, all their rights in their productions to this organization that collects for them. Generally speaking, the society takes 6 per cent. of the gross receipts of the cafés and café chantants, though in the case of certain small institutions and establishments it exacts only a certain fixed subscription monthly. Even the owners of street organs pay small sums for the melodies they produce.

All the "takings" are lumped, payments coming in each quarter, and then the vast amounts are adjusted, the whole requiring an amount of technical bookkeeping that is simply enormous and beyond calculation. The amount that is adjusted to accrue to the rights of each song is divided into say six shares, two going to the author of the words, two to the composer and two to the publisher (who has paid on the average 50 frs. for the privilege of printing it).

The provinces bring quite as large a revenue as do many of the establishments of Paris. The French colonies, or wherever in fact the French language is spoken or sung, as Belgium, Italy, Monaco and Switzerland, all bring small revenues to the society. The total amount received in 1894 was about 2,000,000 frs. or \$400,000.

The 6 per cent. royalty paid works out in this manner: Supposing the average receipts of a single café chantant to be 3,000 frs. per day, 180 frs. would go to the society. The large music halls, as a whole, have about sixty songs to each performance. That would be 3 frs. a song, to be divided into six parts, two to go to each of the three persons interested. The smaller music halls do not, of course, pay in as great a ratio.

La Scala.—The management of La Scala will reproduce for the carnival season the Barber of Seville, in honor of the eightieth anniversary of the production of this piece, which took place at the Argentina, Rome, February 5, 1816.

Lucia.—The singer De Lucia has completed an opera in three acts, entitled *O Bella Napoli*. Considering that this very enterprising tenor came from Santa Lucia, a suburb of Naples, some of the foreign writers have asked why he did not entitle his opera *O Bella Santa Lucia*.

Deaths.—Eugenie Sourget, pianist, singer and composer of a comic opera, *L'Image*, aged sixty-eight, at Bordeaux.—Peter Schram, a distinguished baritone, long popular in Copenhagen, aged seventy-six.—Alfred Broughton, conductor of the Philharmonic Society, Leeds, England, aged forty-three.—Jean Philippe Jacquet, 'cellist, director of the Municipal Music Academy, Narvar, aged seventy-eight.

Origin of Familiar Songs.

THE Campbells are Comin' is a very old Scottish air. Copies of it date back to 1620.

One Bumper at Parting is one of the best known of Moore's convivial songs. The tune was called Moll Roo in the Morning.

Come, Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl dates from the time of Shakespeare. It appears in one of Fletcher's plays.

Cheer, Boys, Cheer was the work of Charles Mackay, the music being by Henry Russell. It was the outcome of an evening of conviviality in 1848.

Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes is from a poem entitled *The Forest*, by Ben Jonson. The air is an adaptation from one of Mozart's opera melodies.

Allan Water was written by Matthew Gregory Lewis, better known in literature as Monk Lewis, whose weird tales were the fashion when Scott was young.

What Are the Wild Waves Saying? a duet that was once immensely popular, was suggested to Dr. Joseph Edwards Carpenter by the conversation in *Dombey and Son*.

Rule Britannia is usually credited to James Thompson. It first appeared in a play entitled *Alfred*, by Thompson and Mallet, in 1740. The air was by Dr. Thomas Arne.

The Wearing of the Green exists in several forms and versions. The best known one was written by Dion Boucicault, the dramatist. It is sung by *Shawn the Post* in *Arrah-na-Pogue*.

Scots Wha Hae was by Burns. It was written on a dark day while the author was on a journey. The tune is *Hey Tuttle Tattie*, an old march that is said by tradition to have animated Bruce's men at Bannockburn.

A Life on the Ocean Wave was the work of Epes Sargent, an American poet, the idea being suggested to him during a walk on the Battery, in New York, one day when a high wind was blowing in from the sea. It was set to music by Henry Russell.

The Last Rose of Summer, one of Patti's favorite songs, was the work of Thomas Moore. The melody is a very ancient Irish tune, formerly known as the Groves of Blarney. This tune has been found in collections of Irish music at least 200 years old.

The Blue Bells of Scotland was the work of Annie McVicar, afterward Mrs. Grant, the daughter of a Scottish officer in the British Army. The melody was long believed to be Scottish, but is now known to be of English origin, being an old English folk song.

Kathleen Mavourneen was written by Mrs. Crawford, an Irish lady, whose songs ninety years ago were in high repute. The music was by Crouch, an eccentric genius, who in his old age and poverty begged his way into a concert given by Titiens that he might hear his own composition fitly sung.

Love's Young Dream, one of Moore's best, was set by him to an Irish tune called *The Old Woman*. Moore heard the tune from a blind fiddler, wrote it down, and, discerning its beauty, determined that it should have better words than the nonsensical verses to which it was sung by the Irish peasantry.

I'll Hang My Harp on a Willow Tree has attached to it a bit of royal romance. It was written by a young nobleman who became deeply enamored of Queen Victoria a year or so before she ascended the English throne, which event destroyed his hopes of winning her hand. The words first appeared in an English magazine, and were set to music by Wellington Guernsey.

Auld Lang Syne is of uncertain origin, there being several versions of this deservedly popular song. One of the best is by Burns, but only the second and third stanzas are by this poet, the remainder being from the pen of Ramsay. The song is of uncertain antiquity; one version is dated 1716, and another is said to date from the sixteenth century.

Jonas.—Mr. Albert Jonas, the well-known Spanish pianist, recently played in St. Louis, Mo., with much success. Not only the public at large, but the musical fraternity generally speak of him in the highest terms. He is to appear in this city again during the coming winter.

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Handel's Oratorios.—The artists engaged for the performance at Mainz of Händel's *Deborah* and *Hercules*, on the 21st and 22d, received 10,000 marks. The admission price was 10 marks. Numerous purchases of seats came from England.

Boito's Nero.—The *Trovatore* declares that Boito's *Nero* is really and truly completed, and is a superior work to his *Mephistofele*. This is, it adds, a positive fact, not a fake nor a fib nor a joke.

Carnival at Milan.—For the carnival season at Milan have been engaged Felia Litvinne, to sing in *Henry VIII.*; Lola Beeth for *Fidelio*; La Frandin for *Carmen*. Hamlet will be given with Kaschmann and Mlle. Huguet.

Verdi.—Arrigo Boito is at work on the first and second parts of the *Divina Commedia* for Verdi, who has already nearly completed his composition for *Il Paradiso*.

Shahzada.—Edward Strauss has composed a *Shahzada* March, dedicated to the Afghan prince now in London.

Offeney-Sedlmair.—This lady, who appeared in Bremen in the *Christus* of Rubinstein, is now at Bayreuth studying Wagner rôles, among the rest that of *Isolda*, under Kniese's instruction. After her engagement at the Vienna Hofoper she will be a guest at Berlin about the end of August.

Prague.—At the close of the season the tenor buffo Patek, the tenor Adolf Perlar and the operatic soubrette Rettich Pirik bid farewell to the audience.

Grünfeld.—Alfred Grünfeld lately appeared at two symphony concerts at Pawlowsk, near St. Petersburg.

Gerardy.—The young 'cellist Jean Gerardy has purchased in London a fine 'cello made by Antonius Stradivarius.

Sigrid Liedberg.—The Swedish violinist Miss Sigrid Liedberg, has been performing Grieg's sonatas in Paris. The French critics speak highly of her playing, especially in chamber music.

Portrait of Bach.—Edwin Bormann writes to the *Leipziger Tageblatt* that his family has long possessed a portrait of Bach. It is in pencil, on prepared parchment, and tastefully toned in watercolor. Judging by the reproduction lately published it is the work of an amateur. Competent authorities declare that it is indisputably a sketch from life when the master was young. It has been published in photogravure.

Mannheim.—With a performance of the Meistersinger the management of Mr. Pransch ended at Mannheim. He was called out at the end of the performance and welcomed with great applause, which was renewed with greater fervor when he took his leave of the audience in a brief address.

Délibes.—The subscription to erect a monument to the memory of the late Léo Délibes amounts to 9,300 frs.

Florida.—In consequence of the success of Maruzza at Venice and Turin, an order has been given to the composer, P. Florida, to write two new operas, one dramatic, the other brilliant. Both libretti will be written by the composer.

A New Italian Composer.—Two works, *Die Sirenen*, a symphonic poem, and *Maskenfest*, a symphonic

Dithyrambus by Giovanni Favernier, have been accepted for the Symphony concerts at Dresden. The composer is a Piedmontese and brother of the painter, Andrea Favernier, but lives in Dresden, where he studied under F. Draeseke and E. Kretschmer. He has already displayed in some chamber music considerable creative talent.

Lyons.—The Grand Opera House, at Lyons, has had a very bad season and a new plan to keep it open is under discussion by the municipal council.

Bruckner.—The composer Anton Bruckner, of Vienna, has recovered from his long sickness and is completing a new symphony. The Emperor has assigned him an apartment in the Belvedere Palace.

Bruch.—Max Bruch has finished the oratorio, *Moses*, which will be given in 1896 at the celebration of the 200th anniversary of the Academy of Fine Arts, Berlin.

Haase-Captain.—A once well-known singer, Elizabeth Haase-Captain, died lately at Heidelberg, in her seventy-seventh year. In the 50's and 60's she was connected with the Frankfurt Theatre. Her first husband was the singer Anschütz; she had separated from her second, Frederick Haase.

Riemsdyk.—The musical world of the Netherlands has had a loss in the death of the Ritter van Riemsdyk. He was a distinguished patron of music, an excellent musician and the soul of all musical enterprises in North Holland. He was connected with the Netherlands State Railroads.

Death of a Critic.—M. Charles Retz, who, under the name of Charles Darcours, wrote the musical criticisms in the *Paris Figaro*, died lately in his seventieth year.

Lortzing.—The work, so popular in Germany, *Der Wildschütz*, of Lortzing, was produced July 1 at Covent Garden, for the first time in England.

Patti.—Patti's next appearance in London will be at the Albert Hall in November.

Tamagno's Engagements.—Signor Tamagno has been engaged by the Cavour agency to sing in opera twenty times next fall in Germany, Austria, and Switzerland, where he has never been heard.

Eames Will Not Sing Here.—Mme. Emma Eames will not sing in America this season. She has made a contract to sing in Vienna, Berlin and St. Petersburg.

Patti Dances in Pantomime.—London, July 27.—Adelina Patti gave a couple of performances this week at Craig-y-Nos of a pantomime entitled *Mirka, the Enchantress*. Patti took the title rôle and made an effective appearance as a dancer.

A Lost Mozart Air Found.—A lost air of Mozart, to words from Metastasio's *Didone Abbandonata*, arranged for flutes, bassoons, horns and a quartet of strings, has been discovered by Professor Kauffmann, of Tübingen. It was written in 1778, and the melody is said to be charming.

The Thomas Concerts.—Theodore Thomas announces seven concerts of his Chicago orchestra at the Metropolitan Opera House between the dates of March 16 and March 28 of next year.

Tired of His Louise.—Chicago, July 25.—Louis Gaston Gottschalk, one of the best known musical directors in the West, has applied for a legal separation from his wife, Louise Gottschalk. The bill alleges desertion. Gottschalk is at the head of a musical college.

The defendant is better known to the theatrical world as Louise Boucher, the singer. Years ago she was associated in the same aggregation of operatic talent as Jessie Bartlett Davis. The company was organized by Will J. Davis, and sang Pinafore and kindred light operas. Miss Boucher was married to Gottschalk, who is a brother of the celebrated composer of that name, who married a sister of Patti on April 24, 1871.

According to the bill she deserted her husband in 1891, and has since refused to live with him. The couple have two children, Alfred Louis Moreau Gottschalk and Clara Marie Aimee Gottschalk, a charming maiden of eighteen.—*New York Recorder*.



BIRMINGHAM.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., July 25, 1895.

MUSICALLY, socially and commercially, Birmingham is advancing upward and forward. This is a fact, and affords cause for much congratulation among our citizens. During the boom the art suffered from inattention—then followed the depression from which all cities have suffered, and thus the musical resources of Birmingham seemed until recently almost neglected. Good musicians came and went, and the population itself was for some years very fluctuating, but now the return of prosperity sees Birmingham a large and prospering city, with a people desirous of fostering the higher arts and education.

The establishment and founding of educational institutions, colleges, societies, schools, &c., with a view of gratifying this desire on the part of our people, has engaged the attention of serious minds, and much good is resulting.

The Mendelssohn Society has been in existence for some years, and the city owes much in music to the efforts of this society. Last season Mr. J. Morton Boyce (a talented English musician) took up his residence in the city, among other positions being appointed conductor of the Mendelssohn. The concerts given during the season under his direction were very successful; many of these were much more ambitious than had formerly been attempted.

The Birmingham College of Music (director Mr. J. Morton Boyce) has been recently opened to meet the needs of our people. It is fast becoming recognized as one of the leading musical institutions in the South. Among its faculty are the names of the director and Miss Emile von Navarra, vocal department (formerly of Vienna and New York); Henri Weber, the composer and orchestral teacher, and others. The college is meeting with great success. It is probable that Birmingham may contain another institution somewhat similar to the college before long.

OBSERVER.

LEAVENWORTH.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., July 25, 1895.

MUSIC in Leavenworth is not vocal; neither is it "frozen." The Soldiers' Home Band come to the city and delight the multitude with their sweet strains in the band stand on the Court House lawn every Friday night. These programs are arranged for the multitude by Professor Myrelles, leader, and give great satisfaction. Governor Smith permits this, and he gains a warm place in the hearts of the people thereby.

Concerts are given by this band from the Pagoda on Lake Jeannette at the Home three times a week. Over 1,300 visitors were present at the last one, while 403 vehicles passed through the gates, including about twenty bicycles.

The choir of the First M. E. Church, of this city, gave a song service in the chapel last Sunday afternoon, and afterward sang to the patients in the hospital. They were delighted with the vocal music; they hear so little of any music except by the band. Program of last concert: March, Pentonen, P. Meyrelles; Fantasia, Le Thieres; Clarinet solo, Sonnambula, Bellini; Salvation Army Patrol, Dalberg; Twenty Minutes on Midway Plaisance.

Miss Alice Pager returned from the Hutchinson Jubilee, with a year's free scholarship, with all of her music furnished in the Seeboeck College of Music. Miss Page is the daughter of the Rev. Wm. N. Page, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, and is a most painstaking student. I should have mentioned this in my last letter, for we are proud that some honor comes to our city each year.

Among those from here who contested were the Misses Angell, the Misses Page, Miss Mae McFadden, Miss Louise Smith, Mrs. Louis Denton and Mr. J. A. Farrell, chaperoned by Mrs. D. D. Dickey. This is quite a musical contingent, and we hope they have returned to us so filled with "the fire" of Professor Seeboeck that they will help reorganize our Thursday Evening Musical Club this fall.

Professor Seeboeck gave a piano recital in this city last month, which was enjoyed for its daintiness.

Some of our young ladies have been giving minstrel entertainments and concerts with success. The amateur talent here is

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really wonderful, it only needs proper training to make first-class musicians.

Frank E. Hunt, Jr., has just arrived from Paris, where he has been studying in opera comique. He was prepared to make his debut to sing before the maestro for an engagement, when he had the misfortune to have an attack of grip, which has postponed the trial for the present, and he will remain chez lui here this summer.

E. R. JONES.

American Students in Europe.

THE ADVANTAGES TO BE SECURED ABROAD AND THE PITFALLS INTO WHICH MANY STUMBLE.

WE must not institute our comparison between the musical life of the smaller American towns and that of Paris, Berlin, Leipzig, Dresden, Vienna or Munich. We should rather consider New York, Boston, Chicago and Baltimore as representing our highest musical culture over against these older art fields.

Before beginning a scrutiny of details it may be well to glance at those elements that combine to form the musical atmospheres of the places that will come under consideration, for artistic health is quite as much dependent upon the properties of those elements as is bodily vigor upon pure vivifying air. These elements are general culture, public performances, the number and earnestness of co-workers and the prevailing art spirit.

Greece, in her glory, furnished the sole example of thoroughly salubrious art atmosphere of which we have knowledge. This almost ideal environment excited less traceable influence upon music than upon the more tangible arts—poetry, architecture and sculpture. Music was then in an initial stage of her long process of evolution. She was, and remained during the succeeding 1,500 years of culture's ebb and flow, a subsidiary—dependent upon poetry. This ceases to seem enigmatical when we consider the nature of music itself, with her shadowy forms and colors, the full import of which may be felt by sympathetic natures, but which is not susceptible of intellectual analysis.

There is at present nowhere an approach to those ancient Athenian conditions, nor is there in the material tendency of modern civilization any prospect of their recurrence. Countries, and even towns in the same country, differ in their musical fertility, some having one or another essential element which others lack, and vice versa.

In Paris, which represents artistic France, we find music whose roots do not strike deep. French composers cannot, with few exceptions, be taken seriously. Some of them write with exquisite grace and delicious piquancy, but their productions are of and for the present. This chic and finesse, as manifested in the playing of brass and wood instruments, make the performances of French orchestras delightful to ears that have been accustomed to the comparatively crude handling which they receive at the hands of German players. There is much profit to be drawn from French public performances (both solo and ensemble), but their finical volatility unfit them to serve as long continued educational means. The French love of ceremonials has made much of their church musical services, which are exceptionally impressive in some of the larger Paris churches. The Paris musical atmosphere can be extremely helpful to artists, but it is not at all the thing for half-formed individualities.

In the rapid course of modern progress Italy has been left considerably behind. In spite of her recent eruption of would-be genius that sunny land seems forced to plume herself on her musical traditions and on the possession of grand old Verdi. Some of her church services are almost models, and of her comparatively few orchestras one at least is characterized by much the same virtues as are found in the Paris organizations.

No town in Italy offers better advantages than may be secured in the French capital, and the dearth of good concerts which prevails within the precincts of that land of song is absolutely painful to one who has lived in the midst of greater activity.

In Germany we find many of the Paris conditions reversed. The Germans are not at all volatile. On the contrary, they are as a rule inclined to pedantry, which, where allowed free course, mummifies art, crushing out its spontaneity in too tightly drawn tenets. Still, the earnestness that prompts this pedantry is the strongest feature of German national character, and it leads to thoroughness and

high accomplishment in the more prosaic functions of life, and it makes scholarly musicians.

Sad to relate, most American youths require just such surroundings in order that they may develop habits of sustained painstaking, and their lack of this quality is often so marked that there is little danger of their being carried too far, however radical the influences with which they come in contact.

Germany, then, offers to the student an atmosphere of honest, persistent endeavor, the value of which can scarcely be overestimated, and that is the feature of life that calls her musical virtues into being. These are many, but most of them will be treated under specific headings. Her weaknesses and shortcomings are also not few, and, strange as it may seem, many of these spring from the same source as her virtues. This seeming paradox will not be one to those who have encountered ill-directed or overstrained strictness, one of which sacrifices symmetry, the other plastic individuality.

Berlin has long since robbed Leipzig of the royal robes which she wore so long as the queen city of German culture. We will therefore take that metropolis as the present focusing point of German musical accomplishment. This is doubtless the fact, although music is so universally patronized in Germany that most of her cities (small and large) support each one or more full orchestras, which is true of no other land.

The number of concerts given in Berlin during a season is appalling, and as most of them are worse than useless as educational mediums the student should be careful in his selection. One can even hear too much good music, just as one can eat too much wholesome food. As concerts are a cheap commodity in Germany students are prone to over-indulge, wasting much time and strength, and dulling the perceptions. Musical ennui, once chronic, disrupts the whole art organism. We should avoid satiety, keeping the enthusiasm keen. No hard worker should hear more than two musical performances per week. Berlin offers more fine ensemble concerts than any other city, for it is the home of Joachim's and Halir's organizations. These aggregations have but one possible equal in our country—the Kneisel.

The opera in Berlin is not at all what it should be, but there is no other house whose repertoire includes so broad a range, and the presentations are never seriously tame. The concerts given by the opera orchestra under Weingartner are, since Bülow's decease, the finest examples of large ensemble to be heard in Germany.

Berlin deserves so much space, because she possesses more qualities essential to the student than can be found in any other European centre.

Home conditions are in many respects quite equal to those prevailing abroad. Grand opera is a visitor and not resident with us. She, however, usually comes well equipped. The Metropolitan Opera House has witnessed better productions of Wagner's dramas than have been heard elsewhere outside of Bayreuth. The orchestral concerts in New York, Boston and Chicago will compare favorably with those in any cities of the world.

All of our large towns and many smaller ones have as high a percentage of capable and conscientious musicians as places of similar size in Germany, and our average amateur shows keener instincts than one finds elsewhere. The latter condition indicates the existence of a musical strain in our natures and is an ample foundation upon which to base hopes for the future of American art.

The element of our civilization which least accords with high endeavor is the spirit of restlessness, which chafes under delays. We are born into a whirl of business rush. Our natures in their home environments do not as a rule learn to wait. We want quick returns on our investments, whether of brains or money, and therefore require contact with that patient and persistent work which is characteristic of some older communities, in order that we shall learn to do that which is worthy of our endowments.

There is no safer criterion by which to judge of a community's general musical culture than is furnished by the works written by its composers; for from the nature of our art, her votaries are largely dependent upon their surroundings. Their productions are reflexes of life's experiences upon their individualities. Judged from this standpoint, America's musical atmosphere has undergone a radical change during the past thirty years, for we have some of the most promising young composers of this period. While it is true that most of them imbibed their art principles in Europe, we must not forget that they have grown and ripened since their return to home surroundings, showing thereby that our conditions are no longer seriously depressing to creative spirit.

To facilitate the attainment of our purpose we will divide music students into classes according to the special branches to which they devote their main attention, viz., singers, pianists, violinists, organists and composers.

SINGERS.

There are more good vocal teachers in America, and we are producing more good female voices, than in any other country. In the hurry of our daily life fewer men find the time or inclination to thoroughly test their vocal gifts, which is a satisfactory solution of the problem propounded by their smaller accomplishment. Phenomenal organisms prove nothing, but it is to the masses—our choir and chorus singers—that we must look for our evidence, and they average far higher than elsewhere, showing that our climate, endowments and prevailing vocal methods are superior.

There are three possible reasons why singers should go to Europe to study, but these obtain in regard to comparatively ripe artists only.

The first and most important of these is that European experience enables artists to, in a measure, circumvent our habitual undervaluation of domestic art products. This proceeding, however, in most cases involves rank injustice, for singers who have spent a few months with popular European teachers are prone to seize upon the éclat of association with their names, and so appear as the pupils of Signor or Herr So-and-so, as the case may be, ignoring the real sources of benefit because these are not surrounded by a halo of distance or foreign repute.

The second reason is that the great volume of performances in Europe yields such abundant examples of the phases of vocalization that should be avoided.

The third is that a change of environment and a life in the more deliberate earnestness of older civilization is capable of broadening one's grasp of art. It is capable, but it does not always have that effect. Whether it does or not depends upon the natures and previous mental training of those concerned. There would be a fourth reason for advanced singers going to Europe if they sought benefit from the lifelong experience of such great artists as Lilli Lehmann, Pauline Lucca or Materna, whose suggestions as to the use of finished vocal methods would be invaluable; but so few seek such sources, and so many go to less rich springs of suggestiveness, that this can scarcely be regarded as a factor in weighing the pros and cons of the situation.

The accepted German method is based upon declamation. Distinctness of utterance, a broad emotional scale of expression and the power of making startling dramatic outbursts are the desiderata in the minds of German vocal teachers. They work toward these ends, regardless of the flannel coatings which make themselves apparent in the typical German voice; quite satisfied if this cause of muted sonority yield to extreme pressure, enabling the singer to produce climaxes. The effect of this German method upon American voices in the throats of our more sensitive but less robust countrywomen is often disastrous.

The Italians have a true vocal method, *i. e.*, a system of leading the voice out into clearness and strength, but the

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great masters of their art have passed away, leaving their traditions in the hands of lesser capacities. The intellectual plays too small a rôle in Italian musical life. They build upon euphony as their corner-stone, while the Germans base their ideals upon logic. What we want is a compromise-combination-euphony logic. All great singers of whatever nationality have been great because they have realized this compromise combination, and they carry conviction to their hearers, not alone because of their lyric gifts, but because they miss their tone colors and grade their tone successions with brains.

It would be wrong to assert that all Italian vocal teachers are superficial musicians, and it would be equally wrong to deny that there are some excellent teachers of the true method in Germany; but, judged by their fruits, there seem to be more safe and helpful instructors in America than elsewhere. Please bear in mind what was said at the beginning of this article, viz.: Phenomenal organisms prove nothing.

England has recently come quite into the front rank as a home of vocal culture; but, strange to say, our situation is reversed there. Whereas we produce a superabundance of good female voices, England suffers from a dearth of the same and vice versa. This is largely attributable to the fact that in England boys with good voices are in demand for the great church choirs. Well endowed lads are musically trained, and early open their eyes to the significance and to the elementary tenets of the art, while their sisters come in for their music as a secondary accomplishment, which, with their phlegmatic natures, seldom results in noteworthy ability.

PIANISTS.

Pianists, indeed all instrumentalists, differ from singers, in that false methods do not imperil their lives or natural capacities. One may practice piano using an impractical method or none at all without seriously crippling the fingers or biasing the brain; still, our lives are so short that we can ill afford the time-waste involved in misdirected work. Our large towns, and some of the smaller ones, contain resident pianists of high capacity, who average better as teachers for American high-strung natures than would be possible for pedagogues who had neither been born in nor been molded by our social life. The advanced piano student has more justification for going abroad than has the singer, in that the average public performances upon his instrument in Europe are better than the average exhibition of vocalization.

There is one virtue that European piano teachers usually possess which is less characteristic of their American confrères. This virtue is the natural outgrowth of conditions; viz., there being so many concerts, soloists are constantly in demand; consequently each capable pianist has repeated opportunities to play, and therefore acquires the habit of keeping himself in concert form, which enables him to give his pupils better examples of pianism than would otherwise be possible. This is certainly a great advantage, for we mortals need a definite ideal. We progress more rapidly and surefootedly when led on toward a goal that is in view than when pushed out into a fog of confused ideas. Everything else being equal, the teacher who can furnish perfect examples is far superior to him who cannot.

Paris, Vienna, Brussels and Berlin possess each her distinguished masters, and it is not necessary to the accomplishment of our aim that we should enter into a detailed comparison of their varying methods and abilities, but we do feel impelled to warn American students against going to Leipzig for piano instruction. The Leipzig Conservatory has become a purely mercantile institution. It is still running from the Mendelssohn-David-Moscheles impulse, but unless its managers soon abandon their false economic principles their machinery will stop. It really deserved to do so years ago, for it has had no first-class piano teacher since Moscheles' decease.

VIOLINISTS.

There are comparatively fewer great violin than piano masters in the United States. There is therefore more reason for violinists going abroad to study, after they have made themselves susceptible to the influence of high examples and precepts. Berlin arrogates to herself supreme authority in violin matters, because of Joachim's connection with her Hochschule. The fact is that although the method employed in this institution has produced some good artists, its practical results are illustrated by but one of the six

greatest violinists of the day, and even he does not adhere so very strictly to the Joachim bowing. No cast iron method is good. We are mentally and physically diverse, and a truly great master must be plastic, adapting his ideas to the individuality of the pupil. The French school (Paris and Brussels) has been very successful—has indeed directly and indirectly produced most of the virtuosi of the day. Our ideal would be the French school for violin in the midst of a German musical environment, and this will be realized in Berlin at no distant day.

ORGANISTS.

North Germany is poor in organs and consequently in organists. Since Haupt, Richter and Ritter she has had no great organ masters. South Germany is much more richly endowed, but there is no question as to the advisability of organ students going to Paris or London instead of to Germany, if they feel impelled to leave home. Each of those towns can boast of more genial organists than can be found in the whole of Germany, and New York is not far behind. Now, as our musical atmosphere is quite as good as that of London or Paris, there seems little advantage for organ students in foreign study, except as it may broaden their musical experience. Our native strength in this branch of executive art has been almost entirely developed during the past thirty years. It nevertheless seems to be normal, and therefore, sustained as it is by the ecclesiastic feeling that pervades in our country, it is sure to increase.

COMPOSERS.

This class should comprehend all those who are inclined to devote more than ordinary attention to the science of music. It may be well right here to call attention to a prevalent misapprehension on the part of the public; viz., one often hears Mr., Mrs. or Miss So-and-so referred to as a splendid musician, because capable of pleasing vocal or instrumental performances. Now, this title should be reserved for those who possess exhaustive knowledge of the nature and structural laws of art; for its indiscriminate use is confusing and demoralizing.

There is no good reason why executive artists should not make themselves splendid musicians, but the fact is they seldom do. They should therefore be called pianists, violinists or singers, as the case may be, leaving that higher distinction to those who have earned it.

The elementary steps of musical learning are usually made so unattractive that it is little wonder that so few of those who begin harmony persist until the natural laws upon which musical science is based begin to shine through its apparent arbitrariness.

Man has not made musical laws, but they have been revealed to him as his apprehension has become more and more acute. The writers of theoretical musical works therefore merely codify natural laws, their presentations differing in details according to their personal views. There is no science which can so well afford liberality in nomenclature, &c.; and there is none in which that highest law—compensation—has such free sway. Music is for the ear, and not for the eye. It is, therefore, the main duty of the theory teacher to educate discriminate hearing in his pupils. The technical laws of music are, after all, but the elementary and rigid forms, about which we mold our plastic fancies; still we can no more ignore them than can the pictorial artist anatomy and perspective.

Any erudite and painstaking teacher can guide pupils through the strict technic of music, but there are comparatively few who are capable of dropping their pedantry in proper measure when that stage has been reached where individuality should manifest itself in the student's work. This is the point where that higher law—compensation—becomes the supreme rule in weighing adjustments, where reason begins to yield to imagination, and where the instructor must begin to be adaptive as well as watchful.

English theorists are finical in their pedantry, exaggerating the importance of minor details, and seem to smother all sparks of originality in their pupils. Modern Germany

is not much better off, as is evidenced by the quality of music that is being produced by her on-coming generation. Germany's proverbial thoroughness makes such deep ruts in the sciences that underlie her arts that those who implicitly follow her orthodox guides never command a broad view. Germany's absolutely great composers who have lived during the past fifty years—Schumann and Wagner—boldly scaled the sides of this canyon-like path, and each in turn called down upon himself the anathemas of the conservative critics by so doing. There are some liberal minded composition teachers in Germany, but they are not many, nor are they in the first rank in public esteem.

The French school has many virtues. Its students are taught to economize means (both harmonic and instrumental), which insures clearness; they learn to produce and to effectively contrast tone colors, and are encouraged to cultivate a broad range of expression. These are radical virtues, and they should bear great fruits. That they so seldom do is attributable to the volatile character of the French people. Had they more earnestness we should have more Berliozes and Saint-Saënses. Nevertheless, composers for orchestra, voice or solo instruments would do well to take a "finishing" year in Paris.

America has every reason to congratulate herself upon the present generation of native born theorists. We have a large number who are amply equipped, are liberally wise and are—what is more important for advanced pupils—adaptive. They have considerable "put yourself in his place" capacity. American composers are to day creating quite as good music as those of any other land, and they are fully capable of educating their successors.

THE PITFALLS.

The pitfalls that beset Americans who go to Europe to study are too numerous to find complete mention in this article, so it must suffice to mention only such as force themselves upon the observation.

Nine-tenths of our musical students abroad go because of, or at least carry with them, the long since exploded idea that the necessities of life are much cheaper on the other side of the ocean than in similar environments in America. Rents, domestic service and clothing are the only features of foreign life that are cheaper than in America, and food is so much dearer than here as to make one's normal expenditures about the same in London, Paris or Berlin as in New York or Boston.

One hears of boarding houses in each and all of these cities, where one may have bed and board for \$4 to \$4.50 per week. Besides, the fact that such caravansaries are not cheerful homes for girls away from their mother's care and protection, they cannot for that amount of money furnish such food as is necessary for the nervous organisms that predominate in America's musical colonies in Europe.

Proper accommodations cannot be had for less than \$1 per day, and bright, sunny rooms in good pensions cost from \$1 to \$1.50. A room entirely hidden from the sun's rays is not a proper place in which to sit and work all day; but such are the holes in the wall with one window each opening upon depressing courts, that are assigned to delicate American girls who demand—either from necessity or because unwisely economical—low rates. The dead air which must pervade such rooms, the influence of perpetual sombreness and the quality of the food which naturally accompanies such surroundings often cause mental and bodily debility.

Setting aside all questions as to art advisability, no student should go to Europe who cannot afford at least \$1 per diem for living expenses (board), for acquisitions cease to be valuable as soon as the health is shattered. The best teachers, and many inferior men to whom fortune has been kind or who have skillfully manipulated their careers, charge New York prices for their lessons.

Most of our musical pilgrims go to Europe with the conviction that there is magic in foreign influences, that a few years, or even months, will work wonders with their capacities, whereas experience says there is no royal road to high

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accomplishment, that nowhere can a substitute be found for earnest, sustained work. Some teachers claim to have discovered short-cuts, but such men are either cranks or charlatans. Good teachers, whether in New York, Boston, Berlin or Paris, endeavor to teach the habit of concentration; they give good examples and prescribe suitable material for muscular and mental practice. The influence of locality on bona fide achievement is extremely small, but, taking everything into consideration, home comforts and home language outweigh, in average cases, any advantages that foreign towns may offer; for these advantages set no difficulty aside that confronts the student. These are equally stubborn wherever encountered and they must be overcome by unassisted effort.

The third pitfall into which many young people stumble is social nonconformity. As strange as it may seem, a large proportion of our musical students in Europe is drawn from our small Western and Southern towns, whose social codes differ materially from those in vogue in New York, Boston, Paris or Berlin. Communities of civilized people, wherever located, formulate or adopt from older organizations legal and social codes—the first for the protection of lives and property and the latter for the regulation of human intercourse. These codes are modified from time to time to suit the exigencies arising from increasing population.

This is quite natural, for with the advent of unfamiliar elements, suspicion begins to replace trust and we look about for means of defense. These we find in more and more stringent legal and social tenets. The latter are unwritten, but they are nevertheless well defined, and we can only pass unobtrusively through the world's throng—which is veritable good form—if we take cognizance of their requirements. Ignorance is a no more adequate plea in the social than in the legal courts, for knowledge is within the reach of all who desire it.

Some of our young people have been so much in the habit of ignoring the conventions of the large European towns where they have studied that they have seriously impaired the social status of Americans abroad. There are certain features of their nonconformity that require earnest thought and attention, viz., that young girls go to Europe unattended by proper chaperons and that once there so many give themselves no trouble to ascertain local rules for conduct. Self-reliant and innocent, they do what seems right in the light of their previous lives, regardless of established customs.

A group of persons may transplant the modes of a small Western town to Paris or Berlin, but instead of revolutionizing these cities they bring our supposed national forms and etiquette into discredit. The free intercourse between the sexes which is permissible in our smaller cities even, because their social elements are more or less homogeneous, has to be restricted in New York because of our cosmopolitan character. In these smaller places a young lady may accept a man's invitation to a place of amusement or even to a restaurant without exciting disagreeable comment, whereas Europeans, not indulging in such freedom, are becoming more and more willing to misconstrue such acts.

A girl may say: "I shall do what pleases me. No one knows me and it is enough for me to feel that I am doing right," forgetting that her race sisters are concerned in her fair repute, which can only be maintained through scrupulous attention to the rules that obtain in the environment where she is living.

Europe is not free of charlatanism. It is of a more gaudy sort than we possess, and it attracts and beguiles a good half of the American students who go abroad. Among

a crowd that some years since stood on Unter den Linden to witness the arrival of the King of Italy in Berlin was a Simon-pure American girl. She was unused to royal pageantry, but was deeply impressed.

Just as the carriage was passing that contained the Emperor of Germany and his guest she asked on which side William II. was sitting. Upon being told she said that he did not at all resemble his photos. The fact was afterward developed that she had seen neither of the royal personages, but had looked steadfastly at the two gaily plumed equerries who sat up high behind.

As the case now stands there is no absolute necessity for musical students leaving America, even though their talents and ambition be of the highest, and no one should be allowed to go to Europe to study unless equipped with good health, a secure income of at least \$2 per day, a working knowledge of the language of the country to be visited, and in the case of very young persons, especially girls, an experienced chaperon.

NONAME.

Vermont Singing Schools.

HOW TONICS AND CHROMATICS ARE TAUGHT IN THE COUNTRY.

LAST winter was an active one for the teachers of tonics and chromatics in Vermont. Hardly a hamlet in the Vermont valleys can be named where there were not weekly gatherings of the old and young, gay and grave, serious and frivolous, all under the direction of a more or less competent "singing master," and all with the publicly avowed purpose of learning to sing.

Heaven knows how much they have learned, and Vermont how little! There has been much besides musical scales to demand their attention—such things as love making, gossip and indulgence in the all pervading tee-hee that, once started, runs through any assembly of mixed people like wildfire. Yet all seemed satisfied, and the schools gave farewell concerts—the closing burst of vocal pyrotechnics—which the kindly Vermont folk attended with ready compliments in their mouths. The truth should not be spoken at all times, even in Vermont.

These Vermont schools are not much like the schools Frank Damosch conducted in Cooper Union. He had for his definite aim the raising of the musical standard of the masses by giving them freely such musical knowledge as they could gather in the course of the tuition, and under such a teacher the aim was not altogether missed. But in Vermont the singing school might almost be called by any other name as well. It is distinctly a social gathering.

It was a necessity of the early days during which it was inaugurated, when neighbors lived a mile apart, when society was weak and struggling, and strength was sought in bands that should draw the scattered settlers together socially and concentrate their interest upon some common point. Now society is strong, and there are many and diverse interests which it may follow. Yet in Vermont's villages and rural farmsteads the singing school to-day is essentially what it was a hundred years ago. It still exists, and for the same purpose; those who attend may learn to scale up and down and to pronounce do-me-sol-do at proper intervals, but the main object is a social gathering, and that object is attained.

Yet what a martinet is the "singing master"—master, indeed! His pine baton is a rod of iron wherewith he rules his pupils. Pupils! They range from the towhead of six summers to the graybeard of seventy. No one refers to him for an instant as a "teacher," but to one and all he is "master." They may not learn

much from him, but they follow his orders with a certain easy laugh of compliance that implies some huge joke just beneath the surface. There they are, the purpose being to have a good time, and part of the fun lies in doing what this man tells them to. So they sing by rule, and whisper behind the book covers their audacious comments.

Sometimes a witty swain so far outdoes himself as to make his adored one, seated opposite among the altos or trebles, giggle outright. Then the black look the master bends upon her! She has disgraced herself in his eyes, but in the eyes of the pupils she is doing just what she came to do. The swain looks on half devoured by admiration of his rosy girl, half consumed by self appreciation. He and she will laugh together as they go home beneath the stars, and by to-morrow the master himself will have forgotten the lapse. For he is one with the pupils, after all. His sternness is but assumed, and passes with the sleep of a night.

Our fathers sang hymns, chants, sentences, mottoes—all of a sacred character. Hardly another line of music was to be thought of. Therein lay the sole practical feature of the school—it taught them familiarity with certain hymns, so that at Sabbath worship they could pipe and flute acceptably the praises of the Most High. For they were a serious folk; their circumstances made them so. And if anything could have lent earnestness to their endeavor to meet socially at the singing school rendezvous, it was the certainty that thereby they would measurably fit themselves better for the Sabbath duties.

Then, too, the hymns went with them into daily life. Men repeated favorite lines when they worked, and mothers lullabyed their babes to sleep with the tripping measure to which was set the words:

If this be death, I soon shall be
From every care and sorrow free,
I shall my Lord and Maker see—
All is well! All is well!

The grandparents of the writer were famous in their rural region in the old day as singers. They always "led" at singing school, and at every countryside gathering they would be called upon for favorite hymns. Then would they stand up, side by side, at the head of the great kitchen, pitch their tune, and begin:

Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound,
Mine ears attend the cry.
Ye living men, come, view the ground
Where ye must shortly lie.

Or, less gruesome:

How pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friend agree,
Each in his proper station move,
And each fulfill his part,
With sympathizing heart,
With all the cares of life and love.

Although the words of the old hymns were serious enough, the notes to which they were sung often raced across the page more like modern dance music than what is now thought seemly for a church. And so the mingling of light and sedate was accomplished and the emancipation of the settlers from the grim blackness of Puritan theology proceeded.

In the war of 1813 the Vermont singing school followed into captivity some American soldiers who were taken and confined in prison at Quebec. Family legend to-day relates how a forefather there confined with fellow soldiers found among them many who knew certain hymns from the singing schools.

They formed a prisoners' choir and sang for their own uplifting of heart. But the populace liked it, too, and

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would gather outside the gratings to hear the Yankees sing, until at last the Yankees found that in the repertoire was the favorite ode on science, and that this was absolutely nauseating to the enemy. Accordingly they would innocently sing hymns until the gathering was large, when, with fell intent, they would pipe up on the ode. In a twinkling the space outside would be cleared and indignant voices would be heard receding. These are the words of the ode:

The morning sun shines from the east,
And spreads his glories to the west;
All nations with his beams are blest,
Where'er his radiant light appears.

So Science spreads her lucid ray
O'er lands that long in darkness lay;
She visits fair Columbia,
And sets her sons among the stars.

Fair Freedom, her attendant, waits
To bless the portals of her gates,
To crown the young and rising States
With laurels of immortal day.

The British yoke, the Gallic chain,
Was urged upon her sons in vain;
All haughty tyrants we disdain,
And shout, Long live America!

One may enter any little corner schoolhouse of Vermont singing-school evenings and hear hymns practiced with the same assiduity as in the elder day. The old people are intent on their books, the younger ones are skylarking or shyly making love, and the small fry are mixed up over the distinction between G sharp and A flat, and are wondering what all the fun is about, anyway. The Vermont singing school is as unchanging as Vermont hills, and, like the brook, it goes on forever.

Strange, too, the clinging to method. Singers do not follow nowadays the customs of a century ago, but in these singing schools you will find the master, perhaps conscious of his own shortcomings, zealously directing the attention of pupils upon the staff, taking one particular hymn for an exercise and drilling the school upon it until they can sing the notes, the letters and the words blindfolded; and as he shows them how to pronounce the words, he will repeat the mannerisms of masters who long ago went down into the dust of death. If there is a slur in the music, he will assuredly divide his syllable fairly between the notes, marking the division with a queer little breath that generally has the spoken value of an *h*. There is one fugue, much given to slurs, that is a special favorite with masters. The words run thus:

Come, my beloved, haste away;
Cut short the hours of thy delay;
Fly like a youthful hart or roe,
Over the hills where spices grow.

The last two lines repeat through the fugue with such a succession of slurs that one would feel as though sliding down hill if one took them smoothly. But no; they must be cut and sliced until at every slur the singers vault a vocal fence, and the effect is something like this—the vowels pronounced long, exactly as they would have been in the completed words:

Fly like-a youthful ha-ha-ha-ha-hart or roe-o-ho-wo-ho-wo-ver the hi-hi-wi-hi-wills, where spi-hi-yi-hi-yi-ces grow."

But this is not funny. It is not part of the joke of a singing school. It is the way their fathers and their grandfathers before them sang, and so it is the only way a right-minded person can sing. Sometimes one of the company gets into the outside world and hears the thing done differently and learns a trick or two. He comes back, but he does not obtrude his knowledge. Why should he? Time enough to practice the world's ways when he goes again into the ways of the world; while he can, he will return to the soil of his birth and be as native to it as a native of Thruws to his. And with all this, Vermont has in the

past turned out some fine singers. There are villages that for eighty years have been famous in the State's borders for their singers. But, one and all, they got their start in the old singing school, with its gymnastic exercises and its standing joke upon the master.

Another way in which the singing school retains the traditions of the olden time, being a thing for the good of all and not of a few in the community, is in the manner of recouping the master for his time and trouble. The school must be something which all are free to attend. But rarely are the scholars alone expected to pay the bills. For it is assumed that all may wish to attend, but it is known that only a few can afford to pay. So a subscription paper is passed around in the community. The master has said that he will keep the school twelve nights if he can get \$3 a night and give a concert at the close, the receipts of which shall be his. Thirty-six dollars is, after a time, pledged and school begins. The poor boy is as welcome as the rich, and, if he has a better voice, more welcome. The girl who can't afford to buy a singing book looks over with a girl who can. That is a simple, kindly view of life that in busier communities we are prone to lose—more's the pity.

So through twelve weeks in the most rigorous season of the year the master has sold himself for one night a week for \$36. If he is young and ambitious and very successful he may have six schools in as many clustering hamlets, and ride from one to another, though such exaltation as this is rare. Anyway, the winter is his harvest season. He is up late—that is, until 11 o'clock, which is late for Vermont—and people rather expect to see him break down under the strain. Yet it is noticeable that seldom does the concert, with its mite toward the master's pocket, fail to materialize.

There are grand times when the concert comes. Neighboring schools sometimes unite in one monster entertainment, with a chorus of close upon a hundred voices. At these times there is a general form of program, which is seldom varied. First, the schools and the audience rise and sing the Doxology. Then follow choruses more or less elaborate; solos more or less indistinct, depending upon the degree of stage fright that seizes upon the pupil; voluntary contributions by whomsoever may be in the neighborhood, willing and able to fill up five minutes' time, and at the end school and audience again rise and unite in "America."

After this comes a grand supper in the lower hall or at a near neighbor's. The smell of coffee is in the air, and even through the windows may be seen the piles of doughnuts which are to be washed down by the hot drink. It is the grand rural social affair of the season, and brings to the quiet, steady folk who attend it more enjoyment than satiation in the world's wider delights can ever permit. No other thing in Vermont will bring together so many folk from so wide a section as the Winter Singing School.

Mr. Wm. C. Carl.—Mr. Wm. C. Carl, the organist, has been engaged for a recital in the Leavenworth Cathedral, at Leavenworth, Kan. The date has not been decided on.

Dallas Symphony Orchestra.—Musical events in Dallas, Tex., during the summer have been few. The organization of the Dallas Symphony Orchestra has just been completed and it promises to give an impetus to musical interest, and to that city an orchestra of which she may justly be proud. Perhaps never in the history of Dallas has an organization entered life under more brilliant auspices; certain it is that under the leadership of Mr. Edwin Cahn, violinist, the Dallas Symphony Orchestra will attain a name which the members and citizens of Dallas will view with pleasure.

The orchestra has now a membership of twenty-six. Meetings are held bi-weekly, and practice is now in progress for a concert to be given at an early date.

Musical Items.

Lachmund's Vacation.—Carl V. Lachmund is spending his vacation at Lake Minnetonka. In September he will join a hunting party in North Dakota.

Foerster.—Ad. M. Foerster, the well-known composer, of Pittsburgh, has severed his connection with the Pittsburgh Female College.

A Practice Clavier Talk.—Mr. C. S. Virgil read a paper on the Mission of the Clavier, July 26, at Weirs, N. H., on the occasion of the meeting of the Music Teachers' Association. Mr. Virgil was assisted by Miss Florence Traub.

Genevra Johnstone-Bishop.—Genevra Johnstone-Bishop has signed a contract for eighty-four nights in concerts for next season. Engagement begins October 14 and closes February 1. Dr. and Mrs. R. W. Bishop are at their summer home in Highland Park, returning to Chicago September 1.

Mrs. Gerrit Smith.—Mrs. Gerrit Smith has returned to America and is stopping at Casanova, N. Y. This is contrary to expectations, as Mrs. Smith had intended to go to Paris and study with Bouhy.

Dr. Smith went to Paris with Mr. Herman Howard Powers and sailed for New York July 27.

Back from London.—Mr. Francis Fischer Powers and Miss Marguerite Hall are both back from London, where they filled a number of private salon engagements. Mr. Powers is now in Milwaukee, Wis., where he will devote the summer to giving vocal instruction.

Dead.—Prof. Rudolph Green, violinist, died in the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, from cancer recently. He was born fifty-four years ago in Germany. At the age of twenty-seven he arrived in New York, and became the first 'cellist in Thomas' orchestra. Three years ago he was with Seidl's orchestra, playing one season at the Metropolitan Opera House. For many years he was a member of the Peabody Quartet and Peabody Orchestra.

Marescalchi Goes to Chicago.—Distinguished artists are always welcome to Chicago, and its musical circle is soon to be enlarged by the advent of Signor Arturo Marescalchi, who has been engaged to take the position in the vocal department of the Chicago Conservatory now held by Signor Carpi, whose contract expires this month.

Signor Marescalchi comes from Bologna, where he was born in 1854. He received his education in that city, having as instructors Dall' Ara, Parisini and other eminent masters. Signor Marescalchi has sung in the principal operas of all schools of composition, and always with marked success. He has had several engagements at La Scala, in Milan; San Carlos, Naples, and the principal theatres of Europe. He sang for four consecutive seasons at the Theatre Lirco de Barcelona, and also four years at Buenos Ayres.

Signor Marescalchi sang at the opening season of the Auditorium in Chicago in 1889-90, with Patti, Albani, and with the Abbey & Grau Company. He has a thorough general musical education, as well as being a master of the vocal art.

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MISS A. HERMIONE BIGGS, an assistant of Dr. WILLIAM MASON, will have time for a few more piano pupils. For further particulars, apply at Steinway Hall, New York, after September 1.

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from the use of the Clavier is to make the touch accurate, firm, vigorous, elastic, sensitive, discriminative, delicate, enduring and finished; it stops the annoyance from piano practice, saves a good piano, and rightly used secures greater artistic playing skill in one year than can be acquired at the piano in three years, and frequently greater than is ever gotten at the piano.

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to work three years by the old method for less artistic skill than you would gain in one year by the new? If you will drop old foggy notions, listen to reason and observe results, doubts, if you have any, will all be removed.

What the Orchestra Costs.

THE trustees of the Chicago Orchestral Association have just completed a collection of facts and figures showing in an exhaustive manner the exact condition of the association at the present time. The report includes a comparative statement of the receipts and expenditures for each of the seasons, four in number, since the orchestra was organized, and the happy conclusion is reached that the last season was the most prosperous of the four, showing a deficiency of only \$34,474.02, whereas the unfriendly balance had averaged a little more than \$50,000 for each of the other years.

It will be remembered by those who keep in touch with musical affairs that the financial basis upon which the Chicago Orchestral Association was founded, four years ago, was a guarantee fund of \$50,000 per annum for a period of three years, provided by fifty liberal citizens. This fund was intended to supply any deficiency between the receipts and expenditures, and the event proved that while apparently ample it was not quite sufficient to balance the books at the end of the third year. This fact proved rather discouraging, and it was with some hesitation and no little difficulty that arrangements were made to continue the concerts during the fourth season.

Some of the guarantors felt that the undertaking was hopeless from a financial point of view, and support was withdrawn to such an extent that the guarantee fund reached only \$30,000, or a little more than half the former amount. Fortunately, however, the box office and other receipts increased far beyond the amount realized from the same sources during any previous year, and the season closed with such a favorable showing that there was no further talk of abandoning the enterprise.

A small deficit of \$3,634.02 remained to be provided for after the guaranty fund was exhausted, but it was argued that the rapidly increasing interest in the orchestra concerts would not only enable the association to wipe out such a small balance, but would be likely to annually reduce the demands upon a voluntary subscription. In order, however, to be upon the safe side and insure the permanence of the orchestra it was determined to secure, by subscription, a fund of \$40,000 per annum for three years to come, and it is under the protection of this arrangement that the fifth season of concerts will begin Friday afternoon, October 25.

The statistics of the past four seasons are full of interest, particularly as a demonstration of the extreme liberality of Chicago in supporting one of the three greatest orchestras in the world, the others being the Gwendhaus Orchestra,

of Leipsic, which gives annually twenty-five concerts, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with its season of twenty-four afternoon and the same number of evening concerts. It is noted in this connection that the Philharmonic Society of London has an annual season of but ten public performances, and the New York Philharmonic a season of but six public rehearsals and the same number of evening concerts. Paris, Vienna, Berlin and other European cities sustain large orchestras devoted rather to the opera house than to the concert room, and decidedly below the Chicago orchestra in substantial merit and importance.

It is therefore highly creditable to Chicago that she has eclipsed all the cities of the Old World in devotion to a high standard of orchestra music. In four years the maintenance of the orchestra has cost \$498,425.63, of which sum the purchasers of tickets contributed \$299,984.81, and the guarantors \$198,440.82, a magnificent sum which would probably support any half dozen of the European orchestras, so moderate is the compensation of orchestra players in those countries.

The expenses of the first season were \$129,928.60; receipts, \$75,715.39; deficiency, \$53,613.41. Second season, expenses, \$121,937.82; receipts, \$70,556.64; deficiency, \$51,381.18. Third season, expenses, \$115,763.28; receipts, \$66,791.07; deficiency, \$48,972.21. Fourth season, expenses, \$121,395.84; receipts, \$86,921.82; deficiency, \$34,474.02. The amounts paid the orchestra for each of the four years were as follows: \$95,386.02, \$93,250.61, \$98,110, \$93,664.04. For soloists the amounts expended are smaller than the popular estimate, ranging in the order of years in this wise: \$4,259.75, \$4,950, \$4,975, \$2,725.

The number of musicians employed in the Chicago concerts of the orchestra is never less than eighty-three, and on special occasions the orchestra has numbered ninety-five players. The soloists for the last season were Edward Schuecker, Max Bendix, Bruno Steindel and E. Boegner, all members of the orchestra, and Miss Electa Gifford, Mlle. Carlotta Desvignes, W. C. E. Seeboeck, Eugene Ysaye, Max Heinrich, Hans von Schiller, Clarence Eddy and Rafael Joseffy. It is interesting to observe as an indication of the liberal patronage bestowed upon the enterprise by the moneyed classes, that twenty-seven boxes were sold for the season, together with 163 associate membership tickets, 269 season tickets for the afternoon concerts and 432 season tickets for the evening concerts.

The total number of paid admissions for the season was 92,300, against 68,500 for the previous year, and the total receipts from this source were \$64,695.50, against \$51,854.50 for the year before. The afternoon concerts had an aver-

age paid attendance of 2,164, and the evening concerts an average of 2,463, showing a decided and healthy increase in both cases. The programs for the season included 15 symphonies, 16 overtures, 13 concertos, 20 selections from Wagner, and 45 other compositions.

The trustees under whose direction these happy conditions of prosperity are to be continued and probably improved are George E. Adams, Allison V. Armour, D. H. Burnham, C. N. Fay, W. A. Fuller, Charles D. Hamill, Bryan Lathrop, Philo A. Otis and Henry B. Stone. The president of the association is Mr. Adams; vice-president, Mr. Lathrop; secretary, Mr. Otis.—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

A Lankow Pupil.—Mrs. Powell, a pupil of Anna Lankow, who has proved a gratifying success, recently received an invitation to sing the *Queen of the Night* aria from *The Magic Flute* at the castle of the Grand Duke of Hessen-Nassau.

An Aramenti Pupil.—Miss Nash, a pupil of Mme. Julia Aramenti, has been engaged as soloist at the Central Metropolitan Meeting, New York. Speaking of her work there the *New York Press* says: "Miss Nash is the most popular Gospel singer in the whole land. A prima donna could hardly be awarded greater evidence of appreciation than Miss Nash received after singing *The Holy City*. The audience broke into repeated and continued applause, which the management could not succeed in checking. * * * The whole house rose and waved handkerchiefs till the auditorium looked like a snowstorm."

Notice.—Numerous applications are being received at this office for copies of the Beethoven portrait referred to on page 23 of the issue of July 24. Our readers will notice that the Beethoven story is reprinted from the *London Musical Standard*, and that the portrait was presented with that publication and not with *THE MUSICAL COURIER*.

London Opera Season Closed.—LONDON, July 29.—The opera season here closed to-night with a performance of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Covent Garden Theatre. Sir Augustus Harris, the manager, delivered a speech and presented Conductor Mancinelli with a handsome baton, which Mme. Melba handed to the recipient.

Mme. Melba will start in September for the United States, where she will remain twelve weeks. She will be accompanied by Mme. Scalchi and Daubigne, and probably by Campanari. She will first appear at Worcester, Mass., early in October, and will eventually go to Canada.

After this tour she will join Abbey & Grau on January 1, and will sing in *Manon* for the first time. M. Gailhard, director of the Paris Grand Opéra, has signed a contract with Mme. Melba to sing in *Hamlet* next May.—*New York Sun*.

THE PRINCIPAL ARTISTS IN AMERICA—Season 1895-96.

LILLIAN BLAUVELT, the Young American Prima Donna Soprano.

FFRANGCON-DAVIES, England's Greatest Baritone; April and May, 1896.

MARIE VANDERVEER GREEN, Prima Donna Contralto; Concerts, Oratorios, Musical Festivals.

MRS. KATHERINE BLOODGOOD, Contralto; Concerts and Oratorio.

GEORGINE VON JANUSCHOWSKY, Dramatic Prima Donna of the Imperial Opera House, Vienna; for a short season in America.

MISSES SCHAFER AND MILLER, Ensemble Pianists; Concerts and Recitals.

FANNY BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER, Pianist.

MYRTA FRENCH, Prima Donna Soprano; Opera and Concerts.

ELISE FELLOWS, Violinist; her first season in America; Concerts and Recitals.

MAX HEINRICH, Baritone; Oratorio, Concerts, Song Recitals.

CHARLOTTE MACONDA, Prima Donna Soprano; Concerts, Oratorio, Opera, Etc.

JANET METSIK, Prima Donna Contralto; Concerts, Oratorio, Opera.

CURRIE DUKE, Violinist; Concerts and Recitals.

ELEANOR MEREDITH, Prima Donna Soprano; Concerts, Oratorio, Etc.

LAURA MOORE, Soprano; Concerts, Etc.

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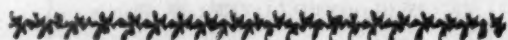
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MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS



This Paper has the Largest Guaranteed Circulation of any Journal in the Music Trade.

No. 804.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 31, 1895.

MR. FRANK TAFT, who has achieved celebrity as an organist, particularly as a concert organist, has become a partner of the old firm of J. H. & C. S. Odell & Co., the veteran organ builders of New York city. Mr. Taft brings to the concern not only push and energy, but a wide experience as a musician, and he will doubtless instil the necessary vim and go that will place the Odell organs in the position they deserve to hold because of their merits.

THOSE manufacturers who will not advertise their wares this summer and fall will be driven far into the background by the overpowering influence created and kept alive by the energy of the progressive houses, who are keeping their eyes on all the possibilities of the future trade. This is sure. The relative position of the firms will be changed in accordance with the progressive principles of the age, those remaining permanent or becoming obsolete who refuse to recognize the advent of new and developed ideas. The great bulk of pianos will now be sold on commercial bases and not because a house is merely a piano house, and one of the living factors of commerce is intelligent advertising.

AS is told in our regular Boston trade letter this week there is nothing yet definitely settled regarding the sale of the leases of the New England Piano Company and the M. Steinert & Sons Company to the syndicate that intends building a hotel on the site now occupied by the two piano houses. As it is pretty certain that the scheme will go through, however, and as both concerns hold leases extending ever a time that makes it necessary to acquire them (the New England lease having some 17 years to run), there is no doubt but that both will realize handsomely on their good fortune of being located where others wish to go. No one seems to be sure as yet just how much bonus will be paid, but the lowest sum mentioned is \$100,000, while it is said that the more valuable holding of the two may net its possessor no less than \$250,000.

MR. CHARLES H. WAGENER, of Story & Clark Organ Company's London house, left London for the Continent early in July on an extended trip which takes him to nearly every section of the Continent, in the interest of the line of goods he represents.

The business of Story & Clark in London has reached dimensions which were not anticipated even by the most sanguine member of the firm. The revival after the fire of last year has been so rapid that it is strong evidence of the fact that the firm is firmly established in Europe, and its connections are fixed and permanent. The name of Story & Clark in relation to musical instruments has long since made the goods manufactured by them famous in this country, and the same effect will be produced upon the musical people of England and the Continent of Europe in course of time, if it has not already been done.

MOST encouraging reports come from Mr. Wm. Steinway at Mt. Clemens, Mich., whither he went to rid himself of what remained of the lameness caused by his rheumatism. A letter received in New York on Monday stated that up to the time of that writing he had taken twelve of the curative baths, and that as a result he was then able to walk with greater freedom than at any time during his long and tedious illness.

A GOODLY number of New York and Boston piano travelers, who had calculated to make their first fall trip during the middle of August or early part of September, have postponed their leaving until after the great meeting of the Masonic fraternity, to be held in Boston on August 27, and to last for several days.

It is expected that Boston and incidentally New York will entertain about that time the largest number of piano dealers and piano men generally that have ever been within either of the two cities on the same days.

Some piano manufacturers who are members of the order are to be among the participants in the celebration, and a number of them, particularly in Boston, are preparing to receive their brother Masons.

A CASE of considerable significance is to be brought up at Jeffersonville, Ky., shortly. It seems that a Mrs. Martha Demors purchased a piano of a certain make, for which she agreed to pay a fixed sum upon the usual instalment plan, and that she made the first payment of \$25. She subsequently set up the claim that the instrument was not as represented, and refused to make further payments, but demanded the return of her \$25. Of course the piano people in the case (the name is immaterial) replevined the piano after the proper time, and of course a regular replevin bond had to be given by them. At the hearing under replevin process the decision was rendered in favor of Mrs. Demors, and she, in consequence, now sues for her \$25 and the costs of maintaining that action.

One point of interest to piano dealers—aside from the general rule that anything is of interest that will save them a lawsuit—is the question, Who shall decide a piano to be as represented?

Of all the pianos sold in the United States within the next twenty-four hours or within the next twelve months how many will be exactly as represented?

The most sensible answer to the query is that it depends a good deal, if not wholly, upon who is to give the decision in any particular case. A piano is an article so little understood by the average purchasing public that but few who buy could conscientiously state that it turned out to be something different from what it was represented to be by the salesman, unless of course there was some flagrant deception or the piano was one of the ordinary flim-flam thump boxes about which nothing good can truthfully be said.

But the point arises, Who shall determine that a piano is not as represented, taking in the usual inaccuracies that would not pass for falsehoods, but which exist in so many cases between purchaser and seller? And if a person on a slight complaint may return the instrument and recover whatever amounts have been

paid, how many persons in the United States would be glad and quick to take advantage of the precedent?

We should like some further particulars in the case cited and will endeavor to obtain them.

IF an absolute outsider were to judge the music trade by one of the papers that says it is published in the interests of the trade, he might suppose that the leading topic of conversation in factories and warerooms was the question of how to get a drink in New York city on Sunday.

THE agency for the sale of the Steinway piano at Omaha has finally been given to Mr. Adolph Meyer, a statement which puts at rest the many rumors that have been afloat as to the distribution of the Steinway in that section.

Mr. Meyer, who will be remembered as one of the old firm of Max Meyer & Brother, has already ordered his stock of Steinways, and writes the New York house that he has disposed of three instruments on advance sales; surely an encouraging beginning.

IF one needs a "bracer," a stimulus, a reviver of hope and an encourager, let him go into the factory of the Briggs Piano Company and see the preparations they are making for fall trade. Let him talk with Mr. Furbush, than whom there is no keener prognosticator in the piano business, and learn from him why the Briggs factory is working full time and full handed, and he will come away refreshed and filled with optimistic thoughts that will make him wish to go and do likewise. It is just these strong, straight, earnest movements such as are made by the Briggs Piano Company and a few other Boston concerns that maintain the position of that city in the piano making industry. It is just this sort of strong, straight, earnest belief in your product and its selling qualities that go to make a man successful when these elements are backed up by the good qualities of the instrument itself, as is the case with the Briggs.

MR. SAMUEL HAZELTON, of Messrs. Hazelton Brothers, is among those in the piano trade who express a candid belief in the complete revival of business to the healthy standard noted prior to the panic. This feature, he avers, will be manifested in the autumn, as every sign points in that direction at the present moment.

"We are preparing for a good trade," remarked Mr. Hazelton to a representative of THE MUSICAL COURIER, "and I believe that we will find that we were entirely justified in exerting ourselves to this end. It is certain that every other industry is improving, and although the piano industry is the last to feel the benefit of a revival of confidence, I am sure that that term of confidence is setting in."

Messrs. Hazelton Brothers have received visits from a number of piano dealers during the past week, especially from Pennsylvania, and one of their patrons was Mr. Healy, of Lyon & Healy, Chicago.

The instruments that are the most favorably accepted by customers are those made in fancy woods, French walnuts, mahogany, &c. The firm has some Colonial uprights in fancy woods that are particularly sought after by admirers of the beautiful in piano architecture.

AUTOHARP PROGRESS.

How Alfred Dolge & Son Have Advanced and Improved the Autoharp, Until Zimmermann, Its Inventor, Scarcely Knew It.

WHEN the Autoharp, with all its interests, passed into the hands of Alfred Dolge & Son, some two years ago, it was as a successful musical novelty. No one at that time looked upon the Autoharp as an instrument which had a great future as a musical instrument. Im-



mediately upon the transfer of the manufacturing plant to Dolgeville experiments were made to perfect the Autoharp. A complete chromatic scale correctly drawn, a body on the lines of the most approved piano construction, a new and ingenious action resulted in the Concert Autoharp. This instrument has awakened the interest of our leading musicians, and the great artist and composer, Xaver Scharwenka, has composed several selections for it.

Recently Mr. Aldis J. Gery, when on his tour with Gilmore's Band, called upon Mr. Zimmermann in Philadelphia, and played the Concert Autoharp. The inventor scarcely recognized this perfect instrument, as the "Autoharp idea" had been developed so far beyond his original invention.

While the Concert Autoharp was being perfected, however, they have as persistently worked for the improvement of all their then existing styles and the introduction of new ones. They have just completed and have now ready for the market a new style (which is illustrated herewith), called the 2 $\frac{3}{4}$. This instrument is sure to create a healthy rivalry between the popular style 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ and itself. It is a little longer and wider than 2 $\frac{3}{4}$, giving it more tone. It has 28 strings (five more than 2 $\frac{3}{4}$) and seven bars, producing the following seven chords: C, F and B flat major, C and F seventh and A and D minor. This allows complete modulation with a minor key, and will certainly meet with favor. The retail price of this style, too, is just right—\$7.50—half way between the 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ and the desirable No. 3. They are going to push this good style, because they know it will suit the public. They have in preparation five or six other styles, which will be noticed when they are produced.

Bought the Henry J. Rhodes Building.

C. H. LICHTY, music dealer, purchased the three story brick store building, 641 Penn street, now occupied by Hirschland & Samuels, of Lewis Kremp, for \$17,000. The property has a frontage of 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet and a depth of 274 to Court street. Mr. Lichty will take possession April 1, 1896, when he will place an entire new front in the building. He will use the first floor for a piano salesroom, while the second will be devoted to organs. The third floor will be used as a repair room.—*Reading (Pa.) Times.*

Piano and Organ Factory Burned.

OTTAWA, Ill., July 27.

THE big fire in the factory of the Western Cottage Organ Company, with which is amalgamated the Merrifield Piano Company, destroyed the only factory in the trade at this place. The corrected list of the losses follows:

Piano and organ company, \$150,000; A. P. Thorne, residence, \$3,000; C. Leonard, residence, \$3,000; B. Bush, goods, \$1,500; T. Lyons, residence, \$1,500. Other losses amount to \$1,000.

The fire caught from waste and rags soaked with oil from the machinery on the third floor of the main building early this morning, and the building, being filled with dry lumber, paint, oil, pianos and organs, flashed into flame. The building tile, of which the walls were constructed, be-

came white hot from the terrific heat within and drove the firemen half a block back.

A number of dwelling houses over 100 feet distant, across Joliet street, took fire from the intense heat and the three owned by the parties given above were consumed, others being damaged to the extent of \$100 and \$300.

The organ and piano company, which came to Ottawa from Mendota six years ago, carried but \$10,000 insurance, which was placed in the Chicago Mutual and other mutual companies. The residences were not insured. The net loss is about \$150,000. It is expected that the factory will be rebuilt at once, as it has many orders ahead. Over 1,000 organs and 300 pianos in various stages of manufacture were destroyed.

Another Exhibition.

MR. WILLIAM F. HASSE has made good progress in the direction of fitting up his new quarters at 107 East Fourteenth street. He expects a large consignment of symphonion and polyphone music boxes to arrive from Saxony by the second week in August, and by September 10 or 15 his salesrooms will be completely fitted and stocked.

Mr. Hasse is among the latest dealers in musical instruments who has signified his intention to send an exhibit to the Women's Musical Department of the Cotton States and International Exposition at Atlanta, Ga.

Another Tribute to Steck.

BROWN BROTHERS CO. CONTINENTAL NURSERIES, ROCHESTER, N. Y., July 13, 1895.

Wm. C. Altpeter, Esq., City:

DEAR SIR—Inclosed please find check for piano. Also permit me to say that the Parlor Grand Steck bought of you some time since is entirely satisfactory. I sincerely believe that the Steck is the finest piano made. You know I was particular and investigated the merits of all the best makes before purchasing, and I selected the Steck as at the head of the list. I am now more than ever convinced that I made a wise choice.

Yours truly,

ROBERT C. BROWN.

Volney B. Barrett Commits Suicide.

VOLNEY B. BARRETT, of the firm of Barrett Brothers, music dealers, Binghamton, N. Y., a popular business man in that city, shot himself through the heart shortly after 11 o'clock on July 25, at his rooms at No. 61 Carroll street. Mr. Barrett, it is thought, must have been mentally unbalanced at the time, as there was no trouble other than that of ill health which could have led him to commit the deed. Deceased was about forty-eight years of age and unmarried.

Further developments tend to show that a love affair may have had something to do with the suicide. Mr. Barrett had been very attentive to a young lady prominent in society circles, and last evening, it is said, saw her riding with another young man. He called at the home of the young lady this morning before the shooting.—*New York Herald.*

Æolian News.

THE officers and directors of the Æolian Company held their annual meeting in Meriden, Conn., last Monday, with the result that the entire staff of officers was re-elected and but one change was made in the board of directors.

The present distribution of the staff is this: Mr. James Morgan, president; Mr. John C. Schooley, treasurer; Mr. W. B. Tremaine, general manager. In addition to these, who are directors, the following are members of the board: Messrs. A. H. Hammond, Atherton Curtis, George Wilcox, George B. Kelly and W. V. Lawrence.

Mr. W. B. Tremaine is authority for the statement made to a representative of THE MUSICAL COURIER that the business of the past year is the largest ever enjoyed by the

company, while the prospects at the opening of the present year are more than double those of any year past.

The company has resolved to more than ever push the European end of its trade.

The company has deputized Messrs. Phillips & Crew to make such arrangements as they may deem expedient with reference to the exhibition of Æolians at the Atlanta (Ga.) Exposition.

Ludwig Business Booming

MESSRS. LUDWIG & CO.'S factory is as busy a spot as ever and the firm is exerting itself in the direction of completing stock to fill long-waiting orders.

Mr. Ludwig expresses himself of the belief that the coming autumn trade will by far exceed that of any season since the panic began to get a grip on the financial throat of the country. The firm is taking active steps toward adding to their present factory, in order that they may find room for case making.

Kronberg to New England.

THE New England Piano Company is always in the front rank with the pushers. The merit of their productions now commands the attention of professional artists of the present day, and among the many valuable testimonials which they have recently received the following from S. Kronberg, the baritone, is a most pleasing compliment:

BOSTON, Mass., July 16, 1895.

New England Piano Company:

GENTLEMEN—The giving of testimonials is something I have always refrained from, but I must say that the New England upright piano now in use in the Algonquin Club in this city is simply a revelation. The tone is pure and melodious, and has beautiful singing qualities which should satisfy any fair minded artist.

Wishing you much success,

Very truly yours,

S. KRONBERG.

Concentrating Their Efforts.

THE Tway Piano Company has relinquished the control of its warerooms in Plainfield, N. J., which have been conducted since the autumn of 1894 for the sale of the Hallet & Davis pianos.

Mr. Tway, the president of the company, informed a representative of THE MUSICAL COURIER that this action had been prompted, not because of the fact that the firm was losing money on the venture, for he explained that they were making money, but the step was taken to avoid the petty annoyances of maintaining a separate establishment, and again for the reason that the firm found that its business in Plainfield, prior to the opening of the warerooms, and through efforts from headquarters, quite equaled that done during the period that the local salesroom was in operation.

Mr. Tway also explained that the remaining unsold pianos were carted away during the night out of consideration for their truck teams, which they wished to protect from the heat of the day, as the drive up to New York is a tedious and long one.

Staib Company Working Overtime.

THE Staib Piano Action Manufacturing Company is in the midst of a prosperous July. Mr. Staib informed a representative of THE MUSICAL COURIER that the firm is working overtime.

They have put in eight new piano action machines. The firm has finished getting the new blower system in readiness, including the work in the basement and on the ground floor. By this means the dust and shavings are carried into the furnace. The offices of the factory have also been completely fitted, by the building of partitions, &c., and everything is shipshape for prompt service.

—Gen. J. J. Estey came down from Brattleboro, Vt., Friday and made himself busy with his New York interests in the trade.

Mason & Hamlin

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

PIANOS.

W. H. SHERWOOD—Beautiful instruments, capable of the finest grades of expression and shading.
MARTINUS SIEVEKING—I have never played upon a piano which responded so promptly to my wishes.
GEO. W. CHADWICK—The tone is very musical, and I have never had a piano which stood so well in tune.

ORGANS.

FRANZ LISZT—Matchless, unrivaled; so highly prized by me.
THEODORE THOMAS—Much the best; musicians generally so regard them.
X. SCHARWENKA—No other instrument so enraptures the player.

STANDARD INSTRUMENTS.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES AND FULL PARTICULARS MAILED ON APPLICATION.

Mason & Hamlin Co.

BOSTON, NEW YORK, CHICAGO.

THE report that was in circulation during the latter part of last week and the early part of this week in both New York and Chicago to the effect that Mr. Wm. Knabe was dangerously ill is officially denied, the rumor having arisen from the fact that Mr. Knabe had been suffering from a slight attack of rheumatism, from which he has now fortunately and entirely recovered.

IF a piano manufacturer wishes to give his instrument a high standing for its actual merits he can make sure of the point by persuading that expert in pianos, Mr. Otto Sutro, of Baltimore, to take his agency.

This honor has lately been conferred upon the Wegman Piano Company, whose pianos Mr. Sutro will hereafter represent in the city of Baltimore and throughout the territory in which he operates.

The Wegman Piano Company reports that its business for the first six months of 1895 has been more than satisfactory, and that it is justified in making preparations for a larger output during 1895 than during the last year.

THERE was a meeting of two veterans, two of the most interesting personalities in the music trade, when Mr. Patrick J. Healy, of Chicago, visited last week Mr. John C. Haynes, of Boston. Mr. Healy has devoted 41 years of his life to the sale of musical instruments and other matters of music, while Mr. Haynes passed the half century mark on July 21, and so indifferent is he to his personal affairs, so engrossed is he in business after 50 years of work, that he is said not to have known that the anniversary had come around until his attention was called to it several days after its occurrence.

Mr. Healy passed through New York on his way home last week, stopping at Baltimore en route. He is making preparations for a good fall business, but, like other of the conservative men in the trade, he does not look for any extraordinary activity. The business of Lyon & Healy for July, 1895, exceeded that of July, 1894; but this, Mr. Healy says, may be partly accounted for when it is remembered that the great railroad strikes were on in July, 1894—a statement which somewhat modifies the estimates which other people have placed on their business this year by comparing it with that of the same time in 1894.

A Fine Organ.

ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, at Larchmont Manor, has one of the finest organs to be found in that section. The Farrand & Votey Organ Company constructed it and the final work on it came to an end three weeks ago, when Mr. William Edward Mulligan, the organist of St. Mark's Church, in this city, gave an inaugural recital on the instrument.

Press notices, strengthened by opinions of those who heard the recital and inspected the organ, were unanimous in praise of the builder's creation and the artist who opened it.

A Publisher's Suit.

JUDGE KNOWLTON, in the Supreme Court, has entered an interlocutory decree in the equity suit of Hosea E. Holt v. Edgar O. Silver et al., according to the Boston Herald.

The suit was brought by the plaintiff, half owner in certain copyrights for books and charts constituting the Normal Music Course, against Silver, Burdett & Co., publishers, and James W. Tufts, the other half owner thereof, to terminate a contract made by the owners with the said publishers in 1886, and to restore the plaintiff to his rights to publish the work, and also for an accounting of profits that accrued to him under the contract.

The defendants are ordered to transfer, assign and convey to the plaintiff one-half of each and all of the copy-

rights standing in their name, or either of them. It is also decreed that the contracts did not debar the defendants from the right of publishing the Cecilian series of study and song written by the defendant Tufts, and published by Silver, Burdett & Co.

The cause is referred to Marcus Morton as special master to state the amounts due to the plaintiff from the defendants, or either of them under the contracts from September 1, 1886, to September 1, 1894; also to state the amount of injury sustained by the defendants prior to September 1, 1894, from the publication by the plaintiff of the book entitled H. E. Holt's New and Improved Normal Course in Music, First Reader.

Elder, Wait & Whitman and A. S. Hall for plaintiff; A. Hemenway and A. Lord for defendants.

Change of Firm.

MR. J. W. MILLIGAN has been admitted to partnership in the music firm of Milligan, Wilkins & Co., Nos. 1238 and 1240 Market street, Wheeling, W. Va., says the Register.

Mr. Milligan was for some years a member of the firm of F. W. Baumer & Co., and has an accurate and detailed knowledge of the music business in all its branches.

A Boom for Piano Stores.

MAYOR SHANAMAN, of Reading, Pa., has issued an order prohibiting hand organs, street pianos and other musical instruments of a similar character on Penn street, between Fourth and Ninth, and the police have been notified to see that it is rigidly enforced. This is done at the request of business men.—Philadelphia Times.

Looking for a Location.

MR. EMILE H. KLABER, vice-president of the Automaton Piano Company, was asked by a representative of THE MUSICAL COURIER what had been done relative to the place of business occupied by that concern in the Tenney Block, on Broadway, near Twenty-first street.

"We are now located at 1199 Broadway," said Mr. Klaber, "and our move from the Tenney Building was due to the fact that we could not rent the top part of the structure to advantage, as there was no separate entrance to the five upper floors. Our lease, however, gave us the option of renting the building outright or in part, and we have secured a party to take the entire building off our hands. But we desire to go back in the vicinity. We would like to settle in West Twenty-third street. We shall remain where we are, however, temporarily, and in the meantime will not cease our search for more desirable permanent quarters."

Walter Ray's Downward Life.

IN another part of this issue appears a story of how Walter Ray, of Kansas City, Mo., was arrested for stealing two mandolins from Martin, Snyder & Co.'s store on Walnut street, that city. He secured bail pending his trial and is now again in the hands of the police of the same place, charged with stealing cigars from a West Fifth street store.

The Kansas City Star says that Walter Ray was once a man of respectability. He entered Kansas City from the East about eleven years ago. His former name, and his real name before he had it changed in court, was P. Svendsen. Sweden was his place of birth. Soon after coming here he was given a position by Conover Brothers, then dealing in pianos and other musical instruments, as an organ salesman. He did so well that he was made a piano salesman. He remained with Conover Brothers for some time, and was finally discharged. After leaving Conover Brothers Ray went out as a traveling salesman, and in Lawrence found a customer, to whom he alleged that Conover Brothers stenciled pianos. Conover Brothers replied that Ray was a discharged employé, and stated why he had been discharged. In some manner Ray secured the letter and made it the basis of a suit for damages.

Ray then entered into partnership with Elmer F. Gould. Together they opened a music store on West Ninth street,

THE MAKING OF THE

Roth & Engelhardt

Actions is under the direct supervision of P. Engelhardt, many years Action foreman for

Steinway & Sons.

ROTH & ENGELHARDT,

Office: 114 5th Ave. New York.
Factory: St. Johnsville, N. Y.

just west of Wall street. The partnership did not exist long. Since then Ray has led a nomadic life. He secured positions in the East with several prominent piano firms, but for some reason, never definitely stated, was unable to retain a place. When he left Kansas City he was a neat dresser and a man of considerable pride. When he returned not many months ago he had undergone a great transformation. He was out of funds and resorted to theft to replenish his purse.

Trade Notes.

—Mr. H. M. Brainard, of Cleveland, Ohio, was in town on Monday last.

—C. B. Miller is to open a music store on Front street, Fargo, N. Dak., in a few weeks.

—The Burton Piano Company, of Ashtabula, Ohio, has moved from 23 Centre street to the Haskell Block on Main street.

—H. F. Geyler has severed his connection with the Schomacker Piano Company and has engaged with Wm. D. Dutton & Co., of Philadelphia.

—Mr. William A. Sherwood, lately employed in Rider's music store in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has entered into business for himself at 229 Main street.

—J. H. Huff will start a music store in Griffin, Ga., in the building next to Dean & Amoss, with a concert hall upstairs. He expects to open about September 1.

—Fire gutted the piano warehouses of Brush, Bonbright & Co., at Ottawa, Ontario, on July 14. Loss on stock, \$5,000; building, \$1,000. Burglars are supposed to have started the fire.

—Mr. William Stark, a son of Theodore Stark, the musical instrument maker, of Markneukirchen, is visiting America to look after his father's large interests in this country. He will remain for a year.

—The music and jewelry store of Viktor Jacobs & Co., of Jacksonville, Fla., was entered recently by a burglar, who was frightened away by Mr. Jacobs, who sleeps in the rear of the store, before anything was secured.

—Levi H. Fuller and Julius J. Estey, of Brattleboro, Vt., copartners under the name of the Estey Organ Company, and having a place of business in Holyoke, have filed a writ of attachment against John Walsh, of Holyoke, for \$500, in an action of tort.

—The Pease Piano Company has filed suit against Albern Allen for \$350 damages. The complaint alleges that they delivered a piano to defendant to be delivered at West Weber, Utah, and that on account of negligence of the defendant it was wholly destroyed.

—Messrs. Hollingshead & Stults, 111 North Charles street, is the name of a firm just formed in Baltimore to deal in musical instruments and the like. Mr. R. M. Stults, one of the partners, is a well-known local musician and was formerly connected with Sanders & Stayman.

—A bamboo organ has been built for the Jesuits' church at Shanghai and is said to surpass organs made of metal. As bamboo can be obtained of all dimensions, from the thickness of a pen to pieces of a foot in diameter, this natural material costs little more than the simple labor, and the notes are beautifully soft and pleasant to the ear.

—H. Monroe, who says he is a piano tuner connected with Sherman, Clay & Co., of San Francisco, sold a check for \$10.50 to R. Armstrong, at Santa Rosa, Cal., a few days ago. The bank officials refused to honor it and claim it is a forgery on J. A. Lancaster, who cannot be located. Monroe was arrested at the Western Hotel, Santa Rosa. He had been there for several days.

—Piercy & Co., the piano dealers, of 612 Pacific avenue, Tacoma, Wash., had their horse and delivery wagon stolen Friday from in front of their store. H. O. Piercy swore out a warrant for the arrest of the thief. The horse and wagon were found in possession of W. P. Walton, at Fern Hill. Mr. Walton said he purchased them from Edward Hensley. Immediately upon the identification of the property as belonging to Piercy & Co. Mr. Walton swore to a warrant for the arrest of Hensley.

—Fire was discovered in the rear of Schemmel & Pfister's music store on East Santa Clara street, near Third, San José, Cal., a few nights ago. The fire started in a room used as a repair and finishing shop. The room was filled with paints, oils and varnishes, and the fire is supposed to have resulted from spontaneous combustion. Seven pianos and several hundred dollars' worth of sheet music were destroyed. Schemmel & Pfister's loss will amount to nearly \$10,000 and is partially covered by insurance.

P. J. Gildemeester, for Many Years Managing Partner of Messrs. Chickering & Sons.

Gildemeester & Kroeger

Henry Kroeger, for Twenty Years Superintendent of Factories of Messrs. Steinway & Sons.

Second Avenue and Twenty-first Street, New York.



CHICAGO OFFICE OF
THE MUSICAL COURIER, 236 Dearborn street,
July 27, 1896.

RETAIL trade was, on the average, never much duller than now, and yet some good business has been done even in this department by some of the houses recently—in fact, a large number of pianos were sold one day this week at retail by one of the Wabash avenue concerns. There is a general belief, with a good substantial backing, that in the way of crops the whole country is in an unusually good condition. Other trades, and particularly the iron (an acknowledged barometer), are so flourishing that it would be strange indeed if the music business did not partake of the renewed prosperity. No fear of an overproduction of pianos this year; it is a certainty that all that can be made will be wanted.

The Olson & Comstock Company has just published a new catalogue of its stools and scarfs. There are some new styles in it which are very attractive; one of them, a stool made entirely of a rope molding, is not only attractive, but has the merit of being one of the strongest made. It costs a trifle more than some of the others, but is well worth the difference on account of its handsome appearance and the other important feature spoken of. The new catalogue is considerably smaller than the former one, just fitting an ordinary sized envelope, and the trade will no doubt universally receive one; if not, one will be sent on application.

This is not the first time it has been said that Chicago is to have a new and really commodious music hall, but the matter has died out, and probably it has been thought it was given up, but this is not so. A revival of the scheme is on foot, and if carried out according to present plans it will be a decided acquisition to the city. More cannot be said now without betraying confidence.

The Chicago Cottage Organ Company shipped this week to Lisbon, Portugal, a cargo of organs.

The old engine in the Steger & Co. factory at Columbia Heights has been sold, and a new one of 150 horse power is already contracted for and in course of construction. This increased power is designed to be sufficient for both

the Steger and the Singer factory, which are on opposite sides of the street.

The firm of Matthews & Myers, of Aurora, Ill., will dissolve on August 1, and the business will be continued by Mr. H. B. Matthews.

The following statement is a correct one of the affairs of the Elgin Piano and Organ Company, of Elgin, Ill., of which Mr. H. H. Denison is proprietor. There is due to the

| | |
|------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Home National Bank..... | \$3,900 secured. |
| Elgin National Bank..... | 900 " |
| John Church Company..... | 1,500 partially secured. |
| Manufacturers Piano Company. | 4,300 nearly all secured. |
| Emerson Piano Company..... | 900 " |
| Tryber & Sweetland..... | 115 " |
| Edna Organ and Piano Company | 400 |
| Chicago Music Company..... | 200 |
| Haines Brothers..... | 210 |
| Rent of premises..... | 400 |
| Sundries..... | 400 |

It will be noticed that the Pease Piano Company is not a creditor, and that nearly all the music houses are secured, and outside there are only debts to the amount of \$1,700. A proposition has been made, and will probably go into effect, to take the concern out of the hands of the receiver, put the business back in Mr. Denison's hands and grant him an extension. The John Church Company and the Emerson Piano Company stand ready to furnish Mr. Denison with goods right now.

The members of the Chase Brothers Piano Company, of Muskegon, Mich., have acquired the factory of the defunct Nelson Piano Company, of that city, and will manufacture a piano to be called the "Hackley." It will be a second grade to the Chase Brothers instrument. This is the same piano that was last week reported as the "Nelson," the new name having since that time been adopted. The Chase Brothers Company, of this city, will carry the new pianos in stock as soon as they are ready for the market. Visiting dealers should inspect the goods of this concern at the corner of Wabash avenue and Congress street, directly opposite the Auditorium.

CHICAGO, July 15, 1896.

We beg to inform you that the members of the Tourjee Music Company have dissolved partnership, and that the business will be carried on by the undersigned, who succeeds to the business and who will pay all outstanding liabilities and who is to receive all outstanding accounts now due the firm. The entire catalogue is to remain the property of the successor, excepting the Nordica Walts, A Sailor's Knot and the Knickerbocker March, orders for which will be filled by Homer Tourjee.

PAUL E. ARMSTRONG,
165 Wabash avenue, Chicago.

Mr. Armstrong has formed a copartnership with Mr. W. H. Batchelor, the author of several popular operas, and Mr. Thos. D. Mackay, who is well known in theatrical circles, the firm to be known as Batchelor, Armstrong & Co.

The Russell Piano Company exhibited one of its large upright pianos at the convention of the M. T. N. A. which was recently held in St. Louis, and received many flattering

comments upon it. The company does not hesitate to show its instruments side by side with other makes, knowing that there is nothing to fear by so doing.

Van Matre & Straube have already made and sold just twice as many pianos as they expected to up to the present time. They have established a trade mark on the name Straube for their best grade piano and on the name Gilmore for their second grade instrument, the first lot of which was sold with scarcely an effort, and naturally both Mr. Van Matre and Mr. Straube are pleased at the results. An incorporation is eventually in contemplation.

Personals.

Mr. Adam Schneider, of Julius Bauer & Co., returned last Monday from his summer outing.

Mr. A. D. Mueller, of Julius Bauer & Co., leaves to-day for a two weeks' sojourn at Elkhart Lake, Wis.

Mr. E. S. Conway, of the W. W. Kimball Company, has returned from a short business trip, the greater portion having been spent at Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. G. L. Reimann, of the Rintelman Piano Company, says his business with the automaton attachment is very satisfactory. Virtually this concern has now three stores in this city, and needs more help of an efficient kind.

Mr. George J. Kurzenabe, with the Rintelman Piano Company, is the organist of the Lincoln Park Commandery, and will accompany that organization to Boston in August, when the Knights Templars conclave takes place.

Mr. C. S. Reed, formerly of Chicago, but more recently of St. Louis, Mo., where he was connected in business with Mr. Kieselhorst, has returned to this city, where he is likely to remain if suitable arrangements can be made.

Mr. W. Mabry, of the Standard Action Company, of Cambridgeport, Mass., has been here this week on a trip combining business with pleasure.

Mr. John W. Northrop, of the Emerson Piano Company, is taking his summer vacation in homeopathic doses, perhaps one day in the week and Sunday spent in Wisconsin at her famous resorts, and it agrees with him, judging from his healthy appearance.

Mr. P. J. Healy is expected to return from one of his periodical trips to the East on Monday or Tuesday of next week.

Mr. James E. Healy leaves soon with a small party for a visit to the seashore, though what particular point has yet to be determined upon. He will be gone about three weeks.

Mr. J. H. Wagoner, the live dealer of Rochester, Minn., has been paying the city a visit. Mr. Wagoner says his section of the country has been visited with destructive hail storms, which have done quite extensive damage to crops.

Mr. E. R. Potter, of Grinnell, Ia., was one of our recent visitors.

Mr. John Hoyt, of Davenport, Ia., is expected in Chicago immediately; so is Mr. George Campbell, of Denver, Col.

Mr. E. A. Potter, of Lyon, Potter & Co., is back from his Eastern trip.

Mr. S. W. Raudenbusch has returned to St. Paul, Minn., from his Eastern trip, and, we hear, without making any arrangements for the disposal of his store and stock of goods.

THE BLASIUS PIANO.

55 Points of Merit. Perfection Realized.



The Blasius Piano Company

beg to announce that their Fall stock is ready for distribution. The recent large demands for BLASIUS Pianos warranted us in completing the most extensive and best Fall stock we have ever manufactured.

A designer of great repute has been employed by us, and the Trade will be astonished at the elegance of some of our new Cases.

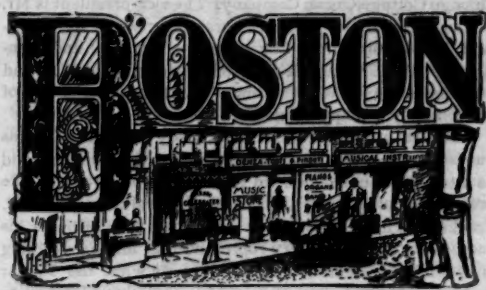
A whole life's work is represented in the results secured in the BLASIUS Piano, which is the reason for its rapid strides into public favor and its position to-day as the coming Piano of America.

WHOLESALE:
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WOODBURY, N. J.
Eight Miles from Philadelphia.

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1101, 1103 & 1110 Chestnut Street,
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CHICAGO REPRESENTATIVES:
LYON & HEALY,
Corner Wabash Avenue and Adams Street,
CHICAGO, ILL.

PACIFIC COAST REPRESENTATIVES:
KOHLER & CHASE,
26 O'Farrell Street,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



BOSTON OFFICE OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,
17 BEACON STREET, July 27, 1897.

THERE are many rumors this week about the new hotel, although none of them have been traced to a reliable source. The stock is being subscribed for, and already over \$1,000,000 have been promised. The subscribers are among the most prominent and wealthiest men of the city, and every effort will be used to carry the scheme to a successful issue. Large amounts of money are mentioned as the prices to be paid to the two piano houses that hold leases on the property, but it takes months to develop such a gigantic affair, so there seems not to be little chance that anyone will be disturbed before the coming spring—in fact it is said that notice has been sent to some of the tenants to that effect.

In the meantime every real estate agent in town who has a piece of property to rent, desirable or undesirable as to location, has called upon the heads of the firms with reference to their leasing his particular piece of property. Rumors are flying about so that the air is fairly thick with them, but nothing definite is yet decided.

The other day when the Vose & Sons Company sold four pianos they almost felt as if the sky must have fallen upon the retail wareroom bringing in such rare luck for a summer day. One was sold quite early in the morning and after half-past 3 in the afternoon three more were added to the list—a good day's work at any time of the year.

Wholesale orders for Vose pianos are coming in every day and they are congratulating themselves upon a continued demand for their pianos that has kept them pleasantly busy all this month. They are making no complaint whatever as to business.

Mr. Handel Pond, of Ivers & Pond, says that it is July-ey—not as dull as July of last year, but still there is the atmosphere of quiet and dullness that belongs to the summer. By the middle of August, however, this is expected to clear away.

For the past six years the Mason & Hamlin pianos and the Mason & Hamlin organs have been used by the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, Chautauqua, N. Y., to the exclusion of all other instruments. The Mason &

Hamlin Company feel deservedly proud of this distinction. The piano department is under the direction of Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood, pianist, and the organ department under Mr. J. G. Flagler, the organist and composer. More than twenty upright pianos are in constant use throughout the season for practicing purposes, while the grand pianos in Sherwood Hall and the concert grands in the large auditorium are in almost daily requisition, as recitals and grand concerts form a prominent feature of the musical life at Chautauqua.

Mason & Hamlin report large orders from Leyden, Holland, the past week.

Miss Mary W. Lincoln, one of the prominent Back Bay teachers, this week purchased a Mason & Hamlin patent improved grand.

The New England Piano Company has recently received two letters that are something new in piano testimonials. One is from James Logan Gordon, president of the Lyceum League of America, author of *I, Myself, Under Discussion*, &c., and formerly secretary of the Boston Y. M. C. A. The other is from the well-known editor of *Texas Siftings*, Mr. J. Amory Knox.

Mr. J. N. Merrill says that during his recent trip West he arranged for a very valuable agency for the Merrill piano. This agency will handle 100 "Merrills" during the year, but the name is not yet to be announced.

The month of July has been one of the best months the Merrill Piano Company has had since it started in business, both in wholesale and retail. In fact, owing to the unexpected rush of business, Mr. Merrill has been obliged to remain in the city instead of paying his customary summer visit to London.

Mr. Lon Dinsmore, who has charge of the advertising of the New England Piano Company, has recently published a march—the Joseph Warren Commandery March—that has been meeting with great success everywhere that it has been played. It is very bright and gay, with a martial air, and is already being hummed and whistled on the streets. The Central City Band, of Syracuse, will play it during the coming visit of the Knights Templar to this city. On Sunday, August 4, Baldwin's Boston Cadet Band will play it at the Point of Pines. Mr. Dinsmore is in daily receipt of complimentary letters upon this march, which seems destined to be very popular.

Mr. J. B. Cook, of the Hallet & Davis Company, with his family, are to leave town next week for Sagamore, near Marion, Mass., where they will remain for a fortnight.

The Hallet & Davis Company is keeping busy, and the other day advertised for an additional piano regulator, a straw which shows the way the orders are blowing in that direction. The house receives telegraphic orders nearly every day for pianos.

Mr. G. A. Gibson, of Ivers & Pond, has been away for a month's vacation, during which time he has been to Lake

George, Montreal, Quebec, Saguenay River, White Mountains, and is now at the Thousand Islands.

Mr. Thomas F. Scanlan has been in New York for a few days this week.

Mr. J. Eliot Trowbridge, of Mason & Hamlin Company, has returned to business after an absence of several weeks spent at his summer home at Downer's Landing.

Mr. S. A. Gould, of the Estey Company, is at his summer home in South Thomaston, Me., where he will remain for a fortnight or longer.

Mr. George McLaughlin, of the New England Piano Company, came up from Cape Cod on Friday morning. During the past 25 years Mr. McLaughlin has paid a weekly visit to his home in Sandwich.

Mr. Q. A. Chase, of Kohler & Chase, San Francisco, Cal., left town on Friday evening to return to his Western home. Mr. Chase has been spending several weeks in Maine, his native State.

F. N. Smith, agent for the Estey Organ Company, has opened warerooms at his residence, 229 North Main street, Fairhaven, Mass.

IN TOWN.

Mr. P. J. Healy, Lyon & Healy, Chicago, Ill.
Mr. W. C. Warren, Danielsonville, Conn.
Mr. Q. A. Chase, Kohler & Chase, San Francisco, Cal.
Mr. Plaisted, Brown & Simpson Company, Worcester, Mass.
Mr. P. J. Gildemeester, New York.
Mr. Colwell, Story & Clark, Chicago, Ill.
Mr. Heath, Lewiston, Me.
Mr. Richards, Bucksport, Me.
Mr. J. B. Woodford, Philadelphia.

—The Hoboken *Observer* is responsible for the statement that a new factory of music boxes has been started by C. C. Wolfe and Herman Holbeck at West New York, together with some parties who reside in Newark.

—Mr. J. G. Ramsdell and Mrs. Ramsdell, of Philadelphia, were registered at the Navesink Mountain House on July 21, whither they had gone on Mr. Ramsdell's yacht.

—Mr. J. N. Collier, who has been in business for about eight years at Fairbury, Neb., is about to retire and accept a position as a traveling man.

STRAUBE AND GILMORE PIANOS.

—MANUFACTURED BY—

Van Matre & Straube,

24 and 26 Adams St., CHICAGO, ILL.

OUR NEW PIANO CASE ORGAN.

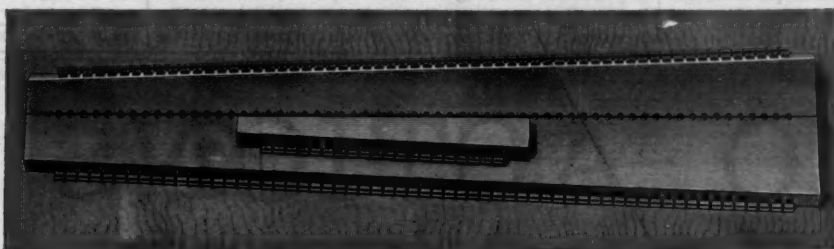


Styles A and B made in 7½ Octaves.
Styles C and D made in 6 Octaves.

THE MOST HIGHLY
IMPROVED.

THE LATEST IMPROVEMENT IN REED ORGANS.

OUR NEW ACTION, No. 168.



DO YOU HANDLE OUR
ORGANS?

IF NOT,
WHY NOT?

Try Our Latest Styles

NEWMAN BROS. CO.,

Manufacturers of Highest Grade of Parlor and Chapel Organs.

Factory and Warerooms: COR. W. CHICAGO AVENUE AND DIX STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

\$100

RETAIL.

WAREROOMS:

1199 Broadway, New York.

Self-Playing Piano
ATTACHMENT

FITTED TO

ANY PIANO.

AUTOMATON PIANO CO.,

Factory, 675 Hudson St., cor. 9th Ave. and 14th St.

The Freyer & Bradley Music Company.

IN a long article illustrated with an excellent likeness of Mr. W. W. Crocker and views of the exterior of warerooms and of the factory of the Freyer & Bradley Music Company, the *Atlanta Journal* says:

"There are always certain enterprises in a city that though private in nature, yet force themselves into such prominence that the public learn to regard them as enterprises that pertain to a public character. Often it is that private corporations become so thoroughly identified with the general welfare of a community as to be classed among those which aid in the material development of a city or town. This is the outcome of push and a progressive spirit on the part of those who have the enterprise in charge. An example of this is the general popularity gained by the Freyer & Bradley Music Company. Into such remarkable public favor has this concern grown that the *Journal* deems it but a just recognition of a progressive business spirit to give something of this company's affairs to its readers and to tell why it has been so successful.

"This company is to-day one of the leading enterprises in Atlanta and one of the largest music concerns in the Southern States. Although the public generally have heard much of the Freyer & Bradley Music Company through its wideawake business methods and its liberal and unique way of reaching the people through the newspapers, yet but few know of the magnitude of the company's business. In the first place, its buildings are the Southern headquarters for some of the greatest manufacturing in the world. There's the 'Conover Piano'—of course you have heard of the 'Conover Piano'—and a few more things will be told you about it; and there's the noted New England piano, manufactured at Boston; and then there are the world-famed 'Chicago Cottage organs.' For such grand and renowned instruments Atlanta has the Southern agency, and the Freyer & Bradley Music Company control the entire output sent throughout the South. That this company is, therefore, deserving of such notice as is awarded to public enterprises cannot be denied.

"The credit for the establishment of an enterprise that means so much in a business sense to the South to Georgia, and to Atlanta, is due to Mr. W. W. Crocker, the gentleman whose picture graces this page. It is therefore first in order to say something about Mr. Crocker, a man who ranks to-day among the leading piano and organ men of the country. Although young in years, he has had the most thorough experience in every department of the business. He has demonstrated his ability as an able financier, and has shown himself to be a man possessed of untiring energy, a characteristic that has done much to aid him in carrying on the great work he has in hand. He also possesses the power to instill into others associated with him the zeal and push with which he undertakes whatever falls to his hand.

Mr. Crocker is a man of splendid physique, and this, with strong physical endurance, has enabled him to prosecute the enterprise he manages with untiring fidelity and with assured success. He has the secret power of controlling men, and with over 80 employes to look after he has won their confidence and esteem that they, like him, have become imbued with a spirit of progressiveness. He has taught all associated with him never to speak of 'hard times,' and they see only the bright side. Satisfaction and contentment among his employes have helped him win the victory. Mr. Crocker's motto is 'Hustle,' and around him there is no place for a lazy man.

"The company's headquarters in Atlanta are at 63 Peachtree street. There are splendidly arranged warerooms, especially fitted up for the business. Every floor is utilized for piano and organ salesrooms, and here the stock of elegant musical instruments is shown to visitors daily.

"In connection with the headquarters there is a musical recital hall, where concerts and recitals are given by leading musicians from Atlanta and elsewhere. These musical recitals have become quite an attractive feature in Atlanta's music loving world, and have doubtless done much to add to the popularity of the company.

"Recently the company has taken hold of the factory formerly operated by the Atlanta Piano Company. This factory is located in the eastern portion of the city, and fronts on the Richmond and Danville and Georgia railroads. It will be used by the Freyer & Bradley Company for the manufacture, rebuilding and repairing of pianos. The facilities at the factory for this purpose are the very best in the South. Old square pianos taken in exchange for new upright ones are put in an almost new condition, the action gone over and the woodwork repolished. So successful has this branch of the company's business already become that it is now behind with orders for square pianos, something that has never been known before in the history of the city.

"The sales of the Freyer & Bradley Music Company have been immense and steadily increasing from month to month. Since Mr. Crocker took the management of the business the volume has grown so rapidly that the sales for this month have already overreached any since the company was first organized.

"Now, just a few words about the celebrated Conover, the New England pianos and the Chicago Cottage organ must be spliced in here.

"The Conover, recently made noted by the pictorial prize advertisement that excited so much notice and comment, is one that cannot be bought cheap, but it stands without a superior in the world to-day. It is manufactured by the Conover Piano Company, of Chicago. Besides possessing every qualification going to make up a fine, first-class instrument, it also has certain patented improvements invented and owned exclusively by the Conover Piano Company. These instruments have been manufactured for upward of 25 years and embody power and purity of tone and elasticity and precision of touch. Finished elegantly in every detail, with an automatic music desk, it makes one of the most desirable pianos ever manufactured in this country or in Europe.

"The celebrated New England pianos are manufactured by the New England Piano Company at Boston. The tone of these pianos is rich, sonorous, clear and firm. The touch is easy and instantaneous and the mechanism the most perfect. For workmanship and durability the New England pianos are unquestioned. Last year over 8,000 of these pianos were sold, and in every instance the utmost satisfaction was given.

"Everybody has heard of the Chicago Cottage organs. They are justly celebrated the world over. The Chicago Cottage Organ Company manufactured and sold last year over 20,000 of these organs, and they are to-day in use in every portion of the civilized globe. The sale of the Chicago Cottage organ by the Southern agency has been immense.

"The companies that manufacture the pianos and organs which are sold by the Freyer & Bradley Music Company are the largest manufacturing of the kind in the world.

"To show the strength of the Freyer & Bradley Music Company some of its officers may be mentioned. The president is Mr. H. D. Cable, who is the president of the

Chicago Cottage Organ Company. The vice-president is Mr. Thomas F. Scanlan, who is the proprietor of the New England Piano Company. The secretary, treasurer and manager is Mr. Crocker, a man of undoubted ability and untiring energy. With unlimited capital, the reliability of the company is unquestioned.

"As to its great success, as has already been stated, it was due to the energy and unceasing work of the manager, and he attributes much of his aid to judicious advertising—the proper use of printers' ink. As a liberal advertiser Mr. Crocker has no superior. But above all he attributes his success to fulfilling every representation made. Nothing is ever misrepresented, and just exactly what the Freyer & Bradley Music Company says the people have learned to implicitly rely upon. So this great company has won its way, and it will continue to push forward and grow, while the music of its sweet toned instruments are mingled with the notes of the mocking bird that trills his songs throughout the South land."

Weaver Prosperity.

YORK, Pa., July 27, 1896.

AT a meeting of the directory of the Weaver Organ and Piano Company, held July 25, 1895, it was decided to enlarge the present capacity by throwing the dry kiln into the mill department and to erect a new dry kiln on the latest improved principle. It will be a building 21 feet by 64 feet, built of brick and as near air-tight as possible, and will be fitted with the "Common Sense" drying apparatus, under which system lumber can be more thoroughly dried than by any other. This improvement, together with the addition of several improved machines, will increase the capacity of the Weaver factory about 20 per cent.

The usual 8 per cent. semi-annual dividend was declared at the same meeting. This company has never been paying dividends of more than 6 per cent. annually, although the earnings have been considerably more than this for some years. The management has preferred rather to accumulate a surplus by enlarging the capacity of the works by placing new and improved machinery from time to time and by improving the quality of the Weaver organ as fast as human skill and ingenuity could contrive improvements. The surplus thus accumulated now amounts to more than twice the capital stock, and the industry has grown from a working capital of \$30,000, with capacity for about 1,000 organs per year, to a present investment of \$100,000, with capacity for about 3,000 organs per annum and a demand for the entire capacity.

Organ Recitals in Dallas.

THE progressive music house of Thos. Goggan & Brother, of Dallas, Tex., has inaugurated a series of organ recitals during the summer months, the Kimball portable pipe organ being used. The first of the series was given Saturday, June 29, under the direction of Mr. Edwin Cahn, violinist, assisted by Prof. C. E. Dancey, organist; Mr. Charles S. Frain, pianist; Misses Ellen Bright and Octavine Egbert, vocalists.

An audience of some 500 were in attendance, who made known their pleasure at the end of each number by prolonged applause. The audience was certainly appreciative both of the music and the compliment extended by Messrs. Thos. Goggan & Brother. These recitals will be given monthly, and will add much to the popularity of that already popular music house.

PIANO ACTIONS

Made by the **SEAVERNS ACTION CO.**,
of Cambridgeport, Mass., are ranked highest for service, durability, repetition and pliancy of touch.

USED IN **100,000 PIANOS.**

Fake Taylor Again!

LAST week two men came to Des Moines, one of whom is known as C. C. Taylor. They are said to be brothers. During the week they called at various residences in the city soliciting work as piano repairers and tuners. Among the places visited were the residences of R. G. Wellslager, G. G. Wright, R. P. Clarkson and Alf Hammer, where they got no work to do, and the residence of J. S. Emery, where they were permitted to overhaul a piano, receiving a letter of testimonial for their work in addition to the regular fee charged.

One day last week the *Register* mentioned the fact that the men were in the city and told what their business was. It was stated then that they were charging extraordinary prices for their work. The fact is that they have charged \$7 for cleaning a piano alone, and \$10 additional for the insertion of what they term a patent moth pad within the action of the instrument on which they are able to get their hands. In view of the fact that Des Moines tuners—and they are among the best in the West—charge but \$3 for tuning and cleaning a piano, it was thought proper to set on foot an investigation relative to the alleged Taylor brothers.

Piano men were interviewed by reporters for the *Register* yesterday, and unite in affirming the statement that so-called moth pads are a fraud, that there is no such thing as injury to pianos from moths, and that in any event the transient tuners and repairers cannot give value received for the pay they get out of gullible people. It is humiliating to Des Moines business men and Des Moines piano tuners and repairers that the people of the city should allow themselves to even talk business with transient persons, who at the best charge unreasonable prices for their work, to say nothing of the representations used by them to get it.

Mr. E. C. Kohn was seen yesterday afternoon in relation to the matter. He voiced the sentiment of the other dealers of the city in reference to the matter. He had received private advices from other cities relative to the methods followed by these men in other places and was watching for them to come here. He says that they represent themselves as sent out by the house manufacturing the particular piano which they are allowed to see in any one of the houses they visit and produce credentials to prove it. As a matter of fact, he insists, they are not sent out by those houses, as proven by the documents in Mr. Kohn's possession. In addition to that their work is not of sufficient quality to entitle them to standing with reputable workmen in the piano business; their charges are made on a basis which is pronounced by piano men false—the moth pad and moth story being an utter "fake," and they are not worthy of the patronage of the people of Des Moines who patronize them at their own cost and at the cost of Des Moines business men and houses.

Mr. Kohn said yesterday that moths do not injure pianos, except the instruments be of great age. He got hold of a piano recently which was 30 years old. One cushion in it was eaten by a moth. It is the only case within his observation. Occasionally a moth finds its way into the action of a piano, but any tuner can remove its traces and for less, too, than \$17. He can do it for \$3. The two men have rented the office to the right of the Locust street entrance to the Savary Hotel. There they have a few old piano actions, and in the front window a book on which in gilt are the words: F. L. & C. C. Taylor, Factory, Piano Experts, New York. In the corner of the book are the words: Action Catalogue.

Mr. Kohn wrote to the Reeder Piano and Organ Company, of Peoria, relative to the piano repairs and tuners as soon as they began their operations in Des Moines last week. He received the following reply in respect to them:

PEORIA, Ill., July 9.

E. C. Kohn, Des Moines:

DEAR SIR—Your favor of the 8th inst. is at hand. We notice what you say concerning the notorious Taylor brothers, and will be glad to do anything in our power to assist you to get them out of Des Moines. While they were in this city they gained quite a good deal of notoriety, and the papers here wrote them up in good style. Most of the articles I clipped from the papers and sent to Messrs. Lyon, Potter & Co., and I have just written them asking if they will not forward the same to you with any other reading matter or information which they may have concerning these fellows. You are correctly informed about the Taylor brothers, and you will confer a great service on your patrons by getting them out of the city as soon as possible. Etc. REEDER PIANO AND ORGAN COMPANY.

In accordance with the request of this company to the Chicago firm mentioned, Mr. Kohn yesterday received a large inclosure from Lyon, Potter & Co., inclosing clippings from the Peoria papers and one from THE MUSICAL COURIER. The letter of transmittal was as follows:

CHICAGO, July 12.

Mr. E. C. Kohn, Des Moines:

DEAR SIR—We are asked by the Reeder Piano and Organ Company, of Peoria, to forward clippings to you for your use. Please find herewith a number of articles which may be of use to you. Please preserve them, and as soon as possible return them to

Yours very truly, LYON, POTTER & CO., By Livingston.

The most interesting inclosure in the letter of the Chicago house was the one taken from the Chicago department of THE MUSICAL COURIER. It was headed "Tramp Tuners; Rascally Work in the West." The article in part was as follows:

How is this for a card of a fake piano tuner:

NEW YORK CITY, January 5, 1888.

This is to certify that C. C. Taylor has been in our employ for seven years as tuner and action regulator and leaves considered an expert in both branches. For other information address

THEO. STEINWAY,

Steinway & Sons Factory, New York City.

C. C. TAYLOR,

Expert Piano Tuner and Rebuilder.

Traveling Examiner, Piano Makers' Association, Chicago and New York.

This gay and festive piano tuner has been victimizing people throughout Illinois. He called on Mrs. G. O. Thayer, Forest, Ill., and solicited a job of tuning her piano. He represented that he was in the employ of Lyon & Healy. That lady wired Lyon & Healy as follows: "Is C. C. Taylor, tuner, carrying your recommendation, all right?" Lyon & Healy replied that C. C. Taylor was not and never had been in their employ. Mrs. Thayer then wrote Lyon & Healy:

Here follows a copy of Mrs. Thayer's letter, in which she states that the recommendation purporting to be from Lyon & Healy stated that C. C. Taylor was highly recommended to them by Steinway & Sons. It was quite long, and Mr. Healy was given as further reference. There was also a recommendation from Professor Skinner, of Bloomington, Ill., teacher of the piano. Taylor has said he had overhauled Skinner's Steinway. He told Mrs. Thayer, she says in her letter, that his brother and another man were with him, but she saw only one other. THE MUSICAL COURIER goes on to say:

Another thing. The fraud's card says that he is the "Traveling Examiner, Piano Makers' Association, Chicago and New York." There is no "Piano Makers' Association, Chicago and New York." Again, the New York Piano Makers' Association has no traveling representative.

The man is a fraud of the first water. Give him a wide berth or

turn him over to the police. A last word on Mr. C. C. Taylor: On his card is printed a certificate from Mr. Theodore Steinway. As the man is a "fake" pure and simple, this certificate is probably another "fake." So much for Taylor, alleged tuner, piano destroyer and general fraud.

THE MUSICAL COURIER continues to the length of a page, more or less, to expose other persons engaged in similar business. One's name is Fisher and he has been doing business in Michigan. He solicits orders for music, collects money and disappears. H. Hohenstein has also been using Lyon & Healy's name for reference in Illinois without authority, according to THE MUSICAL COURIER.

Among the other clippings sent to Mr. Kohn are several from the Peoria Times. It seems that C. C. Taylor, his wife and another young man stopped in that city for several weeks. Besides receiving notices from Lyon & Healy that they were annoyed beyond forbearance by the misrepresentations of the piano tuners as to recommendations from them, the Peoria people received other evidences that the Taylors were not first-class people to tie to.

Charles Bunn, of Peoria, possesses several very fine diamonds. One evening while the Taylors were in Peoria they visited the tailor to take a look at some overcoatings. They noticed the diamonds and priced them. The next day Taylor and his wife returned to the tailoring establishment and looked at Mr. Bunn's ring. She determined to buy it. Bunn asked \$300 for it. They agreed to buy, and paid the money. The next day they returned and wanted to change back, claiming that the diamond was not what it was formerly represented to be. Mr. Bunn denied the accusation and refused to take back the stone, believing that the diamond had been changed while in the possession of someone else than himself. Afterward the Taylors began suit against Bunn to recover the money paid, but it appears to have been dropped, for the Taylors soon afterward left the city—the Times said it got too hot for them—and came to Des Moines.—Des Moines (Ia.) State Gazette.

A Big Advance.

THE Cunningham Piano Company, of Philadelphia, has secured the four story building 1106 Chestnut street, with a frontage of 23 feet and depth of 116 feet, which they will remodel and embellish. When the contemplated improvements are finished it is safe to say they will have one of the handsomest piano warerooms in Philadelphia. The first and second floors will be used as showrooms; the third and fourth for storage purposes only. They will continue the manufacture of the celebrated Cunningham piano at the corner of Fortieth and Market streets, as heretofore, and will vacate their present salesrooms, 1717 Chestnut street, for their new quarters about August 15.

A Peculiar Accident.

WHILE Leo Dohles was working in the Waterloo Organ Company's factory one day last week he was injured in a peculiar manner. A hard piece of glue used in the woodwork flew into his left eye, cutting into the corner at the pupil. A small particle of the glue adhered fast in the cut in the eyeball, and was removed by Dr. Bellows. The doctor is of the opinion that the young man will not lose the sight of the eye, but there is danger of the formation of a cataract as a result of the injury.

—The 53d anniversary of the Steiff piano of Baltimore was celebrated on July 23 by a picnic given by the employees.

The JEWETT

MADE AT LEOMINSTER, MASS., IS A

PIANO

THAT IS SURE TO MAKE

MONTE

FOR ALL WHO BUY AND SELL IT.
WILL EXPLAIN WHY, IF YOU ASK.

Crazy Piano Man.

CYRUS N. BURROUGHS, of Milwaukee, 19 years of age, is a piano player of more than ordinary ability. E. F. Thayer, of Waukesha, Wis., is the general agent for the "Crown" piano. Several weeks ago Mr. Thayer engaged Mr. Burroughs to introduce the instrument and show its merits in various Wisconsin cities. One day last week young Burroughs came to this city and placed an instrument in the parlors at the Merchants' Hotel. A large number of people were invited in and made an inspection, Burroughs playing for their edification. He was a peculiar looking young fellow, and wore a large slouch hat and was a good talker. On Sunday he appeared with his arm in a sling. It was badly bruised and swollen, and he claimed that while standing upon the State street bridge approach the structure was opened and closed and his arm was caught between the rails of the bridge and the abutment and injured.

Shortly before 12 o'clock Sunday night Burroughs approached Policeman Bassinger on Sixth street and claimed that he was being followed by an Italian; that he had received letters of warning from Milwaukee and was afraid that there was a "plot on foot" to do him up. While he did not exactly claim that Mr. Thayer, agent of the piano he represented, was in the scheme, he intimated that he might be. Burroughs further said that he expected to go to Milwaukee on Monday to meet several ladies or that the ladies would come to this city.

If he did not go to Milwaukee the officer must look in his room at the Merchants' Hotel and he would most likely be there drugged. The exact reason why he was followed and people wanted him out of the way was not clearly explained. He gave the officer an exact description of Mr. Thayer and distinctly said that he was the man who was after him.

The officer questioned the young man closely and could make very little out of his stories, as he appeared to be keeping back considerable. Another claim he made was that he expected to get \$500 at Milwaukee and that his unknown persecutors were bound to prevent him from securing the money and would "lay him out." The officer kept his counsel and was at the C. & N. W. depot yesterday to see if the ladies in question came on the train. He found Burroughs at the depot and he had more trouble. He said that between the hours of 8 and 8 o'clock some person had entered his room at the hotel and robbed his valise, taking away a pocketbook containing letters, contracts and other valuable papers, and he suspected the Italian who had followed him of having committed the robbery for other parties.

The train pulled in from the North and four ladies alighted and were more than pleased to meet Mr. Burroughs. Three repaired to the Hotel Racine, while Burroughs remained behind with the fourth, a pretty girl of some 17 years. Burroughs had a satchel, and he secreted it at a La Salle street house, and it was the same one he claimed had been broken into and valuables taken therefrom.

He boarded a car with the young lady and was soon at the hotel. In the meantime Mr. Thayer, the piano agent of Waukesha, had arrived with the determination of letting Burroughs go, having learned enough to convince him that Burroughs was not the right man for him.

That gentleman was ignorant of the stories Burroughs had circulated about him, and when a reporter and Officer Bassinger called and informed him of the facts he was dumbfounded, and at the same time amused, for the reason that he had known Burroughs only a short time, and it was

furthest from his thoughts to do him harm, and soon enlightened the officer in regard to his connection with the young man.

Mr. Thayer was anxious to see the young man and face him. The reporter went to Hotel Racine and found Burroughs, assisted by the clerk of the house, looking over the pages of the city directory in search of the name of a minister, and he admitted that he desired to marry the young lady who had come from Milwaukee and was with him, and he said that her name was Miss Marie Stowe.

When informed that Mr. Thayer wanted to see him at the Merchants' Hotel he excused himself and accompanied the reporter. When confronted with the stories he had told the officer he denied having in any way implicated Mr. Thayer, but stuck to the story that an Italian had been following him and that he had been robbed. Officer Bassinger nailed him closely and he squirmed under the facts. Suddenly he arose, asked Mr. Thayer, the officer and reporter to step into the parlor and then he confessed that the whole story was a fairy tale and told for a purpose, but what that purpose was he would not admit. Mr. Thayer asked for a written statement clearing him of any wrong and it was given. Mr. Thayer then asked him if he had not threatened to commit suicide and he said yes, but it was a bluff.

All concerned were invited to the Hotel Racine parlors to see him married. Considerable time was consumed in securing a minister, but Rev. Charles Nickerson arrived upon the scene. Burroughs took him to one side and admitted to the minister that he was not of age. Rev. Mr. Nickerson refused to perform the ceremony without the consent of the parents of both parties. The mother of the girl was present and willing that the ceremony should be performed, but Burroughs' father and mother were not in the city.

The minister departed. Burroughs and his lady love left the hotel and he said that he would telegraph his mother to come down. Instead of so doing he and the lady hurried to the home of Rev. J. E. Farmer and signified their willingness to be married.

The couple both signed affidavits necessary in such cases, and Rev. Mr. Farmer, after very close questioning, married them, but not before he took an oath that he was 23 years of age and she said she was 18. In a short time the couple appeared at the hotel and upon the register appeared the names "Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Burroughs, Milwaukee."

The party who came from Milwaukee with the girl were Miss Lulu M. Clarke, Abbie M. Lund and Mrs. A. C. Stowe, mother of the bride. They left for home on the Goodrich boat last night.

Mr. Thayer was feeling rather cut up about the affair, but as he is one of the best known and honorable citizens of Waukesha he is confident that the foolish stories of the boy will not have the slightest effect as to his integrity. He will continue to remain here, he says, and show the people that he has the best piano on earth.

Burroughs is the son of a well-known lady who has visited Racine annually for the past ten years as a hairdresser. His bride is a prepossessing young lady, who is alleged to have considerable wealth in her own right.—*Racine, Wis., Journal.*

—The Freyer & Bradley Music Company, of Atlanta, is about to open a branch at Griffin, Ga.

—Frank Clark, who recently sold out his business to the McArthur Music Company, of Knoxville Tenn., has decided to start up again for himself, and to that end has secured quarters and will shortly open with a general line of musical instruments.

Another New Factory.

THE Erie Dispatch, of Erie, Pa., states that John R. Brown, who has been for some time identified with the interests of the Colby piano, and who will be remembered as at one time a member of the now defunct firm of Brown Brothers, of Jamestown, N. Y., is about to organize a company for the manufacture of pianos, the factory to be located at Hamburg, this State. The same paper says that the instrument will be called the "Burdette," and, of course, "it will be of a high grade."

It is not known in this city, or at least representatives of THE MUSICAL COURIER could not ascertain from the most reliable sources, that Mr. Brown has acquired the right to use the word "Burdette" as a trademark, it being understood that that name, whether applied to a piano or an organ is the purchased property of the present Burdett (note the dropping of the final e) Organ Company, now doing business under the laws of the State of Illinois at Freeport.

Later.

The Erie Herald of July 28 prints the following story:

The Burdett Piano Company has been organized, and Erie can now claim three leading piano establishments. The inducements which have encouraged Mr. John R. Brown to bring out the Burdett piano at this time have been the many favorable expressions of leading piano dealers who have sold the Burdett organs, and who have helped to make the name famous among musicians. Many of these gentlemen have offered hearty support and are anxious to see a first-class Burdett piano in the market to take the place of the once popular "Matchless Burdett Organ." Mr. Brown says that the Burdett will have a valuable third pedal (or harp pedal) to add to the latter day improvements, which consists of a system of felt wedges back of the strings actuated by a pedal. The felt wedges are pressed between each note or group of three strings, allowing only the centre string to vibrate, thus producing a beautiful harp tone. The effect will be entirely new to the piano, and will render the piano music as sweet as the harp. The invention is the outgrowth of a mechanical device which Mr. Brown has made for years for the use of tuners and factories.

Temporarily the factory will be located on Eighteenth street between State and Peach. The fitting up of the factory, presses, &c. has been in progress for several weeks at Constable Brothers', under the management of Geo. A. Webb.

The officers of the Burdett Piano Company will be announced in a few days. However, it is known that Mr. Webb will be treasurer and Mr. Brown will be at the head of the new industry.

The citizens of Erie have a just pride in the fact that the company has decided to locate in Erie, notwithstanding the fact that tempting inducements were offered by other cities. The Herald hopes that the new industry will be a grand success and that the Burdett piano will join in the chorus with the Shaw and Colby pianos in adding to the musical fame of Erie.

Ran Off with a Mandolin.

WALTER RAY, formerly a traveling salesman for a music store in Kansas City, walked into Martin & Snyder's music store at 1030 Walnut street a few days ago. After examining a few instruments he picked up a mandolin and started to leave the store. Louis Tobias, a clerk, called to him to stop, but instead of obeying, he dashed out of the door and ran rapidly north on Walnut street. Tobias followed and was joined in the chase by Officer C. D. Whitehead. At Tenth street Ray threw the mandolin away and ran west to Baltimore and then north to Ninth street, where he was captured by the officer. Ray told Captain Flahive that he took the mandolin for the purpose of trying it before finally purchasing it. He says he came to this city two days ago from New York. At one time he owned a half interest in a music store on West Ninth street.

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COR. WASHINGTON BOULEVARD AND SANGAMON STREET

CHICAGO.

Southern Enterprise.

MR. F. O. DUNNING, secretary and treasurer of the Dunning-Medine Music Company, of New Orleans, La., passed through New York last week on his way to visit his parents at Bound Brook, N. J., having just returned from Boston. The particulars—or at least the preliminary particulars—of this company were given in THE MUSICAL COURIER some months ago, but the details of the concern are here given for the first time.

The Gardes Building, Nos. 36, 38 and 40 Camp street (old numbers), is being greatly improved by its owner, Mr. Henry Gardes, president of the American National Bank, and a portion of it, No. 36 Camp, is shortly to be occupied by the Dunning-Medine Music Company. The principal promoters are Mr. William B. Schmitt, of Schmitt & Ziegler, wholesale grocers; Mr. John Barkley, of John Barkley & Co., extensive sugar merchants, and Mr. Albert Mackie, of Albert Mackie & Co., wholesale grocers. Mr. Mackie is president, and Mr. R. B. Scudder, of John Barkley & Co., has been elected vice-president. Messrs. Dunning and Medine were formerly connected with Philip Werlein. It is their intention to establish a big concern, and they will occupy the entire building at 314 Camp street as soon as the improvements in progress are completed. The improvements consist of a general overhauling of the building. The front will be altered considerably and the opening fitted up with new skylights, &c., so as to give more light to the buildings.

The concern will handle the Conover, Schubert and Kingsbury pianos, and the Chicago Cottage organ. Mr.

Dunning while in the East arranged for a full line of sheet music and small musical instruments, and he says that when they open their doors on September 1 the Dunning-Medine Music Company will have one of the best equipped music stores in the South.

Whitney & Currier Enlarge.

THE formal transfer of the 35 feet on Madison, adjoining St. Paul's Church, from Judge Doyle to the Whitney & Currier Company has been made, and as soon as the contracts can be awarded work on the company's new musical emporium will begin, says the Toledo, Ohio, Blade. The preliminary plans have been made, and call for an elegant six story structure of vitrified pressed brick. Nearly the entire front of the building will be composed of plate glass, giving it a very handsome appearance. A rapid transit elevator will run from a vestibule at the main entrance to the roof, while the freight elevator will be placed in the rear.

Special attention is to be paid to ventilation, and the building throughout will be amply lighted. The first floor will be fitted up as a large wareroom for grand pianos, offices and also small rooms which will be used as parlors and reception rooms, where pianos can be exhibited as they would be in private houses. These rooms will be magnificently furnished and highly decorated. The second and third floors proper will consist of a music hall, with a small recital hall off the front for a chorus and audience of about one hundred. This recital hall will be divided from the main auditorium by portable partitions, so that in an emer-

gency the two can be thrown together. Above the recital room is the gallery of the music hall with amphitheatre seats. The large hall will accommodate 500 people.

The stage at the rear will be ample for a small chorus or anything in the concert line. Off it are the toilet and dressing rooms.

There are three exits from the music hall, an iron stairway leading into the alley, one from the stage into the rear, and the third, the main one, leading into the main entrance of the building. The ceilings of the hall will be 25 feet from the floor.

The fourth floor will consist of a succession of small warerooms for the display of upright pianos and Aeolians. The next floor will contain studios, seven or eight in number, for teachers. The next floor will include a front room, elegantly furnished for the rehearsal of chorus, society musicales, &c., and storage rooms and repair and tuning shops in the rear.

—Mr. George Bradnock, representing the Jacksonville, Fla., branch of the Ludden & Bates Music House, is on a pleasure and business trip in the North.

—The music store of Bush, Bonbright & Co., at Ottawa, Canada, suffered from fire to the extent of several thousand dollars on the 13th inst. They will continue.

—Mark Thompson, well known as a piano dealer at Canton, Ohio, has determined to close out his business at that point and go to Cleveland, Ohio, where he will become a real estate agent.

YOUNG MAN of good business and social abilities wishes to purchase an interest in a established music firm. Good floor and outside piano salesman, musician and performer; fine references. Has been with the best city and country firms. Parties wishing to increase their business, address J. C., care THE MUSICAL COURIER office, New York.

Highest and Special Award, World's Columbian Exposition, 1893.



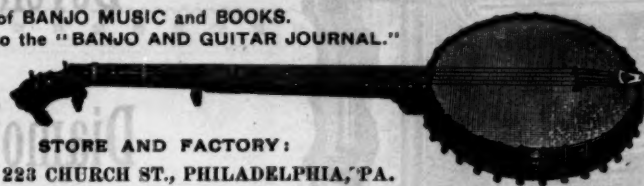
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S. S. STEWART, FINE BANJOS.

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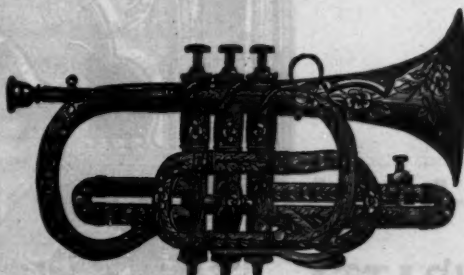
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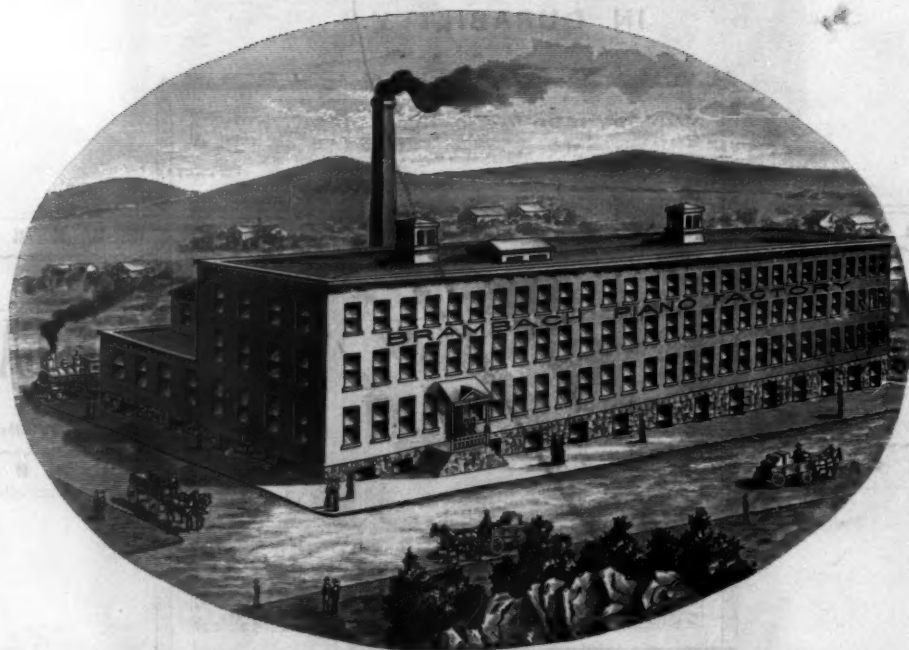
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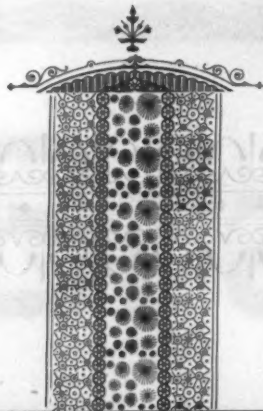
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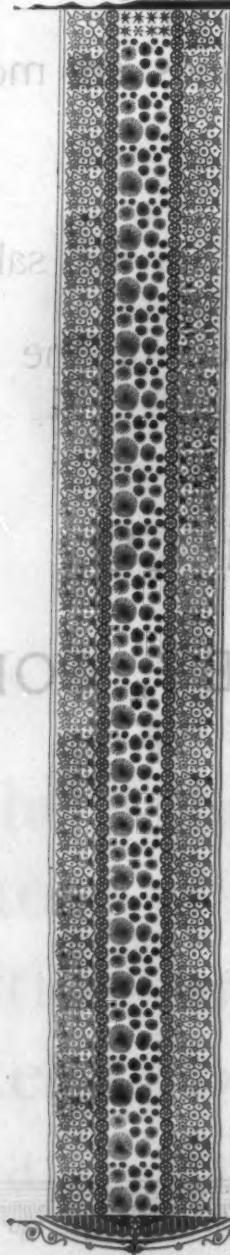
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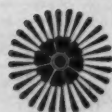
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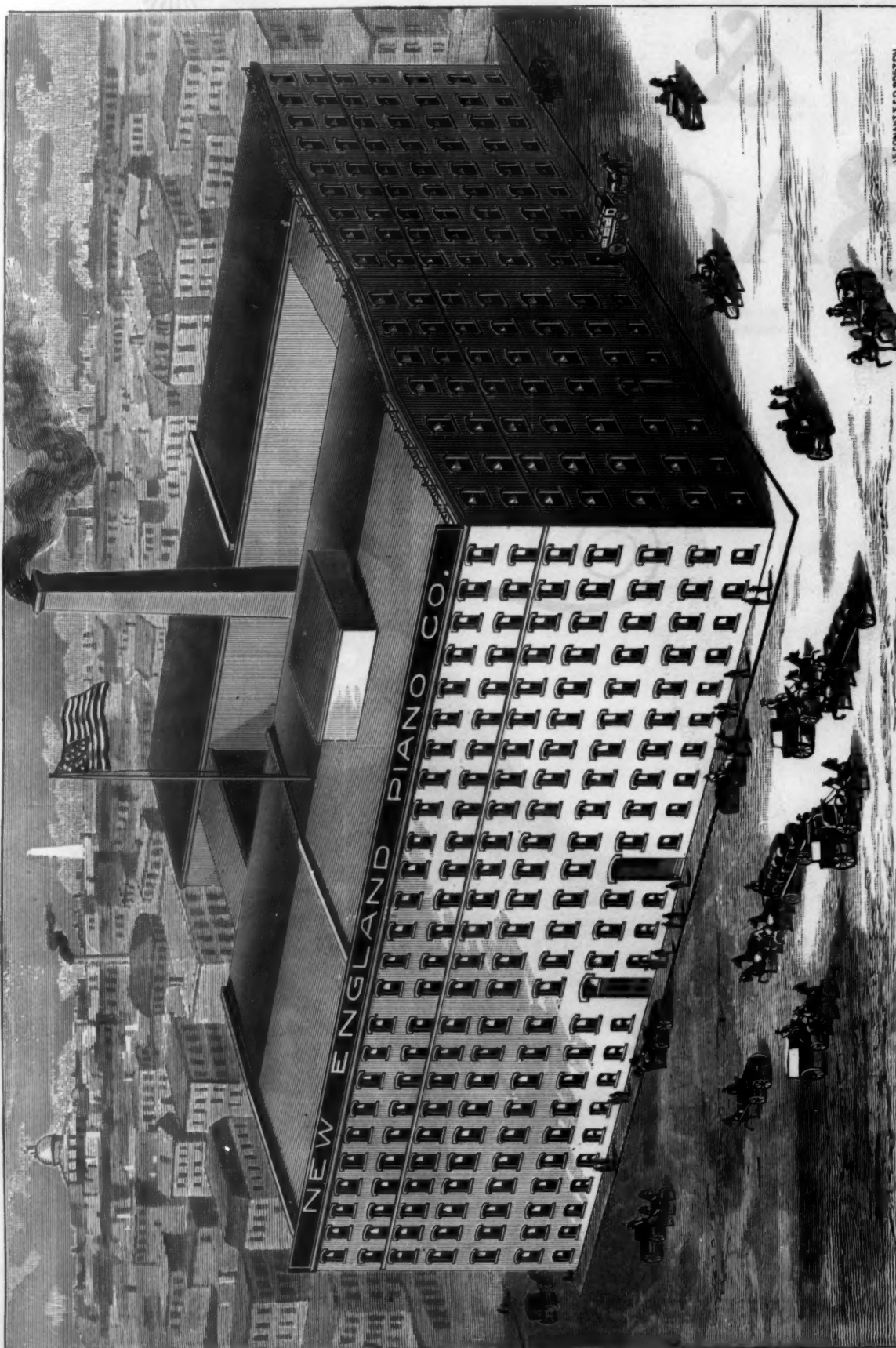
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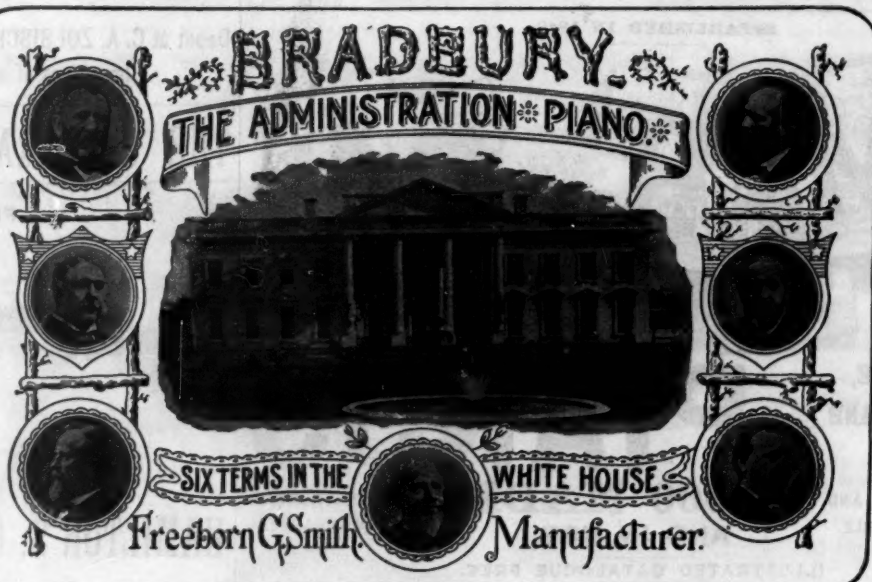
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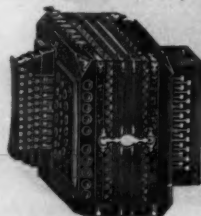
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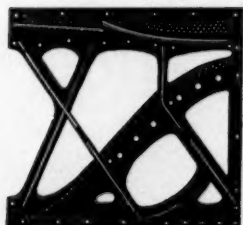
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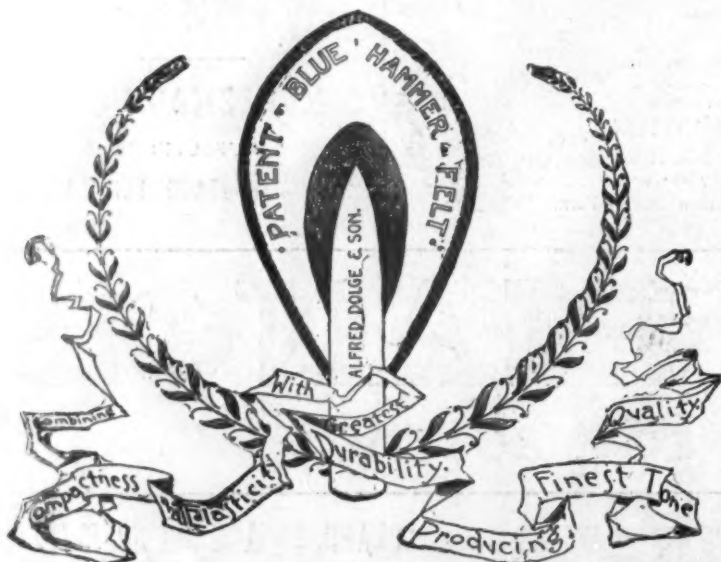
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